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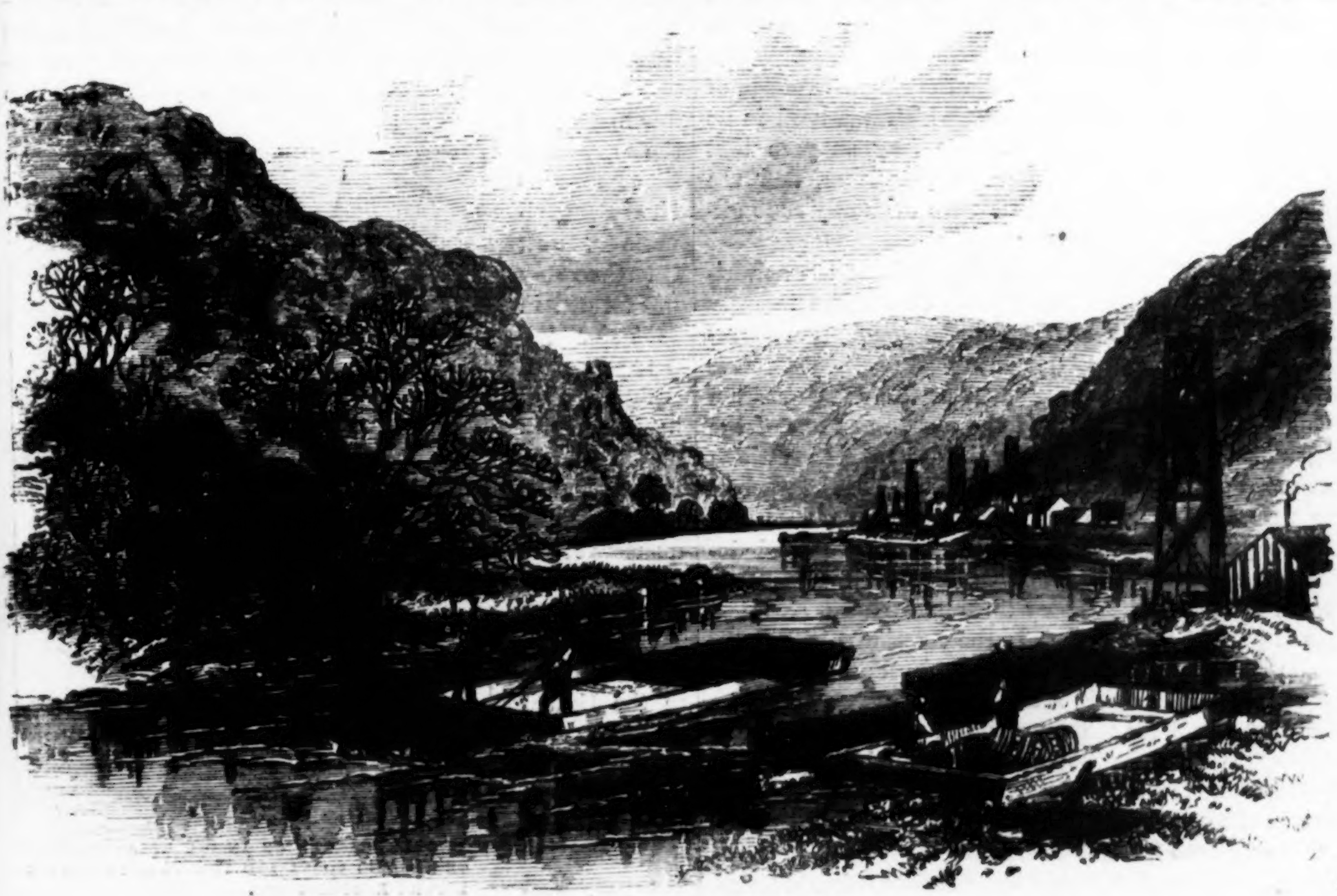
PETROLEUM.

WHAT IT IS AND WHERE WE GET IT: WITH A GLANCE AT THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Nothing in fiction is more wonderful and romantic than certain events in the commercial history of the world. Of the romance of trade this country has had its full share; but the visionary brains of a William Beckford or a Lord Timothy Dexter could hardly have dreamed of such scenes as attended the California mining excitement in 1849, or the development of the Pennsylvania petroleum interest in 1859 and the four succeeding years. There was a real *opera bouffé* excitement about both, but the dollars and diamonds that still remain certainly are not the tinsel and paste of any "Grand Duchy of Gerolstein"; nor do mints and oil-wells vanish with the falling of a green curtain.

The recent extraordinary rise in the market price of crude petroleum, increasing within three months the value of the stock on hand by nearly $10,000,000, has attracted universal attention, and to some extent revived the wild speculation of the early days of its discovery and production. This remarkable advance is due rather to the opening of distant



A FLATBOAT ASCENDING OIL CREEK.

PROSPECTING FOR OIL.

markets and the application of petroleum to new processes of manufacture, than to late discoveries of rich oil-bearing territory; it is not, however, our purpose to trace either its causes or results—important as they may be to those directly interested—but rather to place before our readers some account of the origin and discovery of this wonderful distillation of the earth, and to illustrate the methods of its production.

Although the manufacture of commercial products from petroleum dates from the discovery of the crude material in large quantities in Pennsylvania, it was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and by Pliny, Tacitus, Vitruvius, and other Roman writers was designated *bitumen*. In the island of Zante (ancient Zacynthus), one of the Ionian group, there is a spring of liquid bitumen, referred to by Herodotus. This natural "oil-well" has been flowing more than two thousand years! Dioscorides, a medical and botanical writer of the first century A. D., states that at Agrigentum, in Sicily, the oil was collected and burned in lamps. Wherever the word "pitch" is employed in the English version of the Bible it plainly refers to *bitumen*, which was used in its natural state for many purposes. We may suppose that Noah "pitched" the ark with crude petroleum, and the "slime pits" of the Old Testament were evidently rude oil-wells.

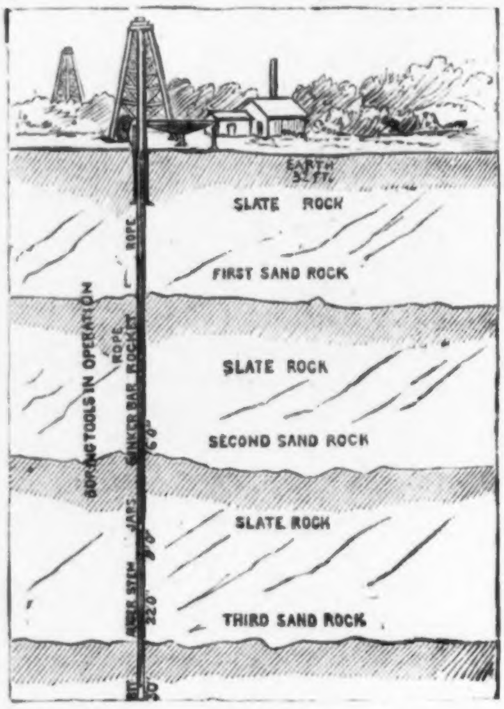
Opinions concerning the origin of petroleum are as various as the regions where it is found. Until quite recently all of these theories were based upon the assumption that it has been derived from vegetable or animal organisms. It is supposed by some to be the product of the decomposition of woody fibre, by which more of the carbon and less of the hydrogen has been evolved than by the decomposition which has produced coal. Others have alleged it to be the product of the natural distillation of pyrobituminous shales and coals. Lesquereux attributes its origin to the partial decomposition of low forms of marine vegetation, while Berthelot has advanced the theory that by complex chemical changes at present taking place in the interior of the earth, petroleum is being continually set free. From a comparison of the opinions of leading scientists it may, we think, be assumed that petroleum is the normal or primary product of the decomposition of marine animal or vegetable organisms, chiefly the former, and that nearly all other varieties of bitumen are products of a subsequent decomposition of petroleum, differing both in kind and degree.

Although petroleum is very widely distributed and found not only contiguous to large deposits of coal and shales, but in all the stratified rocks, as well as in the volcanic and metamorphic formations, the localities especially noted for its occurrence are comparatively few. Among them we may mention the north of Italy; Baku, on the borders of the Caspian Sea; the slopes of the Caucasus; Rangoon, in Burmah; the Island of Trinidad; portions of the Province of Ontario; Pennsylvania, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, and California.

The existence of petroleum in Pennsylvania was known to the early settlers, the French having noted its existence as early as 1629, and a branch of the Alleghany River in Venango County was given the name of Oil Creek in consequence of the appearance of oil on its banks. The Indians collected petroleum on the shores of Seneca Lake, and it was sold for medical purposes under the name of Seneca or Genesee oil. As long ago as 1819, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the *American Journal of Science*, alluded to the discovery of petroleum in Ohio, on the Little Muskingum River, and wrote: "It is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, brisk light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street-lamps in the future cities of Ohio."

It is surprising that, with the sources of supply thus pointed out, and the value of petroleum thus indicated, more than thirty-five years should have elapsed before its importance was at last perceived accidentally through experiments made upon the distillation of bituminous shales and coal. But the rise of the oil interest has been both sudden and recent. For the credit of its inception in the United States there are more claimants than for the discovery of anæsthesia or the authorship of the last sentimental poem. But it is fair to say that the organization known as the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed in 1854 for the purpose of gathering oil in the vicinity of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, now the headquarters of the petroleum business.

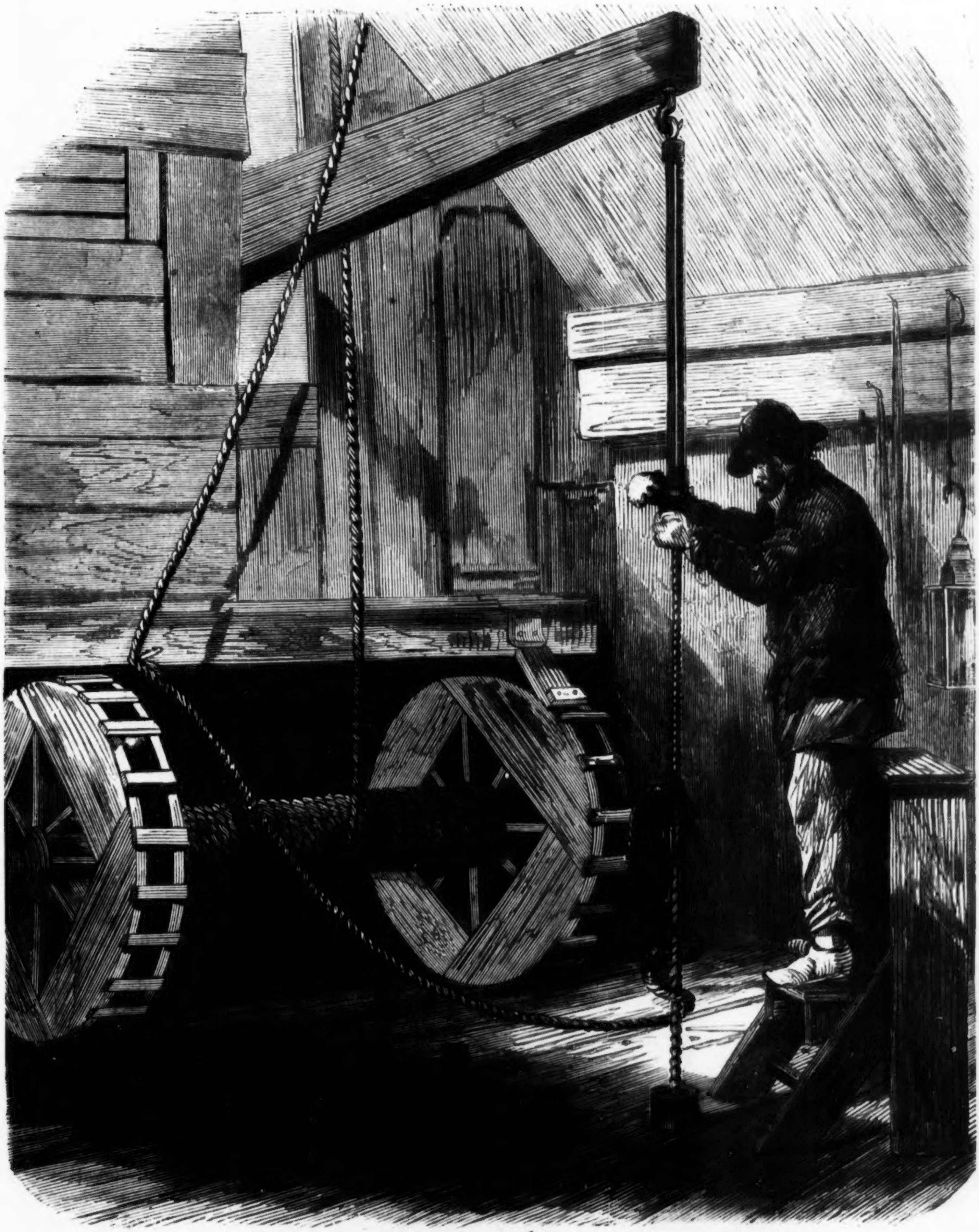
Coal oil manufacture in the United States was then a growing and important industry, and the Rock Oil Company used



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF AN OIL WELL, SHOWING THE BORING TOOLS AND THE VARIOUS STRATA BEFORE REACHING OIL.

to collect what surface-oil they could by means of cloths, which were subsequently squeezed into tanks. This was too slow and costly a process to succeed, however, and four years later, in 1858, Colonel E. L. Drake, the company's superintendent, conceived the idea of boring an artesian well near Oil Creek. He had the usual persistency and enthusiasm of pioneers and discoverers, and also received the usual amount of ridicule.

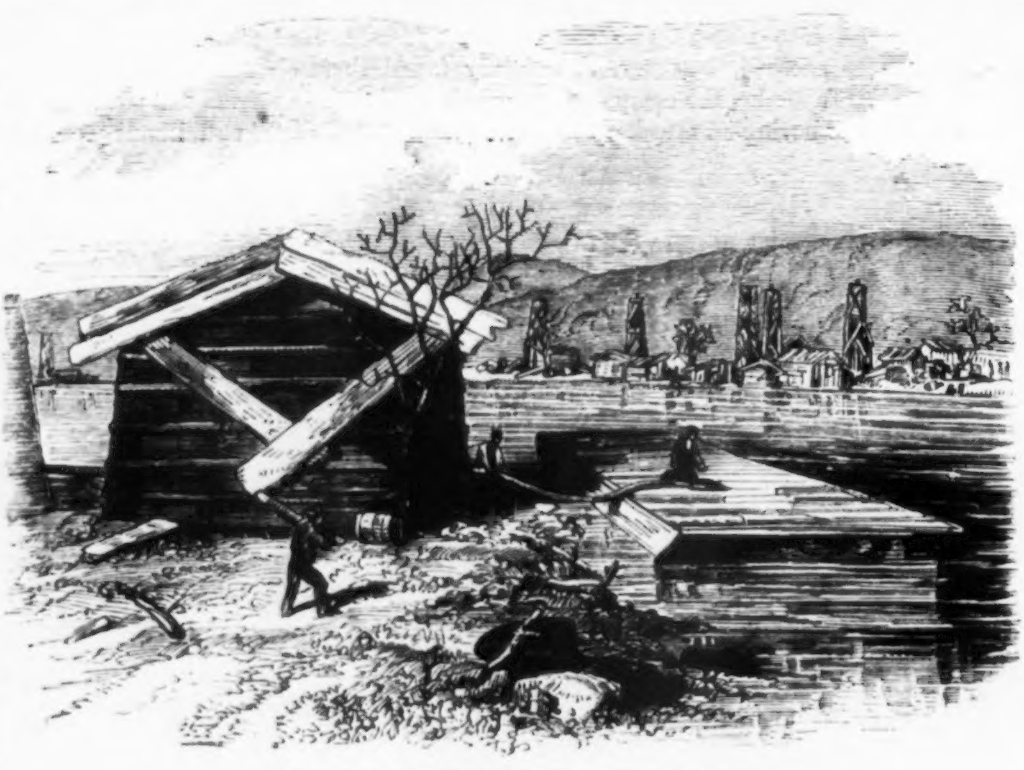
In August, 1859, his hopes were realized, and he succeeded in pumping oil at the rate of 400 gallons a day. The wild excitement that ensued is still fresh in memory. Farmers whose miserable land could not fetch a dollar an acre, suddenly found themselves millionaires. The oil region was soon covered with explorers and adventurers. Nearly every one was a "capitalist," and hundreds of derricks literally sprung up in a night. Well after well was successfully opened, and the yield of some of them was prodigious.



MACHINERY USED IN BORING FOR OIL.

Scheming rascals poured oil over their boggy pastures, and sold the worthless land at high figures. Ohio and West Virginia caught the fever, it spread to New York and Canada, and in after years it broke out in the south of California.

But this new source of wealth soon settled into a normal condition, not, however, before the enormous amount of oil put upon the market had reduced the price, for a time, to unremunerative figures. In 1861 it sold for only 25 cents a barrel, though two years before it had brought 55 cents per gallon.



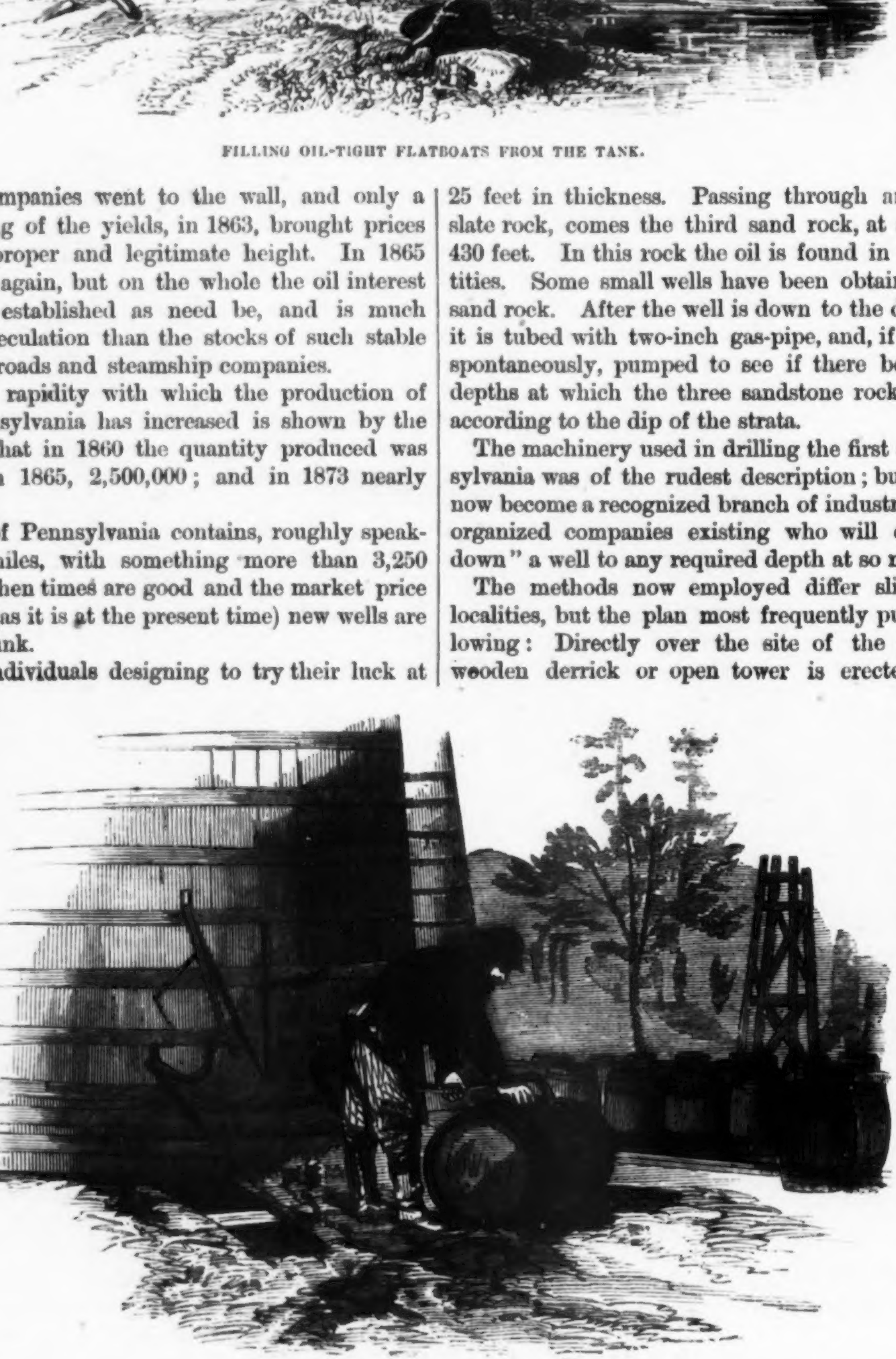
FILLING OIL-TIGHT FLATBOATS FROM THE TANK.

The weaker and "wild-cat" companies went to the wall, and only a fortunate slackening of the yields, in 1863, brought prices back again to a proper and legitimate height. In 1865 figures went down again, but on the whole the oil interest is now as firmly established as need be, and is much more free from speculation than the stocks of such stable corporations as railroads and steamship companies.

The astonishing rapidity with which the production of petroleum in Pennsylvania has increased is shown by the simple statement that in 1860 the quantity produced was 500,000 barrels; in 1865, 2,500,000; and in 1873 nearly 10,000,000.

The oil region of Pennsylvania contains, roughly speaking, 400 square miles, with something more than 3,250 working wells. When times are good and the market price of petroleum high (as it is at the present time) new wells are constantly being sunk.

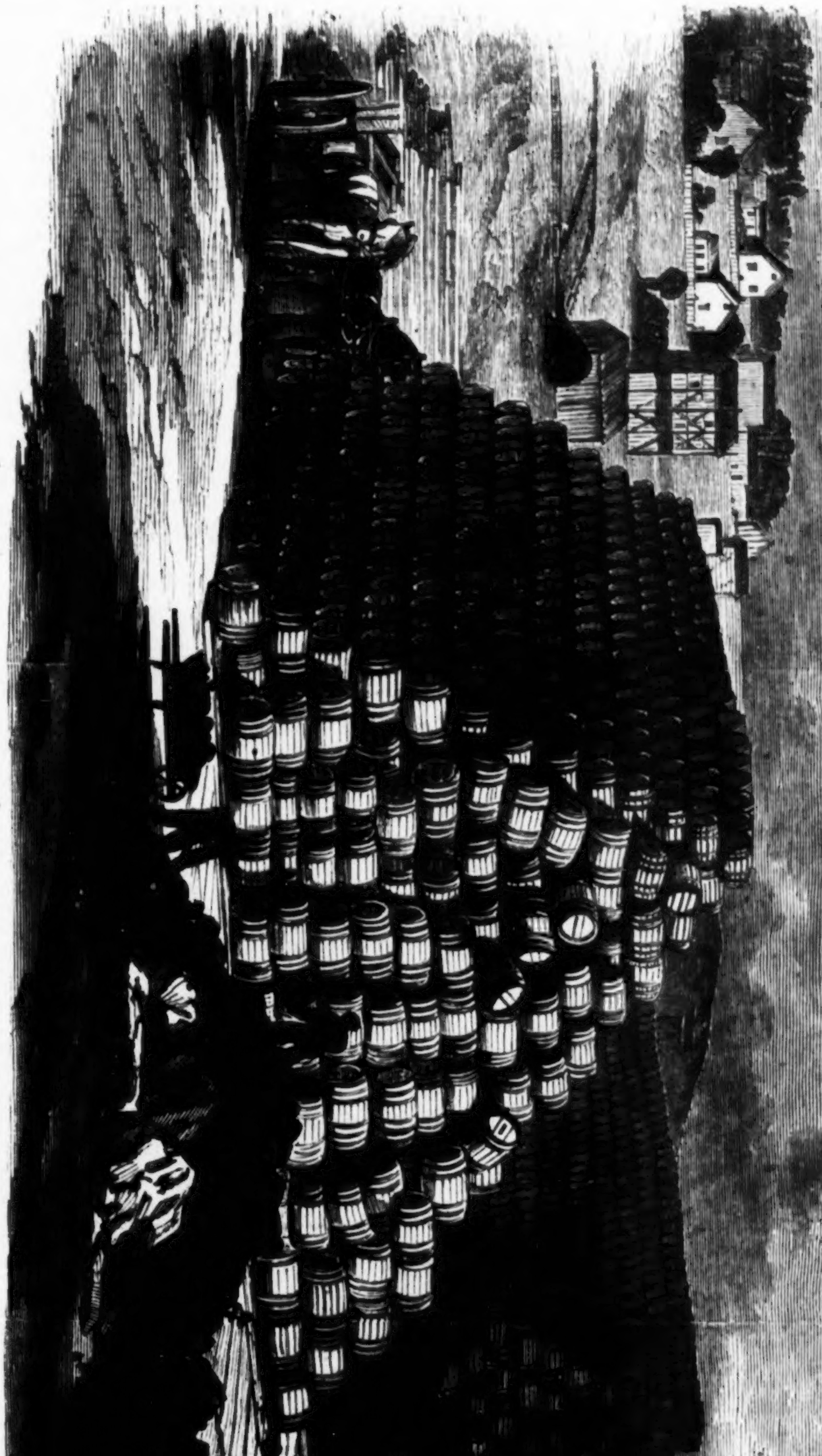
Companies or individuals designing to try their luck at "striking oil," in the Pennsylvania oil regions, first prospect for a location, and then either buy or lease the land decided upon, in the latter case giving usually one-half the oil as a royalty to the landholder. After getting an engine and the necessary machinery to put down the well, an iron pipe, 6 inches in diameter and 1 inch thickness of metal, is driven into the earth from 40 to 60 feet with a ram, like a pile-driver, until the solid rock is reached. The slow process of drilling in the solid rock is then commenced. At the depth of 160 feet, after passing through a slate rock, the first sand rock is reached. This is about 30 feet thick. After passing through a soap rock some 120 feet thick, comes the second sand rock, which varies from 10 to 25 feet in thickness. Passing through another soap and slate rock, comes the third sand rock, at a depth of about 430 feet. In this rock the oil is found in the largest quantities. Some small wells have been obtained in the second sand rock. After the well is down to the depth of 460 feet, it is tubed with two-inch gas-pipe, and, if it does not flow spontaneously, pumped to see if there be oil in it. The depths at which the three sandstone rocks are found vary according to the dip of the strata.



FILLING BARRELS FROM THE TANK.

The machinery used in drilling the first oil-wells in Pennsylvania was of the rudest description; but well-boring has now become a recognized branch of industry, firms and even organized companies existing who will contract to "put down" a well to any required depth at so much per foot.

The methods now employed differ slightly in various localities, but the plan most frequently pursued is the following: Directly over the site of the proposed well a wooden derrick or open tower is erected, 10 or 12 feet square at the base and about 30 feet high, the four corner-posts converging so as to form a square at the top 2½ feet in diameter, upon which rests a heavy framework for the reception of the pulley over which the drill-rope is to play. Near the bottom of the derrick, and in range with the band of the wheel from which the power is derived, is a shaft of timber 6 or 8 feet long, and about 8 inches in diameter, mounted on journals, and resembling the common hoisting windlass. Upon each end of this shaft is a wheel, called the bull-wheel, and between these, upon the main-shaft, is coiled the drill rope, the outer end of which is passed over the pulley on the top of the derrick and attached to the drilling tools. When the rock is some distance below the surface a heavy cast-iron pipe called the drive-pipe, 6 or 8 inches in diameter and an inch thick, is driven down by the use of heavy weights and guideways until it reaches the stratum of rock to be penetrated by the drill. This pipe is driven in sections of 10 feet, and serves as a guide for the drilling tools, great care being taken to prevent its becoming bent or deflected. The steam-engines used to work the drills range from six to twenty horse-power, one of eight horse-power being sufficient to bore a well 900 feet deep. The engine is placed with its drive or balance-wheel about 20 or 25 feet from the centre of the derrick, and at one-half this distance is planted the Sampson post, a heavy hewn timber from 12 to 15 inches square and 12 feet high, the top of which is fitted to receive the working beam, which transmits and applies the power to the drills. This beam is of wood 8 or 10 inches square, and communicates by a connecting rod with a crank attached to the shaft of the drive wheel. By the revolution of this crank, which has a radius of about 20 inches, a reciprocating movement is given to the further end of the working beam; on this is bolted an iron joint, to which may be attached the temper screw when drilling, or the sucker-rods when



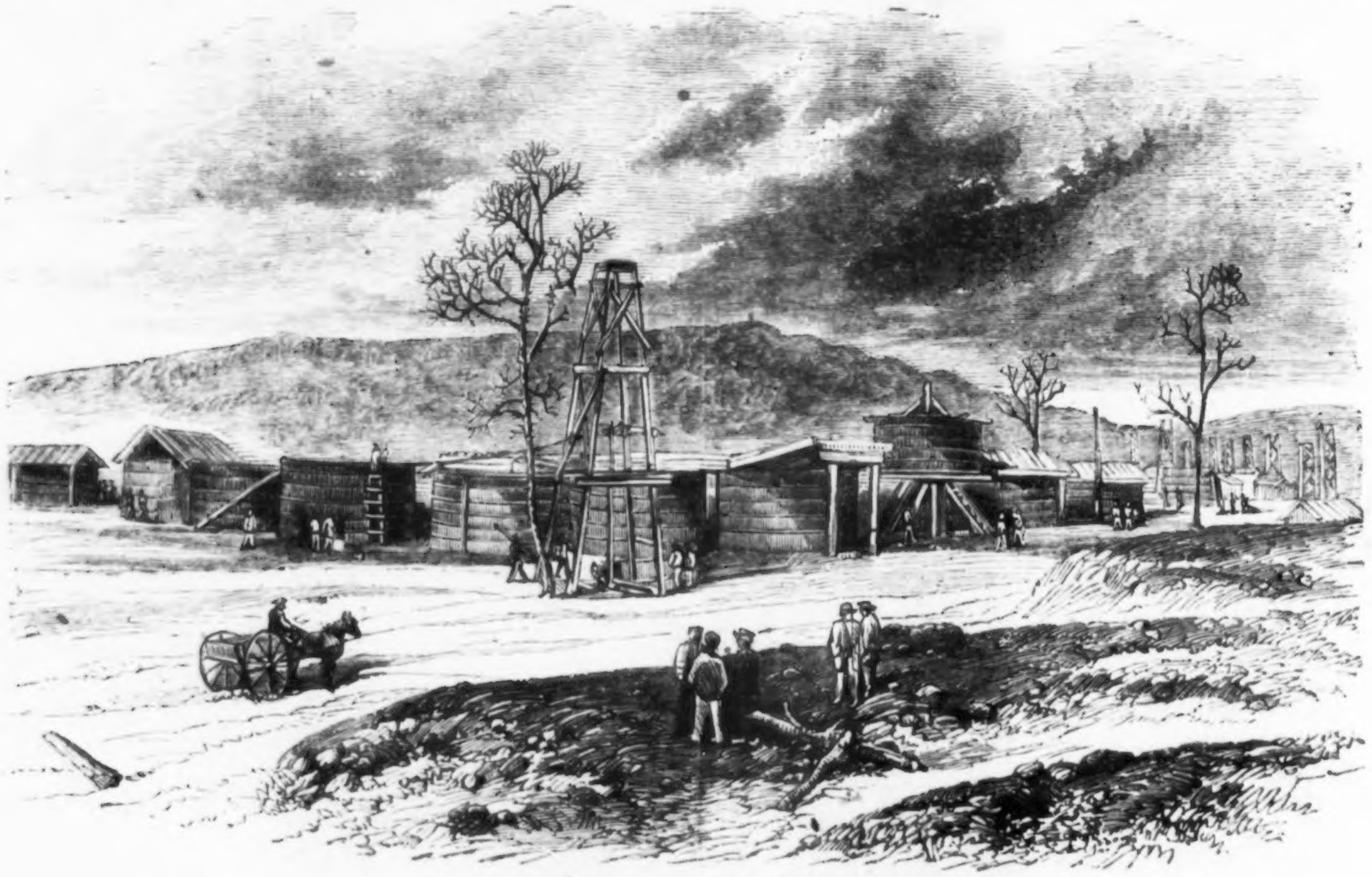
PYRAMIDS OF OIL-BARRELS NEAR A THRIVING WELL.

XUM

pumping. The drilling tools comprise centre-bits, reamers, an auger-stem, jar, and sinker-bar, with a socket for attaching the last to the drill rope. The centre-bit is of 2½ inch wrought iron, 3½ ft. long, with wedge-shaped cutting edge of steel, 3½ to 4 inches on the face. The reamer, which follows this and serves to trim out and enlarge the hole, is similar in shape; the average weight of each is 75 lbs. The auger-stem, into which bits, reamers, and dislodging tools are screwed, is a wrought iron bar about 20 feet long. The sinker-bar, a heavy rod of iron 10 feet long, serves to increase the force of the blow; it is separated from the auger-stem by an ingenious contrivance called a jar, consisting of two links or loops of iron or steel, which slide in upon each other when the drill strikes bottom, thus, by a quick blow upon the top of the auger-stem, increasing the effect of the fall, while on the upward movement the sudden jerk or jar serves to loosen the tools, in case they become wedged. When connected these tools weigh from 800 to 1,600 pounds, as the hardness of the rock requires. The drill rope is attached to the working beam by means of a temper screw, suspended from it and made fast to the rope by a screw clamp. At the lower end of this screw is a wheel, by which it is let down after each stroke, whereby the tension is regulated and the drill properly guided. The tools are lifted and dropped by the rocking motion of the working beam, and lowered or withdrawn by using the bull-wheel and shaft. The sand pump, which is a heavy metal tube, a little smaller than the well bore, and about 6 feet long, with the lower end closed by a simple valve opening upwards, is used to remove the sand and battered rock. The pump is used after each drilling of 6 to 12 feet; it is lowered and withdrawn by the drill rope, and an examination of its contents shows the progress and prospects of the work.

The tubing of a well consists in driving down a heavy iron pipe in sections, the joints of which are flush both inside and out. At the lower end of the first section driven down is a simple ball valve pump, the piston of which is connected with the working beam by metal rods. When it is desired to exclude all water from above a given point, it is effected by binding around the tubing a leather bag of flaxseed before driving it down; the swelling of this closes the space between the main wall and the tube.

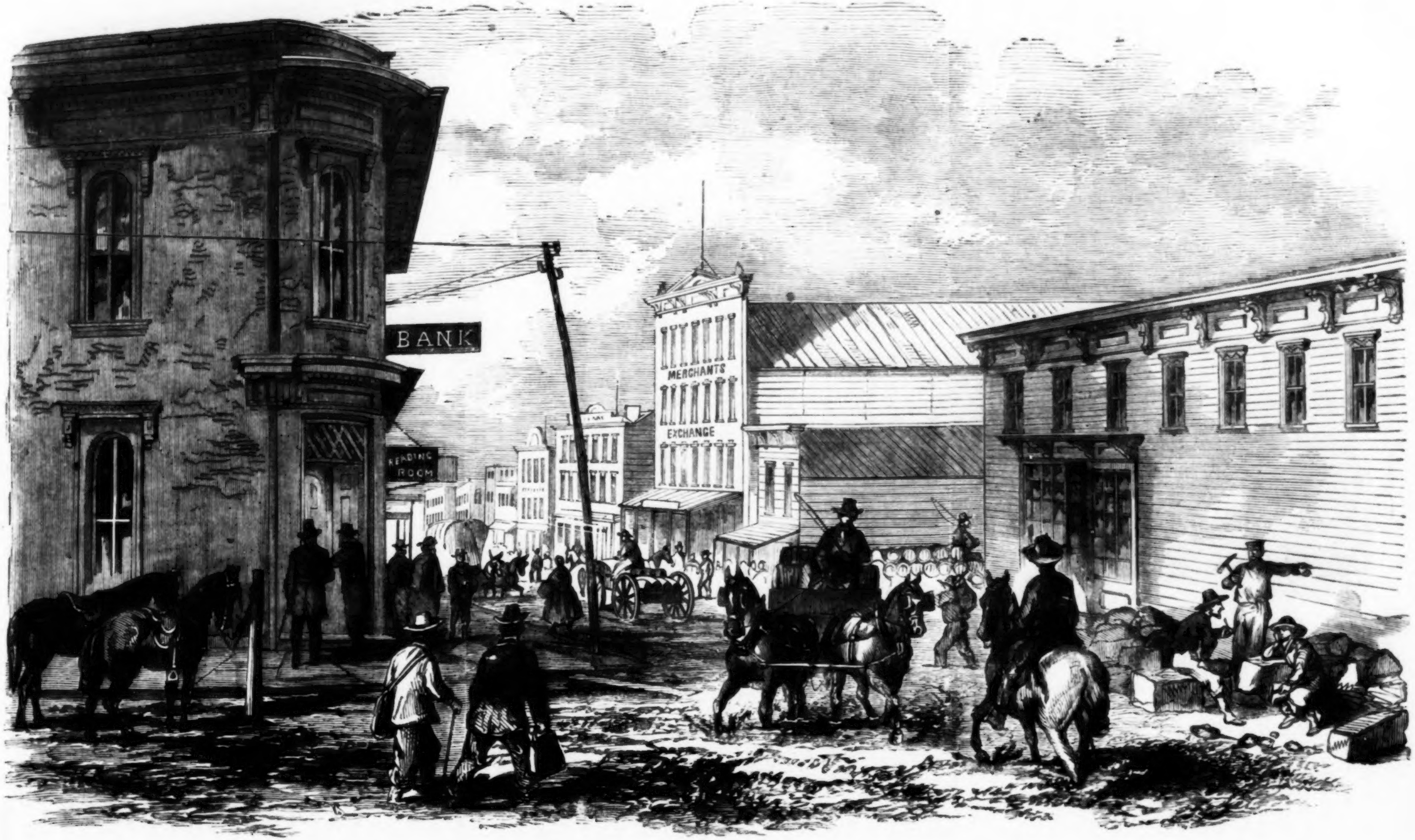
Accidents frequently happen in the boring, from the breaking of the drills or their becoming detached from the auger-stem, and the loss of the sand-pump or the whole boring gear by the breaking of the drill-rope. Sometimes the drill enters a "mud vein," a thin stratum of mud or quicksand, which flows in so rapidly as to inclose and bury the drilling tools. Many ingenious contrivances are employed for the removal of these obstructions, including implements for removing detached or broken pipe or rods, and detached drills or reamers. When the yield of oil from a well begins to fail, an increase in the flow is often effected by the use of the Roberts torpedo. This is a thin water-tight cylinder of metal or paper, 4 to 6 feet long and 2 to 3 inches in diameter, charged with powder, gun-cotton, or nitro-glycerine. It is lowered to the bottom of the well, which is then flooded, and the charge exploded either by a cap or with electricity. By this means wells yielding but five barrels per day have been increased to seventy-five or one hundred barrels.



GENERAL VIEW OF AN OIL WELL.

Petroleum is usually of a greenish or yellowish-brown in color, but oils obtained from different localities vary considerably in hue, as well as in specific gravity, by which their value is estimated. The oils of Northern Italy are light, clear, and of a reddish tinge. At Baku, on the Caspian, an oil is produced as pure and clear as if distilled, and of a pale yellow tint, resembling Sauterne wine. The oils of Southern California are leek-green when first raised from their rocky reservoirs, but on exposure to the air soon change to earth-brown or black. The Canadian oils are all black, but those of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Rangoon, and most other localities, except those previously designated, are of the ordinary color.

The brief history of the Pennsylvania oil regions has placed upon record the names of a score of cities that rose,


BANK
READING ROOM
MERCHANTS
EXCHANGE

STREET SCENE AT TITUSVILLE IN 1864.

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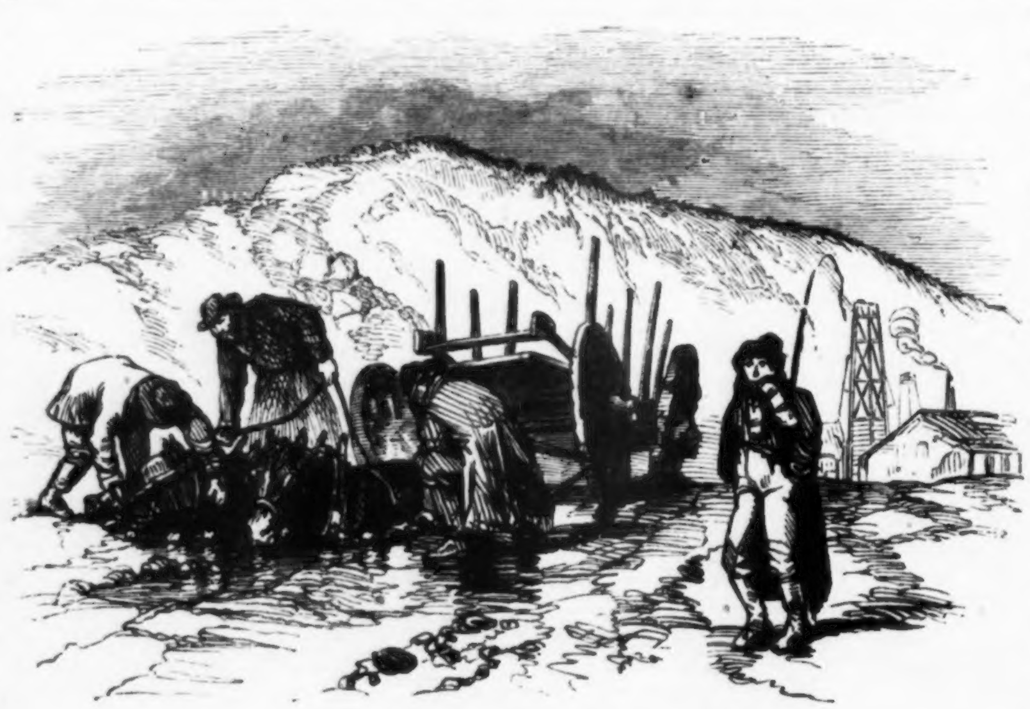


WAITING FOR A CHINAMAN.

like Aladdin's palace, in a single night, and not a few of them vanished with equal celerity.

The point of newest interest just now is the town of Warren, in Warren county, a venerable borough hitherto chiefly identified with tanneries and iron foundries. From this region, with its daily yield of some 24,000 barrels, comes three-fourths of all the petroleum in the markets of the world. Five thousand steam-engines pump and drill; four railroads carry out the product, and workmen have commenced laying pipes to run to Philadelphia and Baltimore, through which a river of oil is perpetually to flow. The feasibility of the plan is hardly questionable, although there are some practical difficulties to be surmounted, aside from that of cost.

The innumerable derricks, the picturesqueness of the surrounding country, the all-pervading smell of petroleum, the occasional conflagrations—all these are but a few of the elements that make the entire oil region so individual and interesting a part of the country.

Titusville, the chief city of the Oil Creek Valley, is pleasantly located, notwithstanding the hasty way in which it was built, and the domestic architecture is by no means displeasing. The inhabitants, rich and poor, seem prosperous, and each has his neat and freshly-painted house, and his little patch of garden. A couple of newspapers minister to the intellectual, and twelve churches to the spiritual, wants of the well-to-do and thrifty population. In 1859 this city had only 300 inhabitants, and its growth has been as wonderful as that of its smaller neighbor, Oil City. The latter had no existence sixteen years ago, and in its short career it has suffered all sorts of mishaps. In 1865 a flood (it stands at the junction of Oil Creek and the Alleghany River) destroyed it; and the very next year, when it had pretty much regained its prosperity, a fire swept over $1,000,000 out of existence. To-day the township has 5,000 inhabitants, and the borough 2,500. Four railroads terminate in the place, which is thus able to boast of eleven churches and a daily paper, the latter bearing the appropriate name of *The Daily Derrick*.

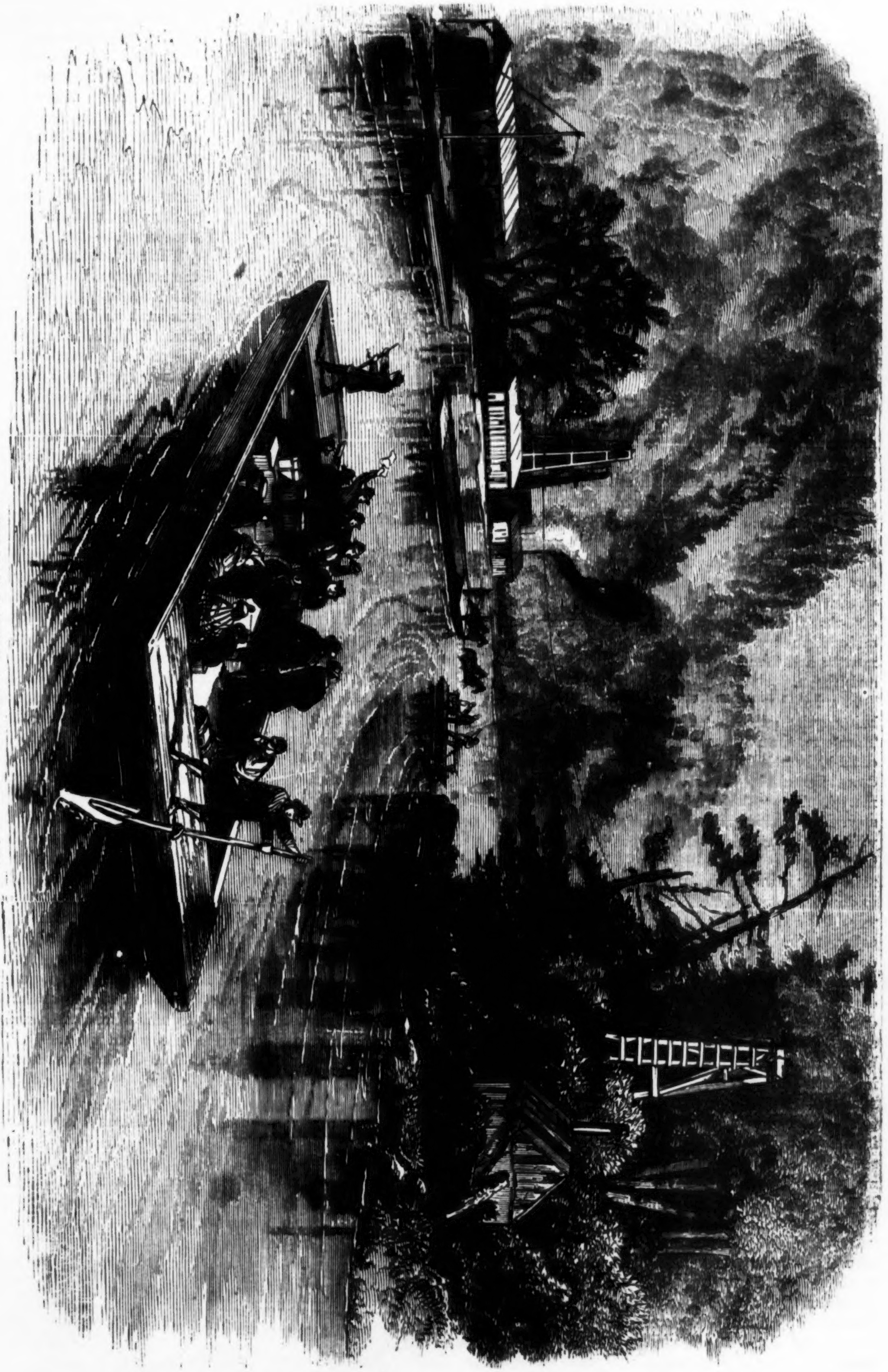
Oil City is really the petroleum headquarters, although Titusville much surpasses it in size; and the tourist needs to go but a little way to see all the business, from boring the well to shipping the oil, which is carried to cars and steamboats by long lines of pipe. The town has its business quarter and its aristocratic hill, a steep bluff crowding the former pretty closely on the banks of the river. The peculiar contour of the place was the cause of the damage done by the serious flood of 1865.

"PUT OUT YOUR PIPES, GENTLEMEN!"

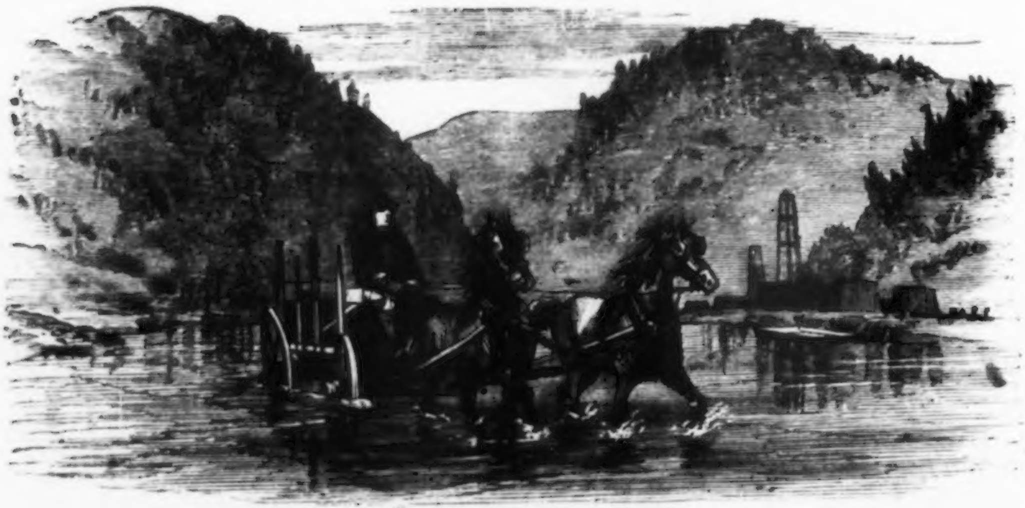
Oleopolis must not be confounded with Oil City; it is a much smaller place. The term "city" is a favorite one with the settlers of these new regions; and so we have, besides those already mentioned, a Greece City, a Modoc City, and a Pithole City. The history of the latter town is unprecedented in the universe, and is only comparable to that of a comet or sky-rocket. In 1864 the United States Well was opened here, and from it were taken more than 7,000 barrels a day. Throngs of people rushed thither, after the 1859 fashion; and six months' time turned a "howling wilderness" into a city of 15,000 inhabitants, with all the luxuries and necessities of civilization, including a daily paper, a couple of theatres, an "academy of music," and numberless billiard-saloons. A vast hotel was built, at the cost of $31,000; but in 1874 it was sold for $100. Nine or ten families are the sole occupants of the once flourishing town, to which the last census gave but 237 inhabitants.

The city of Corry has been more lucky. Fifteen years ago its site was a forest. Then a couple of railroads intersected, and a cheap board station was put up at the crossing. The same year a Boston firm started an oil refinery, and called the place Corry, in honor of a land-owner near by. In 1870 it had 7,000 inhabitants, and the usual number of churches, banks, and schools. But the industries of the place have not depended directly on the fertility or barrenness of any particular cordon of wells.

Throughout the entire oil-bearing territory the productive wells vary greatly in depth. In some cases abundant supplies of oil have been obtained at a depth of 60 or 70 feet, and in others at greater depths, ranging to 1,000 feet. The greater quantity of the oil, however, has been produced from wells exceeding 180 feet in depth. Flowing-wells, so greatly desired by the oleomaniacs, are not nearly so frequent as in the first years of the industry, but they are still to be found, and there is no reason to doubt that with the development of new "belts" of oil-bearing territory the scenes of 1859-63 will be repeated, and "oil" again become the paramount object of speculation and excitement.



A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER PACKET ON OIL CREEK IN 1864.



TEAMING ON OIL CREEK.

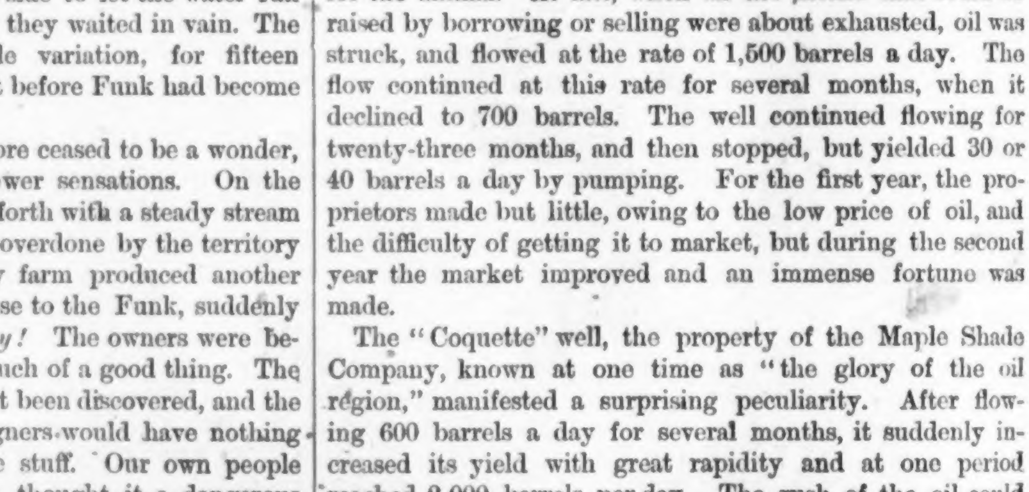
The first flowing-well ever struck was on the McElhenny or Funk farm, and was known as the Funk well. Funk was a poor man when the well was sunk. Oil was struck in June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the astonishment of all the oil-borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigious supply of grease upset all calculations, but it was confidently predicted that the flow would soon cease. It was an "Oil Creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the prosperity of the well looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the river-side to let the water run out, that she might cross dryshod, they waited in vain. The oil continued flowing, with little variation, for fifteen months, and then stopped; but not before Funk had become a rich man.

The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the Tarr farm, the Phillips well burst forth with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels daily. Not to be overdone by the territory down the creek, the McElhenny farm produced another marvel. The "Empire" well, close to the Funk, suddenly spouted *four thousand barrels a day!* The owners were bewildered. It was decidedly too much of a good thing. The true value of petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the market for it was limited. Foreigners would have nothing to do with the greasy, combustible stuff. Our own people were divided in opinion. Some thought it a dangerous thing, to be handled at arm's-length, while others set it down as a humbug, of which the community should keep as shy as possible. The supply was already in advance of the demand, and the sudden addition of four thousand barrels a day demoralized the market. The price fell to twenty cents a barrel, then to fifteen, then to ten. Coopers would sell barrels for cash only, and refused to take their pay in oil, or in drafts on oil shipments. Finally it became impossible to obtain barrels on any terms, for all the coopers in the surrounding country could not make barrels as fast as the Empire could fill them. The owners were in despair and tried to choke off their confounded well, but it would not be choked off. They then built a dam around it, and covered the soil with grease but the oil refused to be dammed, and rushed into the stream, making Oil Creek literally worthy its name. Finally means were found for controlling the flow of the oil, huge tanks were built, and the precious fluid stored up, until barrels could be obtained in sufficient quantities to hold the daily yield of this tremendous fountain of petroleum. The "Empire" flowed for nearly a year, and then dropped to a pumping-well, yielding about one hundred barrels a day.

The Sherman well, which was the next great flowing well, was put down in the year 1862. It was sunk under great difficulties. J. W. Sherman, who was the original owner, commenced sinking it on the Foster farm, next above the McElhenny, with limited means, his wife furnishing most of the money. Soon it became necessary to procure an engine, and there was no money to make the purchase; two men who were in possession of the desired article were thereupon admitted to a share for the engine. Soon after, when the drill had almost penetrated the "third sandstone," the funds were exhausted. A sixteenth interest was offered for $100, but no buyer could be found. Ultimately it was sold for $60 and an old shot-gun. A horse became necessary during the work, and a share was bargained for the animal. At last, when all the means that could be raised by borrowing or selling were about exhausted, oil was struck, and flowed at the rate of 1,500 barrels a day. The flow continued at this rate for several months, when it declined to 700 barrels. The well continued flowing for twenty-three months, and then stopped, but yielded 30 or 40 barrels a day by pumping. For the first year, the proprietors made but little, owing to the low price of oil, and the difficulty of getting it to market, but during the second year the market improved and an immense fortune was made.

The "Coquette" well, the property of the Maple Shade Company, known at one time as "the glory of the oil region," manifested a surprising peculiarity. After flowing 600 barrels a day for several months, it suddenly increased its yield with great rapidity and at one period reached 2,000 barrels per day. The rush of the oil could be heard at several rods distance, and on approaching the tank the noise became quite loud, the oil bursting from the tube with a rattle and a roar, accompanied by volumes of gas that rendered the atmosphere almost insupportable.

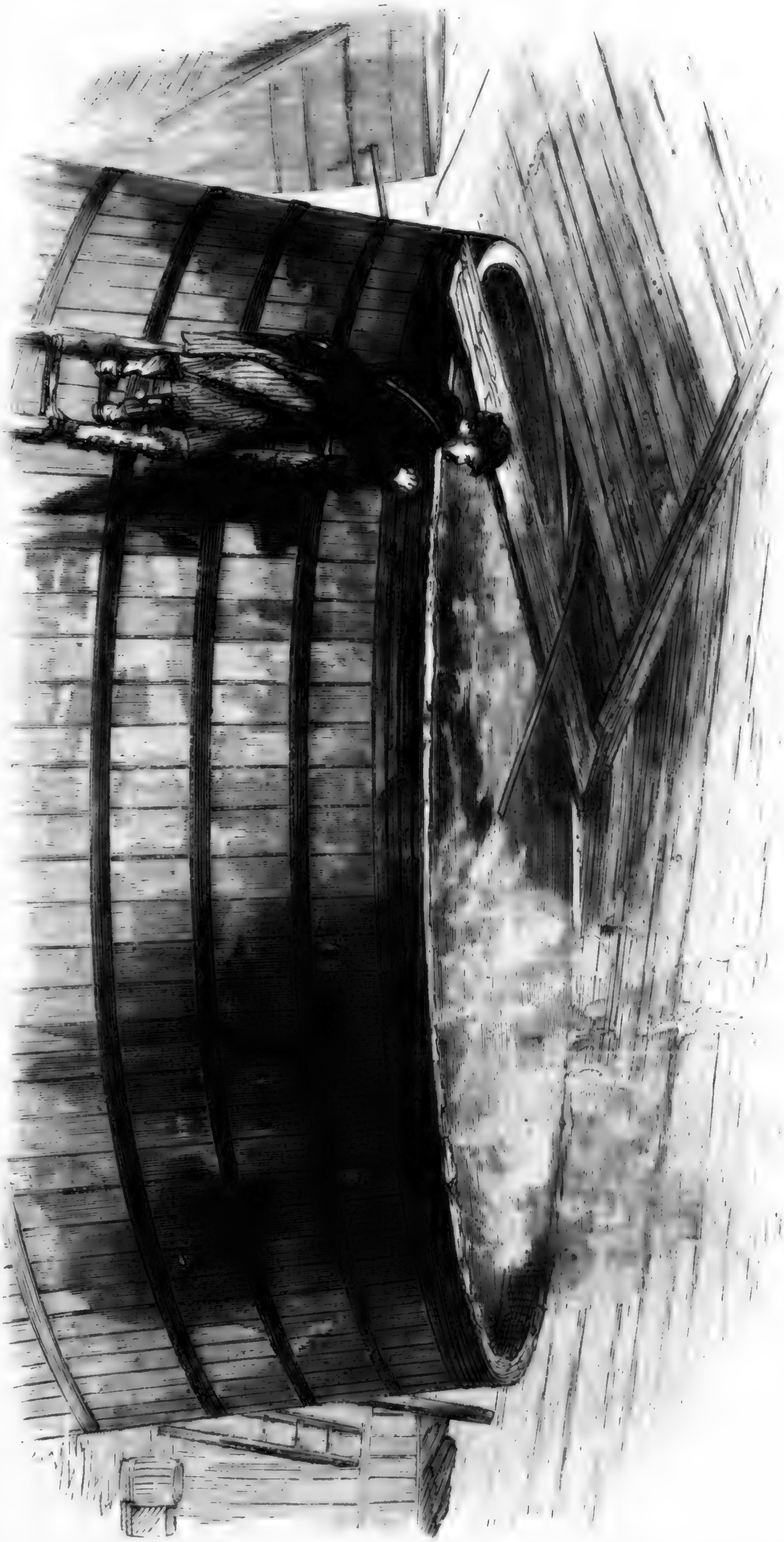
The "United States" well, to which we have previously referred in connection with the rise and downfall of "Pithole City," was situated on Pithole Creek, about four miles

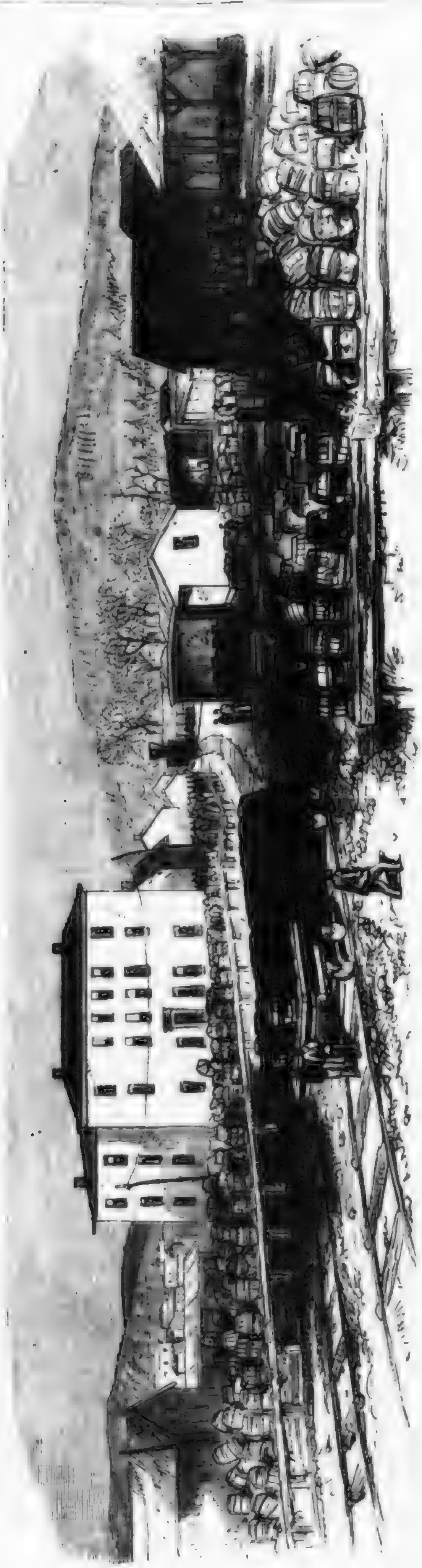


FLATBOAT WITH CARGO OF OIL FOR PITTSBURGH, PA.

northeast of Plummer. This well completely upset the theories of the wise men in regard to oil localities. The oil was struck just where, according to all rule and precedent, it should not have been found. The opinion prevailed that wells should be sunk at the base of some lofty and precipitous hill, on the lines of violent upheavals and rocky distortions. Nothing of the kind was found at this site. At the side of a little brawling run or brook, with gently sloping banks, the spot for the derrick was chosen, probably more by chance than by calculation. The well was sunk through four distinct strata of sandstone rock, instead of three, as customary in other localities. The first sandstone was reached at 115 feet; the second, at 345 feet; the third, at 480 feet; the fourth, at 600 feet; and the oil itself at 615 feet. The well was pumped for a day or two, when it began flowing, and, with the sucker rods still in the bore, so that only so much oil found vent as could pass through the valves, yielded 225 barrels a day. This quantity subsequently increased upon the removal of the pumping machinery to the astounding maximum of *seven thousand barrels daily*, an amount unequaled in the whole history of petroleum.

All flowing wells do not flow continuously. Throughout the oil region there are and have been many presenting remarkable peculiarities. The "Yankee" well, sunk in July, 1864, found oil at the depth of 660 feet. After being pumped two weeks, it yielded, by pumping, from 10 to 30 barrels a day. Shortly after, just as the workmen had commenced removing the tubing for the purpose of improv-


OIL TANK OF A FLOWING WELL.



DEPOT OF OIL CREEK RAILWAY AT TITUSVILLE.

ing it, oil began to flow without pumping, at the rate of 35 barrels, increasing at last to 50 barrels daily. The flow was spasmodic, lasting from five to seven minutes, then ceasing for about twenty minutes. The "Gruninger" well, 600 ft. deep, commenced to pump, on September 1st, 1864, 50 barrels a day. It subsequently began flowing, without the aid of a pump, from 50 to 60 barrels, increasing gradually to 150 barrels a day. The flow was spasmodic, from three to five minutes' duration, commencing every twelve minutes. The "Baker" well flowed once every half-hour, continuing for a few minutes only, its yield ranging from 50 to 120 barrels daily.

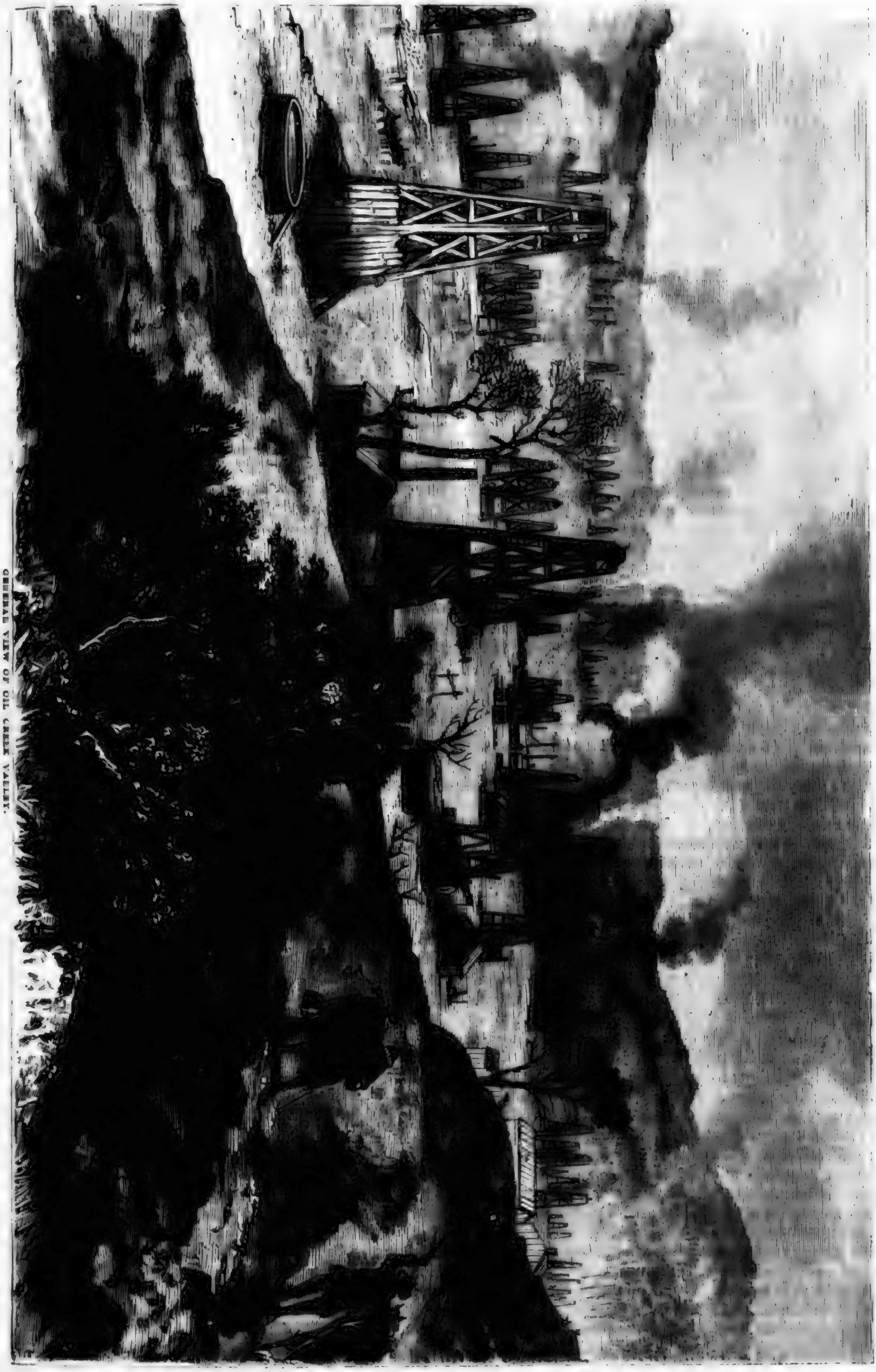
Perhaps the most eccentric of all oil-wells was the "Agitator," on the Rynd farm. Under the persuasive influence of a pump, applied once every half-hour, it would arouse to a coquettish demonstration which soon subsided. The "Sunday" well, a near neighbor of the "Agitator," after remaining dormant all the week, would flow one or two barrels on the Sabbath. These are only a few of the eccentric characteristics of oil-wells.

More than once, in spite of all precaution, a flowing well has taken fire, and roared and burned like a volcano. Then pump-works, engine-houses, stores, and boats, the soil, and even the river into which it pours its flame, spread their common conflagration over day and night. In the Autumn of 1861 a well on Oil Creek was set on fire by the carelessness of a visitor smoking a cigar. Thirty or forty people were standing around it at the time, of whom fifteen were killed instantly by the explosion of the gas, and thirteen severely injured. A column of fire, with its head rising from thirty to fifty feet, continued to burn for weeks.

The Little and Merrick well had reached a depth of 330 feet on April 17th, 1861, when suddenly a stream of oil and gas rushed up with such violence that its spray reached far beyond the top of the derrick. The air became an atmosphere of deadly gas. The sickened workmen abandoned their boring tools and fled, leaving the oil to waste itself into the creek. The engine firemen put out their fires. Soon a great crowd collected and surrounded the well, watching the spouting oil, when suddenly two simultaneous flashes, and a terrific report that shook the ground, inaugurated a general conflagration. A scene of indescribable terror and confusion ensued. A number of the bystanders were burned to charcoal where they stood; many others died of their wounds, and numbers more were scarred for life. In the dead of night the burning well afforded a magnificent spectacle—a fountain of flame more than 100 feet in height, the jet of pure oil shooting forth with a ceaseless, unintermittent rush, like the steady blowing off of a steam-boiler, rolling clouds of black and massive smoke up over the tops of the surrounding hills, with a constant surf-like roar.

In the Autumn of 1862 the tanks of the Filkins well caught fire, and the space burned over soon embraced from eighteen to twenty acres, on which 150 oil tanks, full of a three months' supply, were standing close together, interspersed with engine-houses, offices, etc. Seven flowing and three pumping wells, with 30,000 barrels of oil, took fire in quick succession, and the entire valley was black with dense smoke that nearly stifled the heroic men who fought the flames. Men stood bravely on tanks of oil as dangerous as so many powder magazines. Oil Creek, of course, took fire, and increased the grandeur of the scene. There were no explosions during this conflagration; and, indeed, crude petroleum is not explosive, that quality being peculiar to the gas that invariably escapes from the earth with the oil itself.

Water has no effect on burning petroleum, and only seems to increase the vigor of the flames. To extinguish a burning well, the only effective means is to play on it with steam from the boiler of a neighboring engine, or to heap the mouth of the hole with dirt. To accomplish the latter is a



GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CREEK VALLEY.

work of great difficulty and danger, for the heat thrown out by burning petroleum is intense. For this reason a flowing well that takes fire frequently burns for many days before it can be extinguished.

The salient aspects of an oil-well are a derrick, an engine-house, and many big tanks—all very brown and oily, and all emitting an odor which, at first repulsive, is afterward endurable, and at last rather pleasant than otherwise. If the well is a pumping-well, the rattle of the engine and machinery drowns all other sounds; but if a flowing well, the ear of the listener is entranced with the luscious spontaneous flow of the oil. An iron pipe, trained from the derrick to the tank near by, conducts and delivers the precious product. Out of this pipe, with a sound like the "blowing" of a whale, pulsating in greater or lesser volume according to the spasmodic force of the gas below, the brown, rich fluid rushes into tank after tank, plashing the surface of the reservoir into yellow foam, filling the atmosphere with gas—night and day unceasing—a constant tribute of wealth to its owners, though they toil not, nor spin. Every precaution is taken against fire, the enemy most dreaded by the oil men, and the ominous warning, "Put out your pipes," is shouted at the careless visitor in tones more peremptory than persuasive.

The tankage of the wells varies, according to their yield, from a few hundred to many thousand barrels. As the tanks are filled the oil is drawn off in barrels and shipped. The manner of filling barrels is shown on page 516, and an illustration on the same page exhibits another method of shipment, that of running the oil directly from the tanks into oil-tight flatboats, which are floated down the river to Pittsburgh. The railroads centring in the oil regions use hundreds of oil-cars, consisting of ordinary freight-trucks on which are mounted large iron tanks. In these the oil is conveyed in bulk to distant refineries or ports of shipment for foreign countries. The "pipe lines" now connect most of the producing wells with the central points from which the oil is shipped, and the proposed extension of this system to the seacoast will afford a cheap and easy means of transportation that will probably supersede all other methods.

In the early days of the oil business the difficulties of transportation were almost insurmountable. The condition of the roads may be inferred from the illustration on page 520. In this instance the teamster, although in rather a tight fix, was able to look at his misfortune philosophically, for, on being asked by the artist, who had hurriedly sketched the rapidly disappearing turnout, "Is that your team?" he responded: "Yes, durn 'em, they're mine; an' I'm a-waitin' fur a Chinyman to strike a bargain with, agin they git through to his side."

Of course the natural water communications were eagerly taken advantage of, both for transporting the oil and conveying the numerous "oil pilgrims" who journeyed to and fro in search of the oleaginous "richness." Huge scows were employed, and the downward journey made without trouble, no other propelling power being necessary than the force of the current. The trip up-stream was attended with many difficulties, until some inventive genius hit upon the method we have illustrated. The water being shallow, and the creek-bed of rock and nearly level, afforded a far better roadway than any that could be constructed in the greasy mud that formed its banks. The teamsters also availed themselves of this watery roadway, and the spectacle thus presented was decidedly novel to the stranger in Petrolia.

The scene in any of the oil towns during the Winter of 1864-5, a period of the wildest speculation, was bizarre and exciting in the extreme. The hotels were crowded with a strange multitude, resembling no other ever assembled on the face of the earth. The representatives of millions of greenbacks and thousands of acres of oil-land jostled in company with teamsters, stage-drivers, carpenters, workers at wells, penniless adventurers, adventurers with small capital, nabobs from afar, come to see what "all the row was about," speculators of every class, including that genial fraternity who operate upon the turn of the cards or the fall of the dice; in short, a heterogeneous conglomeration of sharps and flats, animated by a common impulse, the search for oily millions. Conversation among these gentry, once started, soon got into a jumble:

"Heerd o' that new well?" "Hard Pan Company gone up;" "big thing for the New Yorkers;" "struck the third sand rock;" "sold for eighty thousand;" "Rip-Rap stopped flowing yesterday;" tools stuck;" "engine coming down to-morrow;" "worth his millions;" "hundred barrels a day;" "played out;" "no transportation;" "can't get enough barrels;" "boring on the bluff;" "wish I had his chance;" "land ain't worth it;" "wouldn't give a copper;" "made a hundred and fifty thousand;" "didn't know how to spend it;" "new company on Pithole;" "best farm on the creek;" "oil;" "dollars:" "wells;" "companies;" "land;" "derricks;" "tanks;" "lucky;" "bigger fool;" and heaven knows what else.

The humors of Oildom are many. A story is told of the owner of a barren farm who was advised by a shrewd neighbor to "plant it" with oil. He took the hint, purchased a quantity of crude petroleum and poured it on the surface of the streams and springs upon his land. The report soon spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and an army of oil-hunters descended upon the proprietor. He sold his land at a fabulous figure, retaining a royalty of one-eighth of the oil. The fortunate landowner thought he had a pretty good joke on the speculators, but as it turned out they had a better one on him. They put up their derrick, sent down their drill, and struck a flowing-well yielding over one hundred barrels a day.

The origin of petroleum was a never-ending topic of discussion among the oil men. A theory advanced by an old whaling captain—and, by-the-way, the number of veteran "blubber-hunters" who have engaged in the petroleum business is somewhat remarkable—is worthy of record. He explained the deposit of oil by the hypothesis, that a large shoal of whales were stranded in Western Pennsylvania at the time of the subsidence of the flood, and that the oil-borers were simply tapping the blubber. His theory was, however, not generally accepted save among brother-whalers.

In 1865 the petroleum fever was at its height, and the rumor of vast riches open to any one who chose to invest in oil stock soon created a crowd of brokers eager to assist the outside public. The organization of a Petroleum Board in New York soon followed, the first meeting taking place October 31, 1865, at 16 Broad Street. Samuel B. Hard was elected president, and Edmund C. Stedman, the poet-broker, secretary. Gradually, under the clever manipulation of operators, the Board grew into a distinct feature of "the street." The further the oil-fever spread, and the wilder the stories of the profits in certain shares, the greater the interest evinced by outsiders. Half the promoters of companies had such faith in their stock as to hold it with blind pertinacity, and this very confidence was an additional lure to the public at large. The brokers made large commissions. Orders came in from all quarters; the operations were marked by all the peculiarities of the regular Exchange, and for more than a year the rooms were the scene of genuine excitement.

There was a fine exaggeration and a beautiful disregard of ordinary notions regarding what constitutes proprietorship, in the creation of not a few of the corporations which appeared on the list. To buy land for $2,000 and then issue shares for $600,000 would be a conservative process compared to some of the antics of these imaginative speculators Magnificent bubbles were blown into prismatic and profitable radiance with nothing more substantial than borrowed phials of oil, and deeds of property whose only value consisted in the durable nature of the parchment and the abundant stamps wherewith they were adorned. The Napoleon Oil Company was a notable example of this class. It claimed to have ownership of extensive lands in Kentucky, and by the versatile combinations of operators a corner was effected, carrying the shares from $2 up to $32. Men who had agreed to deliver 10,000 shares for $30,000 at buyer's option could make their contracts good only by paying $320,000 to the controlling clique. Many brokers were on the verge of ruin.

A few appealed to the courts, and, on investigation, it was proven that the Company had no real estate, no oil wells, nothing but an office, a small quantity of petroleum in handsome glass cans, and a boundless supply of audacity, to which, of course, no mercantile value could be affixed.

By similar astute devices, the outside operators were used up until, by the Summer of 1867, the business of the Petroleum Board had dwindled to very small dimensions. Since that period speculation in petroleum has been confined mainly to the oil itself, most operators preferring something more tangible than the beautifully-printed certificates of wildcat oil companies.

When we come to consider the uses of petroleum, we find them so multifarious as to be simply bewildering. For several years after the discovery of petroleum, the only product considered of value was kerosene. The light and heavy products were either used as fuel or thrown away. When the profits of the business became lessened from extensive competition, attempts were made to utilize these products. Useful application has now been found for at least ten articles derived from the crude oil, and some of them are produced in enormous quantities. The chief articles of commercial importance which science has found means to extract from the crude petroleum are rhigolene, gasolene, three grades of naphtha, kerosene, mineral sperm-oil, neutral lubricating oil, paraffine lubricating oil, paraffine-wax, and residuum. Rhigolene is used for producing local anæsthesia in surgical operations; kerosene and gasolene, for illuminating purposes; naptha, for mixing paints and varnishes and dissolving resins and other gums; mineral sperm-oil, for illuminating; it is not explosive and will not take fire at any temperature below 300 deg. Fahrenheit, these qualities making it very valuable for use on railways and steamers. Neutral lubricating oil is of a light straw color, and has but little more taste or smell than sweet oil of almonds; it is by far the most valuable lubricating oil yet prepared from any mineral source. Paraffine lubricating oils are much used for heavy machinery; paraffine-wax is used in making candles, matches, and stoppers to acid bottles; for coating paper for photographic use, for preserving meat, to coat pills, to refine alcohol and spirits, to preserve fruit, to prevent the oxidation of metals, to render fabrics waterproof, as a disinfectant, and a varnish for leather, and in the manufacture of sugar.

From residuum have been produced at least four new colors used for silk goods, ribbons, etc., viz.: a bright and fixed cerulean blue, called the Humboldt color, "Azuriena," a light blue, the ever-popular "Magenta," and a light cherry tint called "Rosina."

Among other products of petroleum may be mentioned ammonia, the uses of which are manifold, and benzine, used to clean woolen and other cloths, kid gloves, etc. A fine toilet soap has been made from petroleum, and one versatile genius in New York claimed to have invented a process by which to manufacture candy, perfumery, and champagne from this wonderful oil.

Petroleum has been used to some extent for the manufacture of illuminating gas, and there can be no doubt that this industry will eventually consume large quantities of the crude oil.

The medicinal properties of petroleum were known long before its commercial value was discovered. The so-called "Harlaem Oil," made at Harlaem in North Holland as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which is even yet sold as a remedy for rheumatism and similar ailments, was nothing more than a preparation of petroleum, the crude oil being gathered and sent to Holland by the Dutch settlers in this country. Petroleum, no doubt, possesses some virtue as an outward application for diseases of the skin, rheumatism, chilblains, etc. Taken internally, in doses of 30 to 60 drops, it acts as a sudorific and stimulating anti-spasmodic. It has been recommended for pulmonary diseases and for tapeworm.

Its use for illuminating purposes will unquestionably become yearly of still greater importance, and its application to the mechanic arts more widely extended, until the waste products of its manufacture yield an infinite variety of useful articles.

From an eminence in the heart of the oil region one can see before him, with the help of a little imagination, what imagination would struggle to see in any other locality. The myriad derricks mark the flow of inconceivable riches—the precious "blood of the persecuted earth." Transporting hence, illumining the world, it has crept round the globe in place of the moon—a light from the antipodes. The rays of its burning naphtha fall upon revels and feasts afar in lands deserted by the sun. Along the streets of Italian cities it sheds a picturesque gleam athwart the costumes of maskers making night joyful with laughter and song. In the halls of palaces in Russia it strikes a glittering glow of colors and jewels upon the robes of noble guests. The Swiss cottager, smoking beside his petroleum lamp in the long Winter evenings, rejoices in something better than a taper whereby to watch the faces of his wife and children. The German student studies by its clear, even light; or, gathered with his comrades, drinks more madly, sings louder, under its radiant influence. British epicures enjoy its soft rays falling from the chandeliers above their dinner-tables. In the curtained boudoirs of Spain it gleams blushingly; even out of the sacred avenues of Jerusalem its rays are lifted, illuminating the mists of the night. And in delightful Paris, to which it once proved the very besom of destruction, the naphtha gleams and glitters from café and casino, along each bright boulevard, flinging its brilliant light alike over prince and peer, gamin and grisette. Across the sea, from the summit of cliffs, it shines, a beacon seen and blest of mariners in storms. And on the great Western Continent at night its glow leaps like magic from coast to coast—illuminating cities, villages, farmhouses; the rushing train and the swiftly-gliding steamer—a golden web woven over all the land.

ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

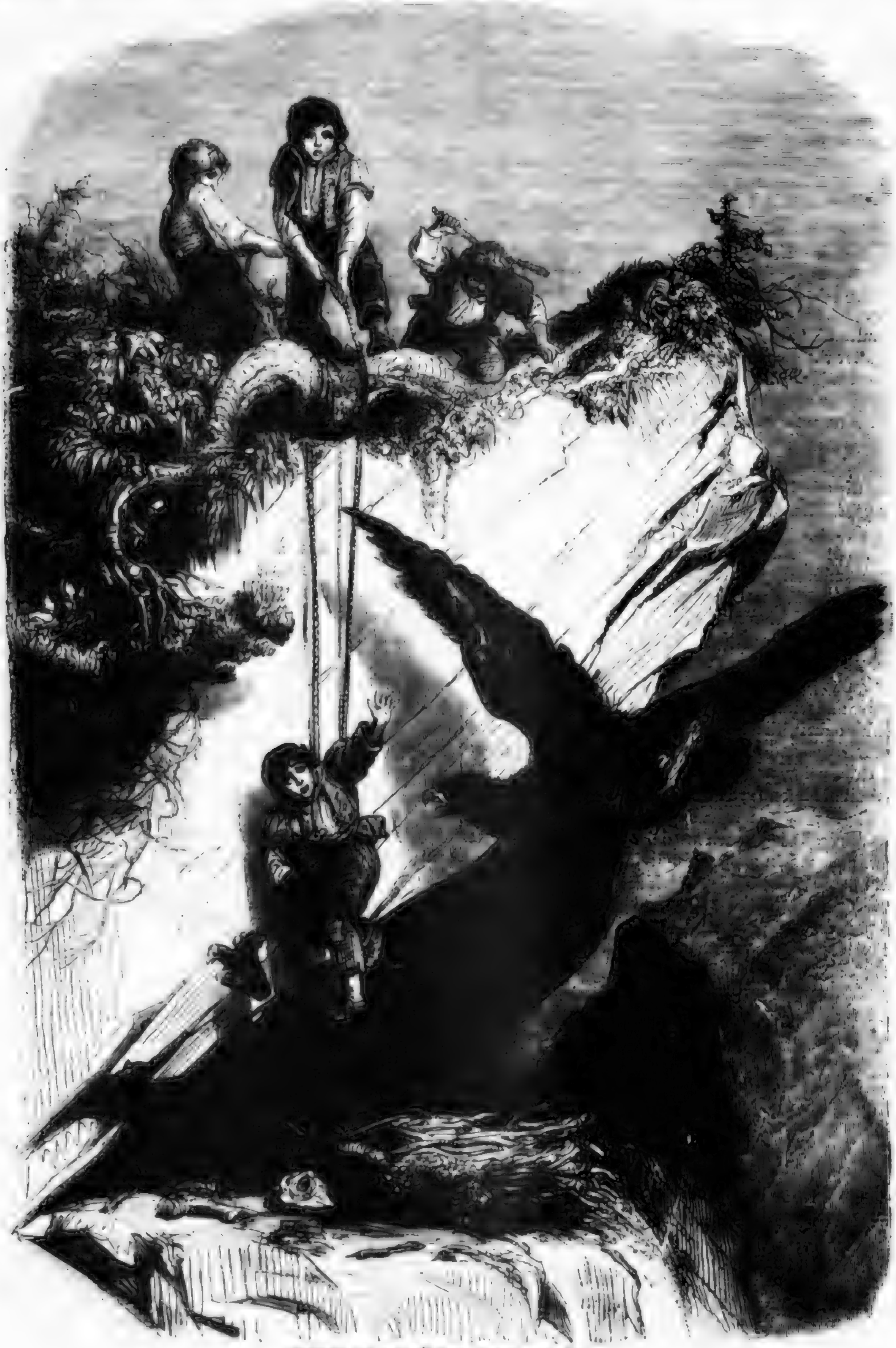
The temerity of mountaineers in all countries is constantly shown in the fearlessness with which they confront unnumbered dangers for the sake of an advantage which consists mainly in the evidence which it affords of their prowess.

Our engraving is devoted to the illustration of a daring feat which frequently finds its parallel on the windy cliffs of the Orkney Islands, and which was performed, a few years since, by a lad in one of those stormy islets.

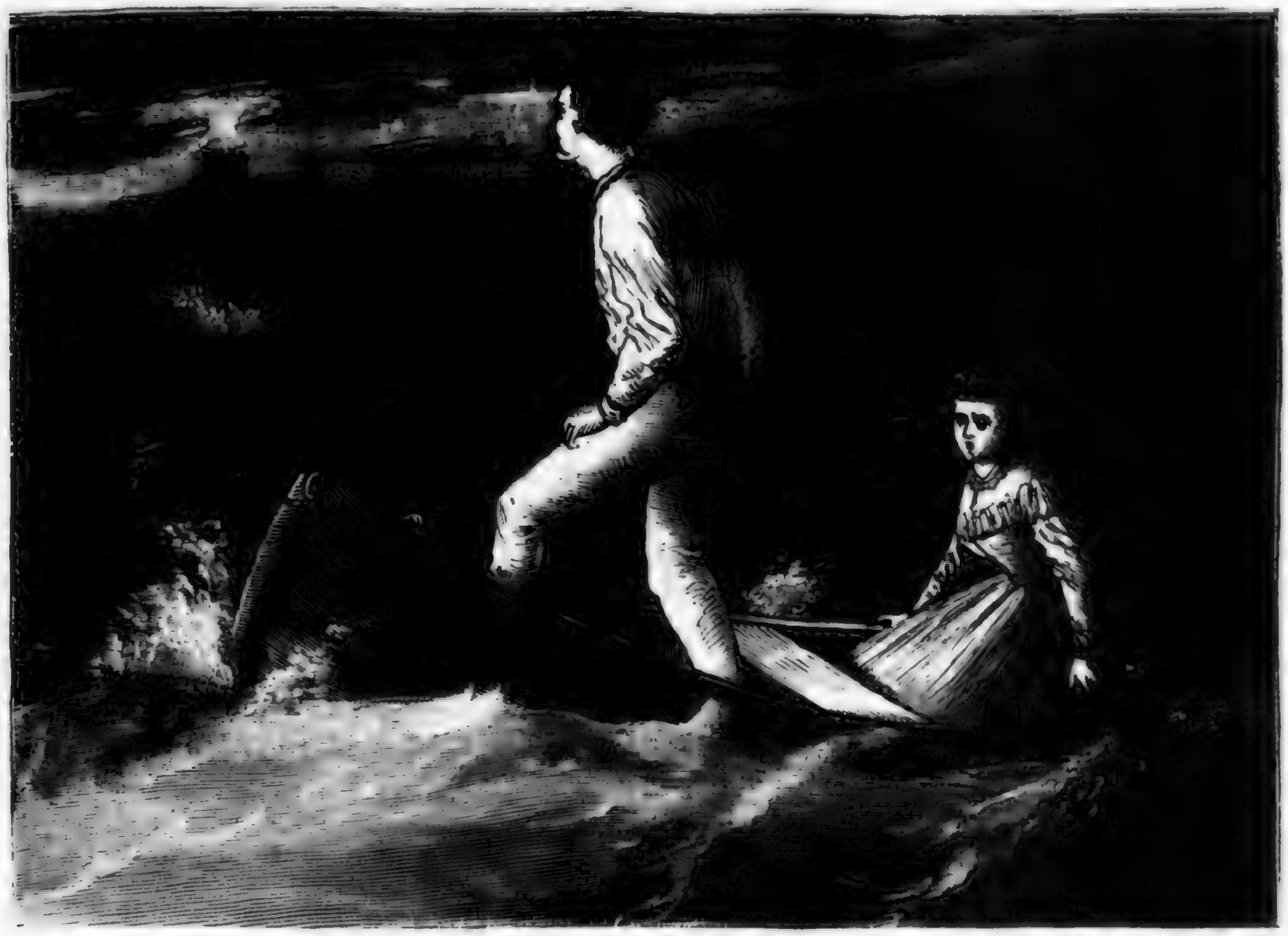
An eagle had constructed its eyrie on the jutting ledge of a cliff, immediately facing the sea, and here its brood had been reared without molestation during many seasons.

Animated, however, with the love of adventure, and with a hope of securing a reward, a party of the daring lads of the countryside determined to rob the nest during the absence of the parent-bird. The gnarled and twisted trunk of a mountain-ash opportunely overhung the lonely eyrie; and to this the fearless urchins fastened a rope, by which one of them was lowered down to the hitherto untrodden ledge.

The eaglets were secured, and the triumphant lad was on the point of reascending, when a shrill scream resounded from the seaward, and the mother-bird, with fury in her eyes and rage in the convulsive curvings of her talons, swept through the air towards him. In another moment his face would have been lacerated by the murderous beak, when he dropped one of the unfledged eaglets. The lads at the summit of the cliff meanwhile redoubled their exertions, and in the swoop which the mother made to recover her falling young one, the daring invader of her eyrie was safely hauled to the top. His prize was carried home in triumph and carefully nurtured till full-grown.



ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.—SEE PAGE 527.



PERILOUS PLAY.—"SPRINGING UP, HE UTTERED SHOUT AFTER SHOUT, LIKE ONE DEMENTED. FORTUNATELY, THE STORM HAD LULLED A LITTLE, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HEARD THEM AND ANSWERED."

PERILOUS PLAY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"If some one does not propose a new and interesting amusement I shall die of *ennui*," said pretty Belle Daventry, in a tone of despair. "I have read all my books, used up all my Berlin wools, and it's too warm to go to town for more. No one can go sailing yet, as the tide is out; we are all nearly tired to death of cards, croquet, and gossip, so what shall we do to while away this endless afternoon? Dr. Meredith, I command you to invent and propose a new game in five minutes."

"To hear is to obey," replied the young man, who lay in the grass at her feet, as he submissively slapped his forehead and fell a-thinking with all his might.

Holding up her finger to preserve silence, Belle pulled out her watch, and waited with an expectant smile. The rest of the young party, who were indolently scattered about under the elms, drew nearer, and brightened visibly, for Dr. Meredith's inventive powers were well-known, and something refreshingly novel might be expected from him.

One gentleman did not stir, but, then, he lay within earshot, and merely turned his fine eyes from the sea to the group before him. His glance rested a moment on Belle's piquant figure, for she looked very pretty with her bright hair blowing in the wind, one plump, white hand extended to keep order, and one little foot, in a distracting slipper, just visible below the voluminous folds of her dress.

Then the glance passed to another figure, sitting somewhat apart in a cloud of white muslin, for an airy burnoose floated from head and shoulders, showing only a singularly charming face. Pale, and yet brilliant, for the Southern eyes were mangnificent, and clear olive cheeks contrasted with darkest hair; lips like a pomegranate flower, and delicate, straight brows, as mobile as the lips. A cluster of crimson flowers, half falling from the loose black braids, and a golden bracelet of Arabian coins on the slender wrist, were the only ornaments she wore, and became her better than the fashionable frippery of her companions.

A book lay on her lap, but her eyes, full of a passionate melancholy, were fixed on the sea, which glittered round an island green and flowery as a Summer paradise. Rose St. Just was as beautiful as her Spanish mother, but had inherited the pride and reserve of her English father; and this pride was the thorn which repelled lovers from the human flower.

Mark Done sighed as he looked, and, as if the sigh, low as it was, roused her from her reverie, Rose flashed a quick glance at him, took up her book, and went on reading the legend of "The Lotus Eaters."

"Time is up now, doctor," cried Belle, pocketing her watch with a flourish.

"Ready to report," answered Meredith, sitting up, and producing a little box of tortoise-shell and gold.

"How mysterious! What is it? Let me see, first!" And Belle removed the cover, looking like an inquisitive child. "Only bonbons; how stupid! That won't do, sir. We don't want to be fed with sugar-plums. We demand to be amused."

"Eat six of these despised bonbons, and you *will* be amused in a new, delicious, and wonderful manner," said the young doctor, laying half-a-dozen on a green leaf, and offering them to her.

"Why, what are they?" she asked, looking at them askance.

"Hasheesh; did you never hear of it?"

"Oh, yes; it's that Indian stuff which brings one fantastic visions, isn't it? I've always wanted to see and taste it, and now I will," cried Belle, nibbling at one of the bean-shaped comfits with its green heart.

"I advise you not to try it. People do all sorts of queer things when they take it. I wouldn't for the world," said a prudent young lady, warningly, as all examined the box and its contents.

"Six can do no harm, I give you my word. I take twenty before I can enjoy myself, and some people even more. I've tried many experiments, both on the sick and the well, and nothing ever happened amiss, though the demonstrations were immensely interesting," said Meredith, eating his sugar-plums with a tranquil air, which was very convincing to others.

"How shall I feel?" asked Belle, beginning on her second comfit.

"A heavenly dreaminess comes over one, in which they move as if on air. Everything is calm and lovely to them; no pain, no care, no fear of anything, and while it lasts one feels like an angel half asleep."

"But if one takes too much, how then?" said a deep voice behind the doctor.

"Hum! Well, that's not so pleasant, unless one likes phantoms, frenzies, and a touch of nightmare, which seems to last a thousand years. Ever try it, Done?" replied Meredith, turning toward the speaker, who was now leaning on his arm, and looking interested.

"Never. I'm not a good subject for experiments. Too nervous a temperament to play pranks with."

"I should say ten would be about your number. Less than that seldom affects men. Ladies go off sooner, and don't need so many. Miss St. Just, may I offer you a taste of Elysium? I owe my success to you," said the doctor, approaching her deferentially.

"To me! And how?" she asked, lifting her large eyes with a slight smile.

"I was in the depths of despair when my eye caught the title of your book, and I was saved. For I remembered that I had hasheesh in my pocket."

"Are you a lotus-eater?" she said, permitting him to lay the six charmed bonbons on the page.

"My faith, no! I use it for my patients. It is very efficacious in nervous disorders, and is getting to be quite a pet remedy with us."

"I do not want to forget the past, but to read the future. Will hasheesh help me to do that?" asked Rose, with an eager look, which made the young man flush, wondering if he bore any part in her hopes of that vailed future.

"Alas, no. I wish it could, for I, too, long to know my fate," he answered, very low, as he looked into the lovely face before him.

The soft glance changed to one of cool indifference, and Rose gently brushed the hasheesh off her book, saying, with a little gesture of dismissal:

"Then I have no desire to taste Elysium."

The white morsels dropped into the grass at her feet; but Dr. Meredith let them lie, and turning sharply, went back to sun himself in Belle's smiles.

"I've eaten all mine, and so has Evelyn. Mr. Norton will see goblins, I know, for he has taken quantities. I'm glad of it, for he don't believe in it, and I want to have him convinced by making a spectacle of himself for our amusement," said Belle, in great spirits at the new plan.

"When does the trance come on?" asked Evelyn, a shy girl already rather alarmed at what she had done.

"About three hours after you take your dose, though the time varies with different people. Your pulse will rise, heart beat quickly, eyes darken and dilate, and an uplifted sensation will pervade you generally. Then these symptoms change, and the bliss begins. I've seen people sit or lie in one position for hours, rapt in a delicious dream, and wake from it as tranquil as if they had not a nerve in their bodies."

"How charming! I'll take some every time I'm worried. Let me see. It's now four, so our trances will come about seven, and we will devote the evening to manifestations," said Belle.

"Come, Done, try it. We are all going in for the fun. Here's your dose," and Meredith tossed him a dozen bonbons, twisted up in a bit of paper.

"No, thank you; I know myself too well to risk it. If you are all going to turn hasheesh-eaters, you'll need some one to take care of you, so I'll keep sober," tossing the little parcel back.

It fell short, and the doctor, too lazy to pick it up, let it lie, merely saying, with a laugh:

"Well, I advise any bashful man to take hasheesh when he wants to offer his heart to any fair lady, for it will give him the courage of a hero, the eloquence of a poet, and the ardor of an Italian. Remember that, gentlemen, and come to me when the crisis approaches."

"Does it conquer the pride, rouse the pity, and soften the hard hearts of the fair sex?" asked Done.

"I dare say now is your time to settle the fact, for here are two ladies who have imbibed, and in three hours will be in such a seraphic state of mind that 'No' will be an impossibility to them."

"Oh, mercy on us; what *have* we done? If that's the case, I shall shut myself up till my foolish fit is over. Rose, you haven't taken any; I beg you to mount guard over me, and see that I don't disgrace myself by any nonsense. Promise me you will," cried Bell, in half real, half feigned alarm at the consequences of her prank.

"I promise, said Rose, and floated down the green path as noiselessly as a white cloud, with a curious smile on her lips.

"Don't tell any of the rest what we have done, but after tea let us go into the grove and compare notes," said Norton, as Done strolled away to the beach, and the voices of approaching friends broke the Summer quiet.

At tea, the initiated glanced covertly at one another, and saw, or fancied they saw, the effects of the hasheesh, in a certain suppressed excitement of manner, and unusually brilliant eyes. Belle laughed often, a silvery ringing laugh, pleasant to hear; but when complimented on her good spirits, she looked distressed, and said she could not help her merriment; Meredith was quite calm, but rather dreamy; Evelyn was pale, and her next neighbor heard her heart beat; Norton talked incessantly, but as he talked uncommonly well, no one suspected anything. Done and Miss St. Just watched the others with interest, and were very quiet, especially Rose, who scarcely spoke, but smiled her sweetest, and looked very lovely.

The moon rose early, and the experimenters slipped away to the grove, leaving the outsiders on the lawn as usual. Some bold spirit asked Rose to sing, and she at once complied, pouring out Spanish airs in a voice that melted the hearts of her audience, so full of fiery sweetness or tragic pathos was it. Done seemed quite carried away, and lay with his face in the grass, to hide the tears that would come; till, afraid of openly disgracing himself, he started up and hurried down to the little wharf, where he sat alone, listening to the music with a countenance which plainly revealed to the stars the passion which possessed him. The sound of loud laughter from the grove, followed by entire silence, caused him to wonder what demonstrations were taking place, and half resolved to go and see. But that enchanting voice held him captive, even when a boat put off mysteriously from a point near by, and sailed away like a phantom through the twilight.

Half an hour afterward, a white figure came down the path, and Rose's voice broke in on his midsummer night's dream. The moon shone clearly now, and showed him the anxiety in her face as she said, hurriedly: "Where is Belle?"

"Gone sailing, I believe."

"How could you let her go? She was not fit to take care of herself?"

"I forgot that."

"So did I; but I promised to watch over her, and I must. Which way did they go?" demanded Rose, wrapping the white mantle about her, and running her eye over the little boats moored below.

"You will follow her?"

"Yes."

"I'll be your guide, then. They went toward the lighthouse; it is too far to row; I am at your service. Oh, say yes," cried Done, leaping into his own skiff, and offering his hand persuasively.

She hesitated an instant and looked at him. He was always pale, and the moonlight seemed to increase this pallor, but his hat-brim hid his eyes, and his voice was very quiet. A loud peal of laughter floated over the water, and, as if the sound decided her, she gave him her hand and entered the boat. Done smiled triumphantly as he shook out the sail, which caught the freshening wind, and sent the boat dancing along a path of light.

How lovely it was! All the indescribable allurements of a perfect Summer night surrounded them; balmy airs, enchanting moonlight, distant music, and, close at hand, the delicious atmosphere of love, which made itself felt in the eloquent silences that fell between them. Rose seemed to yield to the subtle charm, and leaned back on the cushioned seat, with her beautiful head uncovered, her face full of dreamy softness, and her hands lying loosely clasped before her. She seldom spoke, showed no further anxiety for Belle, and seemed to forget the object of her search, so absorbed was she in some delicious thought which wrapped her in its peace.

Done sat opposite, flushed now, restless, and excited, for his eyes glittered; the hand on the rudder shook, and his voice sounded intense and passionate, even in the utterance of the simplest words. He talked continually and with unusual brilliancy, for, though a man of many accomplishments, he was too indolent or too fastidious to exert himself, except among his peers. Rose seemed to look without seeing, to listen without hearing, and, though she smiled blissfully, the smiles were evidently not for him.

On they sailed, scarcely heeding the bank of black cloud piled up in the horizon, the rising wind, or the silence which proved their solitude. Rose moved once or twice, and lifted her hand as if to speak, but sank back mutely, and the hand fell again, as if it had not energy enough to enforce her wish. A cloud sweeping over the moon, a distant growl of thunder, and the slight gust that struck the sail, seemed to rouse her. Done was singing now like one inspired, his hat at his feet, hair in disorder, and a strangely rapturous expression in his eyes, which were fixed on her. She started, shivered, and seemed to recover herself with an effort.

"Where are they?" she asked, looking vainly for the island heights and the other boat.

"They have gone to the beach, I fancy, but we will follow." As Done leaned forward to speak, she saw his face, and shrank back with a sudden flush, for in it she read clearly what she had felt, yet doubted until now. He saw the tell-tale blush and gesture, and said impetuously: "You know it now; you cannot deceive me longer, nor daunt me with your pride! Rose, I love you, and dare tell you so tonight!"

"Not now—not here—I will not listen. Turn back, and be silent, I entreat you, Mr. Done," she said, hurriedly.

He laughed a defiant laugh, and took her hand in his, which was burning and throbbing with the rapid heat of his pulse.

"No, I *will* have my answer here, and now, and never turn back till you give it; you have been a thorny Rose, and given me many wounds. I'll be paid for my heartache with sweet words, tender looks, and frank confessions of love, for, proud as you are, you do love me, and dare not deny it."

Something in his tone terrified her; she snatched her hand away, and drew beyond his reach, trying to speak calmly, and to meet coldly the ardent glances of the eyes which were strangely darkened and dilated with uncontrollable emotion.

"You forget yourself. I shall give no answer to an avowal made in such terms. Take me home instantly," she said in a tone of command.

"Confess you love me, Rose."

"Never!"

"Ah! I'll have a kinder answer, or——" Done half rose and put out his hand to grasp and draw her to him, but the cry she uttered seemed to arrest him with a sort of shock. He dropped into his seat, passed his hand over his eyes, and shivered nervously, as he muttered in an altered tone: "I meant nothing; it's the moonlight; sit down, I'll control myself—upon my soul I will!"

"If you do not, I shall go overboard. Are you mad, sir?" cried Rose, trembling with indignation.

"Then, I shall follow you, for I *am* mad, Rose, with love—hasheesh!"

His voice sank to a whisper, but the last word thrilled along her nerves, as no sound of fear had ever done before. An instant she regarded him with a look which took in every sign of unnatural excitement, then she clasped her hands with an imploring gesture, saying, in a tone of despair:

"Why did I come! How will it end? Oh, Mark, take me home before it is too late!"

"Hush! Be calm; don't thwart me, or I may get wild again. My thoughts are not clear, but I understand you. There, take my knife, and if I forget myself, kill me. Don't go overboard; you are too beautiful to die, my Rose!"

He threw her the slender hunting-knife he wore, looked at her a moment with a far-off look, and trimmed the sail like one moving in a dream. Rose took the weapon, wrapped her cloak closely about her, and, crouching as far away as possible, kept her eye on him, with a face in which watchful terror contended with some secret trouble and bewilderment more powerful than her fear.

The boat moved round, and began to beat up against wind and tide; spray flew from her bow, the sail bent and strained in the gusts that struck it with perilous fitfulness. The moon was nearly hidden by scudding clouds, and one-half the sky was black with the gathering storm. Rose looked from threatening heavens to treacherous sea, and tried to be ready for any danger, but her calm had been sadly broken, and she could not recover it. Done sat motionless, uttering no word of encouragement, though the frequent flaws almost tore the rope from his hand, and the water often dashed over him.

"Are we in any danger?" asked Rose, at last, unable to bear the silence, for he looked like a ghostly helmsman, seen by the fitful night, pale now, wild-eyed, and speechless.

"Yes, great danger."

"I thought you were a skillful boatman."

"I am when I am myself; now I am rapidly losing the control of my will, and the strange quiet is coming over me. If I had been alone I should have given up sooner, but for your sake I kept on."

"Can't you work the boat?" asked Rose, terror-struck by the changed tone of his voice, the slow, uncertain movements of his hands.

"No; I see everything through a thick cloud; your voice sounds far away, and my desire is to lay my head down and sleep."

"Let me steer—I can, I must!" she cried, springing toward him, and laying her hand on the rudder.

He smiled, and kissed the little hand, saying, dreamily:

"You could not hold it a minute; sit by me, love; let us turn the boat again, and drift away together—anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

"Oh, Heaven, what will become of us!" and Rose wrung her hands in real despair. "Mr. Done—Mark—dear Mark, rouse yourself and listen to me. Turn, as you say, for it is certain death to go on so. Turn, and let us drift to the lighthouse; they will hear and help us. Quick, take down the sail, get out the oars, and let us try to reach there before the storm breaks."

As Rose spoke, he obeyed her like a dumb animal; love for her was stronger even than the instinct of self-preservation, and for her sake he fought against the treacherous lethargy which was swiftly overpowering him. The sail was lowered, the boat brought round, and, with little help from the ill-pulled oars, it drifted rapidly out to sea with the ebbing tide.

As she caught her breath after this dangerous manœuvre was accomplished, Rose asked, in a quiet tone, she vainly tried to render natural: "How much hasheesh did you take?"

"All that Meredith threw me. Too much; but I was possessed to do it, so I hid the roll and tried it," he answered, peering at her with a weird laugh.

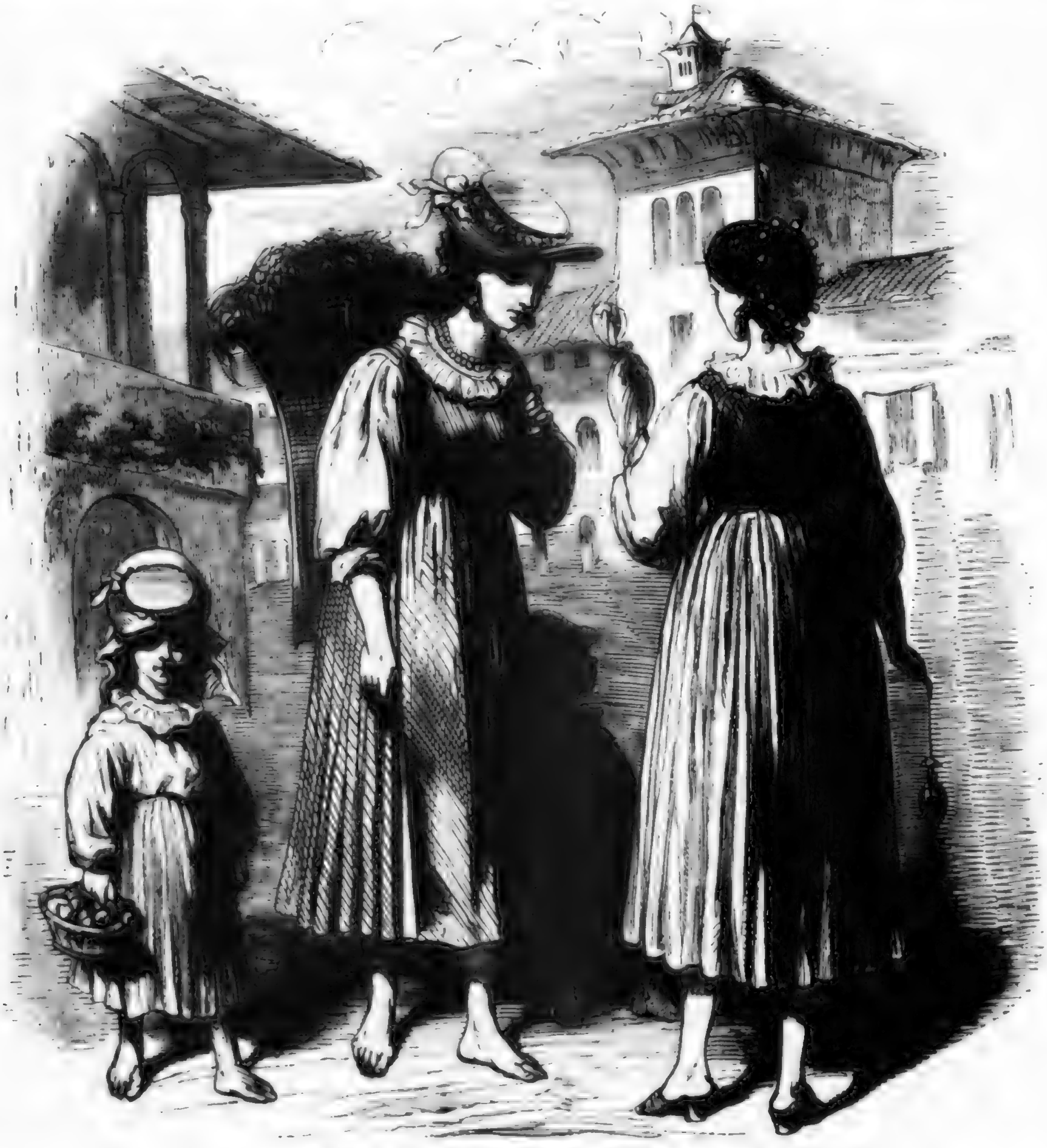
"Let us talk; our safety lies in keeping awake, and I dare not let you sleep," continued Rose, dashing water on her own hot forehead with a sort of desperation.

"Say you love me; that would wake me up from my last sleep, I think. I have hoped and feared, waited and suffered so long. Be pitiful, and answer, Rose."

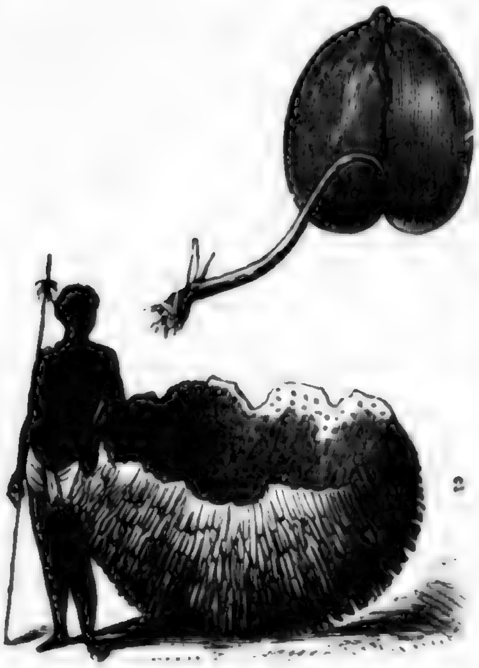
"I do; but I should not own it now."

So low was the soft reply, he scarcely heard it, but he felt it, and made a strong effort to break from the hateful spell that bound him. Leaning forward, he tried to read her face in a ray of moonlight breaking through the clouds; he saw a new and tender warmth in it, for all the pride was gone, and no fear marred the eloquence of those soft, Southern eyes.

"Kiss me, Rose, then I shall believe it. I feel lost in a dream, and you, so changed, so kind, may be only a fair phantom. Kiss me, love, and make it real."



PEASANT GIRLS OF NOVARA, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 536.



1. GERMINATING FRUIT OF DOUBLE COCOANUT
2. BOWL-LIKE PORTION OF ROOT.

As if swayed by a power more potent than her will, Rose bent to meet his lips. But the ardent pressure seemed to startle her from a momentary oblivion of everything but love. She covered up her face, and sank down, as if overwhelmed with shame, sobbing through her passionate tears.

"Ah, what am I doing? I am mad, for I, too, have taken hasheesh," she exclaimed vehemently.

What he answered she never heard, for a rattling peal of thunder drowned his voice, and then the storm broke loose. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely, sky and sea were black as ink, and the boat tossed from wave to wave almost at their mercy.

Giving herself up for lost, Rose crept to her lover's side and clung there, conscious only that they would bide together through the perils their own folly brought them. Done's excitement was quite gone now; he sat like a statue, shielding the frail creature whom he loved, with a smile on his face, which looked awfully emotionless when the lightning gave her glimpses of its white immobility.

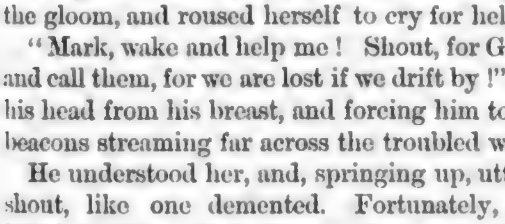
Drenched, exhausted, and half senseless with danger, fear, and exposure, Rose saw at last a welcome glimmer through the gloom, and roused herself to cry for help.

"Mark, wake and help me! Shout, for God's sake—shout and call them, for we are lost if we drift by!" she cried, lifting his head from his breast, and forcing him to see the brilliant beacons streaming far across the troubled waters.

He understood her, and, springing up, uttered shout after shout, like one demented. Fortunately, the storm had lulled a little; the lighthouse keeper heard and answered. Rose seized the helm, Done the oars, and, with one frantic effort, guided the boat into quieter waters, where it was met by the keeper, who towed it to the rocky nook which served as a harbor.

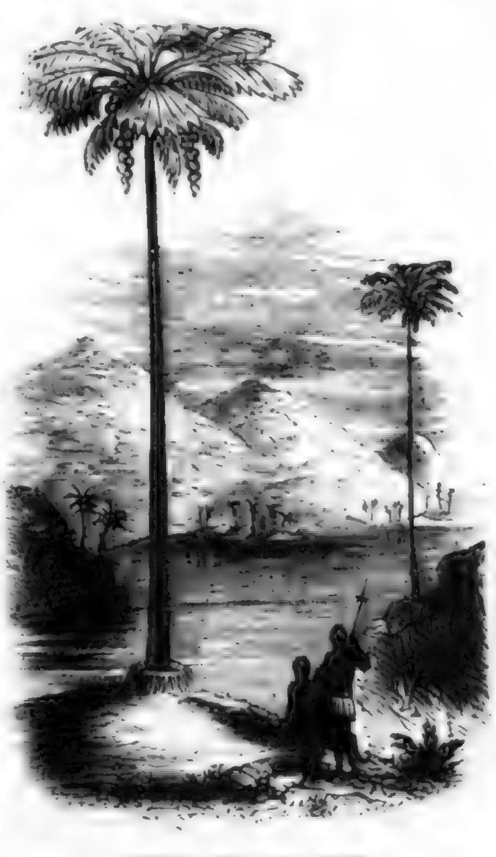
The moment a strong, steady face met her eyes, and a gruff, cheery voice hailed her, Rose gave way, and was carried up to the house, looking more like a beautiful drowned Ophelia than a living woman.

"Here, Sally, see to the poor thing; she's had a rough time on't. I'll take care of her sweetheart—and a nice job I'll have, I reckon, for if he ain't mad or drunk, he's had a stroke of lightnin', and looks as if he wouldn't get his hearin' in a hurry," said the old man, as he housed his unexpected guests, and stood staring at Done, who looked about him like one dazed. 'You jest turn in yonder and sleep it off, mate. We'll see to the lady, and right your boat in the morning," the old man added.



COCO DE MER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Be kind to Rose. I frightened her. I'll not forget you. Yes, let me sleep and get over this cursed folly as soon as possible," muttered this strange visitor.



DOUBLE COCOA-NUT TREE.

Done threw himself down on the rough couch and tried to sleep, but every nerve was over-strained, every pulse beating like a trip-hammer, and everything about him was intensified and exaggerated with awful power. The thunder-shower seemed a wild hurricane, the quaint room a wilderness peopled with tormenting phantoms, and all the events of his life passed before him in an endless procession, which nearly maddened him. The old man looked weird and gigantic, his own voice sounded shrill and discordant, and the ceaseless murmur of Rose's incoherent wanderings haunted him like parts of a grotesque but dreadful dream.

All night he lay motionless, with staring eyes, feverish lips, and a mind on the rack, for the delicate machinery which had been tampered with, revenged the wrong by torturing the foolish experimenter. All night Rose wept and sung, talked and cried for help in a piteous state of nervous excitement, for with her the trance came first, and the after-agitation was increased by the events of the evening. She slept at last, lulled by the old woman's motherly care, and Done was spared one tormenting fear, for he dreaded the consequences of this folly on her, more than upon himself.

As day dawned he rose, haggard and faint, and staggered out. At the door he met the keeper, who stopped him to report that the boat was in order, and a fair day coming. Seeing doubt and perplexity in the old man's eye, Done told him the truth, and added that he was going to the beach for a plunge, hoping by that simple tonic to restore his unstrung nerves.

He came back feeling like himself again, except a dull headache, and a heavy sense of remorse weighing on his spirits, for he distinctly recollected all the events of the night. The old woman made him eat and drink, and in an hour he felt ready for the homeward trip.

Rose slept late, and when she woke, soon recovered herself, for her dose had been a small one. When she had breakfasted and made a hasty toilet, she professed herself anxious to return at once. She dreaded, yet longed, to see Done, and when the time came, armed herself with pride, feeling all a woman's shame at what had passed, and resolving to feign forgetfulness of the incidents of the previous night.

Pale and cold as a statue she met him; but the moment he began to say, humbly, "Forgive me, Rose," she silenced him with an imperious gesture and the command:

"Don't speak of it; I only remember that it was very horrible, and wish to forget it all as soon as possible."

"All, Rose?" he asked, significantly.

"Yes, *all!* No one would care to recall the follies of a hasheesh dream," she answered, turning hastily to hide the scarlet flush that would rise, and the eyes that would fall before his own.

"*I* never can forget, but I will be silent if you bid me."

"I do. Let us go. What will they think at the island? Mr. Done, give me your promise to tell no one, now or ever, that I tried that dangerous experiment. I will guard your secret also."

She spoke eagerly, and looked up imploringly.

"I promise;" and he gave her his hand, holding her own with a wistful glance, till she drew it away, and begged him to take her home.

Leaving hearty thanks and a generous token of their gratitude, they sailed away with a fair wind, finding in the freshness of the morning a speedy cure for tired bodies and excited minds.

They said little, but it was impossible for Rose to preserve her coldness. The memory of the past night broke down her pride, and Done's tender glances touched her heart. She half hid her face behind her hand, and tried to compose herself for the scene to come, for, as she approached the island, she saw Belle and her party waiting for them on the shore.

"Oh, Mr. Done, screen me from their eyes and questions as much as you can! I'm so worn out and nervous, I shall betray myself. You will help me?" and she turned to him with a confiding look, strangely at variance with her usual calm self-possession.

"I'll shield you with my life, if you will tell me why you took the hasheesh," he said, bent on knowing his fate.

"I hoped it would make me soft and lovable, like other women. I'm tired of being a lonely statue," she faltered, as if the truth was wrung from her by a power stronger than her will.

"And I took it to gain courage to tell my love. Rose, we have been near death together, let us share life together, and neither of us be any more lonely or afraid?"

He stretched his hand to her with his heart in his face, and she gave him hers with a look of tender submission, as he said, ardently:

"Heaven bless hasheesh, if its dreams end like this!"

THE COCO DE MER OF THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

In the Indian Ocean, to the northeast of Madagascar, lie three small, rocky islands, Praslin, Curiese, and l'isle Ronde. They were discovered in 1743. Upon Praslin and Curiese grows a lofty palm, which frequently attains a hundred feet in height, crowned at the summit with a graceful spray of fan-like leaves of from ten to twelve feet wide, and including the petiole or leaf stalk, twenty feet. So strong and flexible is the leaf stalk, that a man may sit upon its extremity, and sway up and down as if upon a bar of finely tempered steel.

In no other part of the world, so far as human research has yet reached, is this singular tree to be found. It is called the double cocoa-nut tree, a name given it on account of the similitude of the fruit to two cocoa-nuts united laterally, though they sometimes occur in a triple, and even quadruple form. These fruits are about the size of three ordinary cocoa-nuts, including the husk, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds.

Before the discovery of the islands in question the most marvelous stories were told of these nuts, which were sometimes found floating on the ocean. The Malay and Chinese sailors maintain that they were the fruit of a submarine tree, while the negro priests affirmed that it grew near the island of Java, where its leaves and branches rose above the water, and in which the monstrous griffin had its habitation. The greatest curiosity connected with this palm is the peculiarity of its root, which is shown in the engraving. It would seem that the trunk is actually seated in a naturally formed bowl. The pericarp, or outer covering of the seed or nut, is of a hard, horny consistence, similar to the shell of the common cocoa-nut. From the middle of this nut, between the two lobes, the embryo protrudes through a small hole in the shell, corresponding to one of the three holes which every one has noticed in the true cocoa-nut shell. A long cotyledonary process is then given off, gradually getting thicker toward the end, where an enlarged mass forms, composed apparently of fibre and cellular tissue; from this the radicle, or young root, starts downward, while the bud, or future stem, bursts upward. It is this mass, from the interior of which the young bud bursts, that eventually forms the bowl, or cup-like process, in which the root is seated.

From its fibrous nature, it gradually changes, by slow growth and length of years, into a hard, horny substance, of a somewhat similar nature to the shell, developing itself into a perfectly hemispherical, or pure bell shape, and perforated with holes, which give the inside the appearance of a huge colander, while on the outside those holes are continued by tubes bristling out in a downward direction, through which the roots pass into the ground. It is certain that this cup, or bowl, must go on growing for some considerable time at the same ratio as the trunk it contains, when we look to their great size, frequently two or three feet across, and nearly the same in depth, but whether it ceases any vital connection with the trunk at any period during the life of the tree, is a question at present unsolved.

ANECDOTES OF THE PEASANTS OF NOVARA.

The town of Novara, in Piedmont, does not alone attract the attention of travelers from its antiquity, its fifteen thousand inhabitants, its citadel, or its bishopric. It is hallowed by two great military traditions—the defeat of La Trémouille by the Swiss during the reign of Louis XII., in 1513, and the great disaster to King Charles Albert in 1849.

It owes much of its interest also, doubtless to the grace and beauty of its inhabitants, and the picturesqueness of their costumes, of which a good idea may be formed by our readers from the accompanying engraving drawn from life.

We give also a couple of anecdotes of the last war, which are illustrative of the character of the peasants of Novara, of the trickiness of the men and the tender hearts of the women.

At the time that the town was occupied by the Austrians, two German peddlers, worn out by fatigue, passed, on the high road near the town, a peasant mounted on a fine horse, but apparently in a state of intoxication.

"Well, my good fellow," exclaimed one of the peddlers with a laugh, "it would be a mercy to buy your horse, for he seems likely to break your neck."

"Good, I am willing," replied the inebriate, slipping off the animal: "if he pleases you, I will sell him for five hundred scudi."

The Germans took him at his word, although they had spoken in jest at first, and paid his price, the smallness of which they considered due to his intoxication. They both then mounted the animal and rode off laughing, while the inebriate pocketed his money and wished them a pleasant journey, watching them nevertheless as they rode away. When, however, they had gone a certain distance, he placed his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. The horse, recognizing his master's call, reared up, and throwing his riders, hastened to join his first owner, who suddenly became sober, jumped into the saddle, and, with loud laughter, galloped away.

Fear had induced him to feign intoxication, and the peculiar cunning of his race had accomplished the rest—that is to say, the "annexation" of the five hundred scudi.

A convoy of Croatian prisoners entered Novara. They soon found themselves surrounded by a group of gentle, innocent peasant girls, like those represented in our engraving, when a little boy—the one in our cut—made his way into their midst, and after looking earnestly at the soldiers, bowed profoundly to them.

A colonel among the prisoners, who had shortly before been grossly insulted by the men, was astonished and flattered by this mark of deference from so young a child. He took him in his arms, and inquired in the best Italian he could command:

"Why did you salute us, my little enemy?"

"Because," the child replied, "my mother told me you were very unhappy."

"Alas! yes, my child," said the colonel, deeply moved and bursting into tears, "and it is very noble in you and your mother thus to respect misfortune. If I possessed anything that I could give you in return for the sympathy which you have afforded me, I would offer it to you; as it is, I can only give you an embrace; shall I do so?"

The child held up his rosy mouth to the prisoner, who kissed him with the utmost tenderness, while the spectators of this simple and touching scene were deeply moved.

The story adds, that while this kiss of pardon and of peace was exchanged between the Italian child and the German colonel, the mother, sisters, and friends of the little one shared their scanty meal with their soldier-enemies.

TOMB OF QUEEN ANN JAGELLON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CRACOW.

Few tombs are grander than that of Queen Ann Jagellon, a queen whose dynasty not only, but whose kingdom, is of the past. It is in the chapel of the Kings Sigismund. Above the chapel-door are three ancient paintings. The central one represents Sigismund I.; the other two are portraits of Ann Jagellon, as queen-regnant and as a widow. The tomb has a recumbent statue of the queen in her royal attire, exceedingly well cut in red granite. Behind the tomb is a marble throne, above which two angels of gilt bronze support the crown of Poland. An altar stands in front in an arch rich with basso-relievos, two massive candlesticks facing it almost on a line with the head of the tomb.

The queen thus royally reposing was a niece of Casimir III., and wife of the Great Jagellon, Ladislaus V., who died in 1434.

The sixteen chapels around the church all contain monuments of personages illustrious in Polish annals: Casimir Jagellon, Count Potocki, King Sigismund, and King Sigismund Jagellon, beneath a ceiling of gilded copper; King John Albert, and Casimir the Great, the founder of Cracow; as well as of the conqueror of the Turks, John Sobiesky III.; the great astronomer, Copernicus, and our own Revolutionary hero, Thaddeus Kosciusko. In the centre of the nave stands the gorgeous shrine of St. Stanislaus, Martyr, the patron of Poland. The coffin, which is upheld by four angels, and the altar, with the candlesticks and statues, are all of solid silver.

Cracow was, from 1815 till 1846, the capital of a little republic, the last vestige of Polish nationality, but it was then absorbed by Austria.

THE WEE THING.

By Hector Macneil.

"Saw ye my wee thing? sa ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?

"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
Red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree.

"Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!
She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

"Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Oft hae she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would give kisses to thee!"

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!
"Ye'se rue, sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie!"

"Awa wi' beguiling!" cried the youth, smiling;
Off went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom showing
Fair stood the maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"O, Jamie, forgive me; your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

THE CHOICE HE MADE.

By Etta W. Pierce.

I KNOW the story, for I am the housekeeper at Penhallow. The work of that dreadful year I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and nobody, barring my mistress, has it more by heart.

She was a Virginian, was Mrs. Penhallow, descended from some famous old colonial family. She was stiff-necked, high-featured, and she loved nothing under the canopy but her boy. A hard woman, born to rule, whose dependents were to her like so many cattle, to be fed and housed, and nothing more. A widow at the time I went to live with her in her great old country house, with an only son and heir—Master Felix.

Heaven above! how she doted on that bold, insolent boy! I used to think when I saw her hanging on his every word and look, adoring him with her eyes and her heart, of what the Bible says about taking to ourselves idols. But Mrs. Penhallow was not the woman to trouble herself about that

Book, especially as most of the common people have it. Master Felix was sixteen when he left home for college, and I, for one, was glad to be rid of him. A purse-proud, tyrannical young tempest he was, handsome enough for a girl, but with a temper even hotter than his mother's.

For a few years, peace and quiet reigned at Penhallow, always excepting the time of such visits as its young lord and master was pleased to make us. And after his college days were over, he was betrothed to his cousin, and sent abroad on his travels.

His mother pined sorely at this separation. She spent whole hours before his portraits, which confronted one everywhere—in hall and drawing-room and chamber. She shut herself up, like a love-sick girl, to pore over his letters, and one night, in the second year of his absence, when I had found her walking the hall, trailing her satin gown, in black glittering waves, after her, she broke out, wringing her hands:

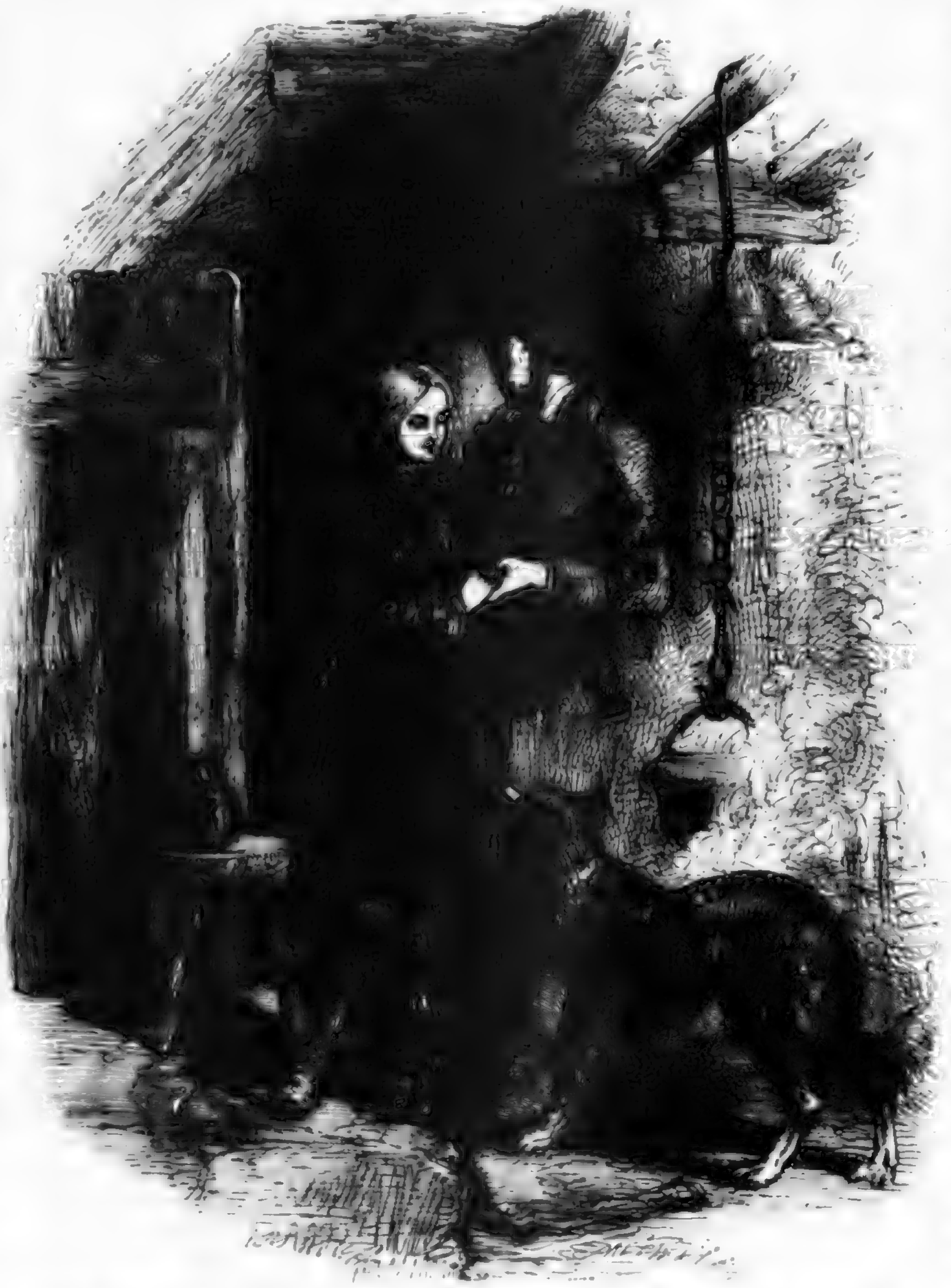
"Venner, every month of our parting is as a nail in my coffin! I can bear this great, gloomy house no longer. I shall start for New York in the morning, to bring his betrothed wife back with me."

"I am glad of that, ma'am," said I. "She will naturally seem the next nearest now: and it is dull for you here."

The next morning, sure enough, she went, and, from some boarding-school, brought Miss Raymond back with her.

It was a cold, rainy Spring night, and I lighted fires on every hearth, and gathered all the servants into the hall to welcome them, because I knew Mrs. Penhallow liked such customs. They were all in their Sunday-best, and Molly, the mistress's vain little waiting-maid, wore pink roses in her beautiful flaxen hair.

We heard the carriage crunching the gravel of the drive; the hall-door opened; I heard Mrs. Penhallow say, "This is my daughter, Venner," and, lo! there by the hand she held Mr. Felix's betrothed!



THE WEE THING.—"IS IT MY TRUE LOVE HERE THAT I SEE?"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.

Oh! a lovely young creature she was, with a face like a lily, and brown curls falling, and brown eyes, proud but tender, and all those lady airs and graces that seem bred in the very bone.

When the mistress called her "daughter," she grew rosy red, and spoke so sweetly to us all, that we were ready to go down on our knees to her; and then the two went away to rest a little, and to dress for their late dinner.

"It will be a happy day when *she* is mistress here," said the servants that night, in the kitchen.

As for Mrs. Penhallow, she seemed extravagantly fond of her son's betrothed, and with good reason, too, for everybody knew it was she who had arranged the match. She always called her daughter. She refurnished half the house in her favorite colors, and loaded her with endearments, and shared Felix's letters with her, and those long doting hours before his portraits.

Being a born lady and a great heiress, Miss Raymond just suited Felix's mother.

She had been at Penhallow a month or more, when the young lord thereof put in his appearance also, very sudden and unexpected.

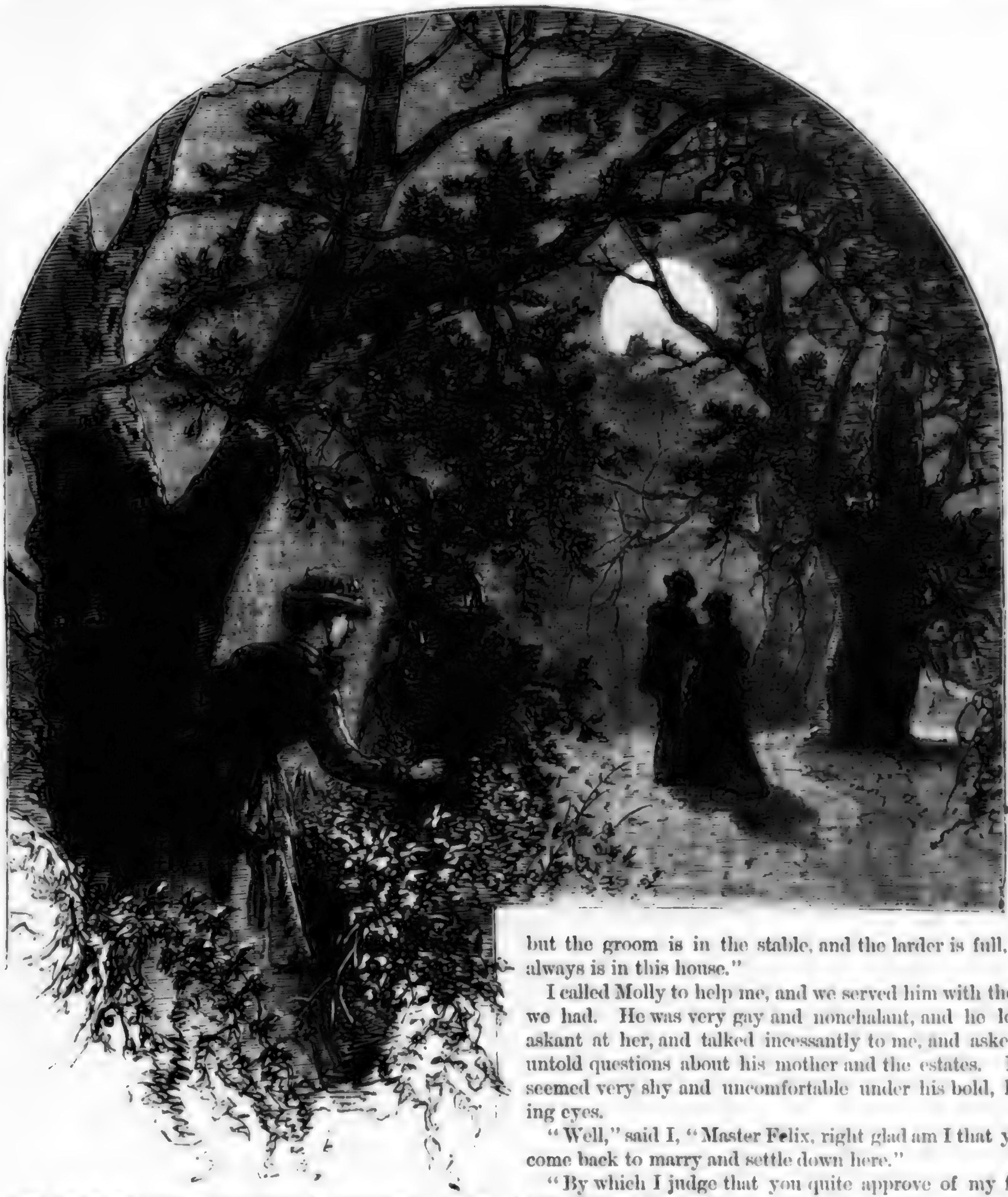
It was one evening when the mistress and Miss Raymond had gone out riding together, and there was not a servant left in the house but Molly and I. Suddenly we heard a great knocking at the hall-door.

"Whoever can that be?" I said, for it was too late for callers. "Run, Molly, and see."

It seemed as if the little simpleton would never get the key turned, and when she did, in pranced a magnificent six-foot figure, in a dusty traveling garb—a glowing nut-brown figure, as beautiful as a young god.

"Hallo!" he cried, gayly, "who is this?" and caught Molly straightway in his arms, and kissed her plump upon cheek and mouth.

The little ninny turned from red to white, and from white



THE CHOICE HE MADE.—"HIS ARM WAS AROUND HER AS THEY WALKED; HE LEANED OVER HER, AND TALKED TO HER IN A LOW, MURMURING, LOVER-LIKE TONE."—SEE PAGE 535.

to red. She was marvelously pretty, and so long as the world stands, men will admire pretty faces, I suppose, whether they belong to princess or beggar.

"I am Mrs. Penhallow's maid," she answered, with more spirit than I would have given her credit for. "And you, I suppose, are her son."

"Quite right," said he, and stared and laughed; and then I ran out straightway to meet him, and immediately pushed Molly away.

"How d'ye do, Venner?" he cried, assuming his own lordly air at once. "Where are my mother and Miss Raymond? Have you a groom to send over to the station for my luggage? and is there anything to eat in the house? I assure you I am quite famished."

"Gracious heaven!" said I, "it never can be you, Mr. Felix, so tall and bearded! Who ever would have known you? The ladies are out driving, and won't be back till dark, but the groom is in the stable, and the larder is full, as it always is in this house."

I called Molly to help me, and we served him with the best we had. He was very gay and nonchalant, and he looked askant at her, and talked incessantly to me, and asked me untold questions about his mother and the estates. Molly seemed very shy and uncomfortable under his bold, knowing eyes.

"Well," said I, "Master Felix, right glad am I that you've come back to marry and settle down here."

"By which I judge that you quite approve of my future wife, Venner?" said he.

"Oh, a sweet, beautiful lady she is indeed!" cried I. "Everybody at Penhallow loves her already."

"Then, in duty bound, I must do the same," said he, with a whimsical laugh, and drew out a cigar; and as he stood scratching a match against the marble mantel, I heard him humming to himself these lines:

'Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
Oh, truly! oh, truly, I loved her then,
And naught shall I ever so love again."

"I think I will go out and meet them, Venner."

And he went off down the walk, and came upon the carriage just as it was turning into the gate.

I heard their voices for a long time out among the trees, and finally saw them sauntering back together, Mrs. Penhallow looking quite dazed with happiness, and Miss Raymond hanging upon his arm, with a sort of shy grace, her lily-face covered with smiles and blushes, and with that in it, and in her air, which made me sure she had found her master. Dear heart! Yes, she loved him in that wild, worshipful way that a woman delights in, and that no man ever deserved yet, or ever will, till the pattern is altered.

As I was going up to bed that night, I met the mistress on the landing, and she looked as radiant as a bride.

"Give me joy, Venner!" she cried. "This the happiest night of my life. He has come back to me—to wed one of his own kin—to be with me evermore while I live. Ah, yes, Venner, one might well envy me to-night!"

"Well, I am glad, ma'am," said I, "right glad!" and, indeed, I was, for it seemed to me, as it did to her, that pleasant times were coming to the old house.

I kept thinking it over after I had gone to bed. It was a Summer night, and the moonlight streamed into the chamber where I slept, and filled it with a great white light. Outside, the wind made a moaning sound among the trees. Inside, of a sudden, I heard something go "tick, tick, tick" in the wall.

I will own that the sound, coming as it did when I was full of such pleasant thoughts, gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. I never yet heard a death-watch without a creeping of the flesh—without feeling deep down in my soul that somebody's time was near at hand.

I rose up in bed and listened. It came from that portion of the wall nearest the staircase. Distinct and regular as the strokes of a pendulum, I heard it, over and over again tick, tick, tick.

I got out of bed and put my hand on the panel. There was a momentary silence; then it broke out anew in the floor under my feet. Back to the panel, and from the panel to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the window, I chased the hateful sound about till I was both chilled and exhausted. In a closet off my chamber, Molly lay sleeping, as youth and health only can sleep. I was tempted to rouse her, but she looked so calm and pretty, with her flaxen hair tossed about the pillow, and her lips half apart, that I hadn't the heart to do it. So I crept back to bed, and, for half the night, never so much as closed my eyes, because of the dreary "tick, tick" that death-watch kept up in the wall.

I told Mrs. Penhallow about it the next morning.

"Ma'am," said I, "there'll be a death in this house soon."

She lifted her heavy gray brows at me.

"Venner, I am astonished! Nobody but very ignorant people believe in such things. Never mention such a matter to me again."

And out she went, to breakfast with her son and Miss Raymond among the flowers and greenery of the lawn.

Miss Raymond that morning was in white cashmere and pink ribbons, I remember, and with her streaming curls, and proud, sweet eyes and lily face, she looked as the Sleeping Beauty might have done when the prince first awakened her. And *her* prince had come, sure enough, but his manner toward her one couldn't quite approve. It was too careless and light—too much like a grand seignior, who has only to throw the handkerchief.

"Well," thought I, "he's seen a host of handsome faces, no doubt, and so got indifferent to beauty, perhaps, for he's one of those men that all women admire, and many a heart he's made to ache, I'll warrant."

A week or two went by, and I saw that in his own lordly, careless fashion, he was devoting himself to Miss Raymond. He used to spend whole hours lolling beside her chair, and they sang a great many love-songs together, and rode and walked a great deal about the country, and seemed uncommonly happy.

Day in and day out, there was nothing but fêtes, and garden parties, and excursions, and balls, and festivities, both at Penhallow and among the neighboring gentry; and Molly's eyes grew heavy with waiting up so late at night for the ladies, and Miss Raymond, I heard, was the belle of all these gatherings, and every son and brother for miles around was madly envious of Mister Felix, who only shrugged his lordly shoulders and smiled languidly. Too much love is bad for men, I have noticed, and Miss Raymond loved Felix Penhallow altogether too much.

All this while, night after night, I heard that death-watch ticking in the wall.

I remember well the time when I began to suspect something wrong. One evening the mistress was ill, and Miss Raymond went to sit in her chamber. It was an August night, with a full moon in the sky, and no wind stirring. So close and sultry it seemed indoors, that I was fain to walk out as far as the entrance gate for a breath of fresh air. The grounds were full of intricate windings, and black and thick with shrubbery. I strolled as far as the high-road, then turned about, and, half way back to the house, stumbled upon two figures—man and woman—walking together under some linden-trees.

I was a little startled, and I stopped short and looked at them. There was no mistaking the splendid head and shoulders of the man; I felt and knew he could be no other than Felix Penhallow. As for his companion, she was not Miss Raymond, but more I could not say, for she wore a hat and a mantle, and kept persistently in the shadow. I only saw that she was slight, and I guessed her to be young.

His arm was around her as they walked; he leaned over her, talked to her in a low, murmuring, love-like tone, and once lifted her head in his two hands, and kissed her passionately.

I stood rooted to the earth, staring at them through the dense shrubbery. I could hardly believe my eyes. Miss Raymond within, watching with the mistress, and her handsome, nonchalant lover without, wandering through the moonlight and making love to another under the rose! It seemed as if I must be dreaming. But they turned suddenly and came toward me, and as it was plain that discovery would be awkward for all parties, I hastened to give them one last look, in which I saw that he had gathered the slight figure up to him, and was holding her head to his heart, and then I fled breathlessly through the shrubbery, and back to the house.

I got as far as the kitchen, and there sat down, quite overcome. The maids were all out, and it was a custom of mine to sit up always till they came in for the night. The last who appeared was Molly.

I don't know what made me eye the girl so closely on this particular occasion, unless it was her unusual pallor. She was a pretty little thing, as I have said before, round and plump and blue-eyed, like a Dutch shepherdess, and vain of her white skin and flaxen hair.

"Where have you been, Molly?" said I, cross enough.

She colored, and stammered, and dropped her eyes, in a way people have to whom lying is new.

"Down to the village, ma'am."

"With some follower, I suppose. Mrs. Penhallow's bell has been rung for you. I must watch you, miss. There's enough that's sly and secret going on about this house already."

She gave me a quick, odd look, and then went away without another word, to answer the bell.

The "tick, tick" in the panel that night sounded louder than ever; it awakened that simpleton, Moll. She rose up in bed, and peered out into my chamber.

"Oh, Venner, what is that?" she quavered.

"A death-watch," said I crossly. "Lie down, and go to sleep."

"Then some one is going to die!" she cried, for she had been bred in the same superstitions that I had.

"Well," said I, "I am pretty sure it's not you, Molly."

But she began to sob and cry piteously.

"Oh, Venner, I'm a wretched girl!" said she. "I would rather it would be me than some others. Let me come into your bed; I'm afraid."

And she wouldn't be appeased, but nestled down with me, and went on for a long time in a way quite broken-hearted, and without speaking a word.

The next morning Miss Raymond, in descending the staircase, met with an accident—slipped on its slippery edge, and fell, striking her temple against some projecting bit of carving. Mr. Felix and his mother were in the drawing-room at the time, and both rushed to help her, calling for me. When I reached them, he was kneeling on the floor, with Miss Raymond's head on his knee, her pale face upturned, and her brown hair overflowing him.

As we bent to loose her dress and give her air, from a chain in her bosom dropped out his portrait—a handsome shadow of his handsome face. Mr. Felix looked up at his mother in a dark, strange, remorseful way.

"Why did you ever bring her here?" he muttered. "Why did you ever meddle with either of us?" and he dropped her into Mrs. Penhallow's arms, and rose up and walked out of the room. The mistress looked quite dazed.

"What did he say, Venner?" she asked, with her hand to her forehead.

"I'm sure I didn't understand, ma'am," said I, and no, I didn't.

But that night Felix Penhallow was walking in the shrubbery again with one who was not Miss Raymond.

I kept my own counsel for a few days, and then I went to the mistress.

"Ma'am," said I, I'm quite at a loss about Molly. She's out till midnight sometimes—where, or in what company, I'm sure I don't know. She's but a young thing, ma'am, and it's time, I think, that somebody looked to the matter."

"Indeed," said the mistress, "I have noticed something odd about the girl of late. I will speak to her presently."

The very next morning, as Molly was flitting past the breakfast-room door, her mistress called her, sharply. I had been summoned in also to receive some orders for the day, and was standing by Mrs. Penhallow's chair, as Molly, a little pale and frightened, entered. Haughty, and stiff, and stern looked the mistress, and in the window near by, with her lap full of roses, sat Miss Raymond, very sweet and lovely, talking with Felix Penhallow.

"Molly, come here!" said Mrs. Penhallow, sharply.

The girl, with downcast eyes, stepped forward.

"Where did you go last night?" demanded the mistress, before us all.

Molly grew red, then pale.

"Not beyond the gates, ma'am," she faltered, looking so pretty in her confusion that I pitied her.

"Do you presume to tell me, girl, that you were out in these grounds till midnight *alone?*" said Mrs. Penhallow.

The girl did not answer—only stood staring at the floor. Mrs. Penhallow took hold of her arm somewhat roughly.

"What!" she bristled; "you have a follower—when I have utterly forbidden it, too!"

Molly shivered in her hold, but remained dumb.

"Why do you not answer?" cried Mrs. Penhallow, her hot temper rising fast. "You have been keeping scandalous hours of late, and you have grown very pert and insolent in your manner. I am certain you have a lover. Speak, and tell me this moment—who is he?"

Suddenly, and with all the coolness in life, Mr. Felix lifted his languid, handsome shape from leaning against Miss Raymond's chair, and stepped forward.

"My dear mother," he said, in a clear, measured voice, "you frighten her with your violence. Let *me* explain. She was not alone in the grounds last night, for I was with her."

"*You?*" echoed Mrs. Penhallow, rising slowly.

"I!" repeated he, and went straight up to Molly and flung his arm around her.

Never in his life had he looked so handsome, so kingly, as at that moment.

"Mother, you mistake the situation," he cried. "She has no 'follower,' but a husband. I am he. She has been my wife for three entire weeks. It is time, high time, that you knew all about it!"

With his arms around that girl, there he stood before us all, and pronounced those words. Till my dying day, I shall never forget the scream that broke from the lips of my mistress. As for Miss Raymond, she started up, with her hand to her heart, and then dropped to the floor in a dead faint. I ran to her, but Mrs. Penhallow stood stark and stiff, and confronted her son.

"It is a lie!" she shrieked—"say it is a lie, Felix!"

"No," he answered, coolly, "it is no lie, mother. I loved her, and I have married her."

Terrible, indeed, was the face that she turned upon him.

"You have married her!" she hissed; "your mother's servant! You have disgraced a name that never knew disgrace before. You have broken my heart and Eloise's—you, the son I bore—the son I have loved better than my own life, I curse you for it! I pray God to curse you, now and forever!"

Of course she was beside herself, or she never would have said those dreadful words. It made my blood run cold to hear her. She uplifted her jeweled hands in fierce denunciation.

"Go!" she screamed. "Take her out of my sight! Never let me set eyes on either of you more! I will throw my wealth to the winds—give it to the off-scourings of the earth, sink it in the sea, but not a penny shall the beggar you have chosen ever have! I curse her! I curse you both! I pray Heaven to register it!"

Well, such a terrible scene I never before witnessed. I went so far as to throw myself between them, in my terror. He had a temper, too, and there were some frightful things said on both sides; and then he ordered the carriage, and, haughty and defiant to the last, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was very tender with her; I have always remembered that, and honored him in my heart for it. He embraced her repeatedly, and kept saying, in a tender, protecting way:

"You have nothing to fear, dear child—nothing!"

I saw him place her in the carriage himself, and then he hesitated a moment, and turned and came back as far as the hall-door.

"Farewell, my mother!" he called, in a voice that seemed singularly calm and sweet to me; but my mistress was bending over Miss Raymond, who still lay in a deep swoon, and she lifted her head, like a Medusa, and answered back:

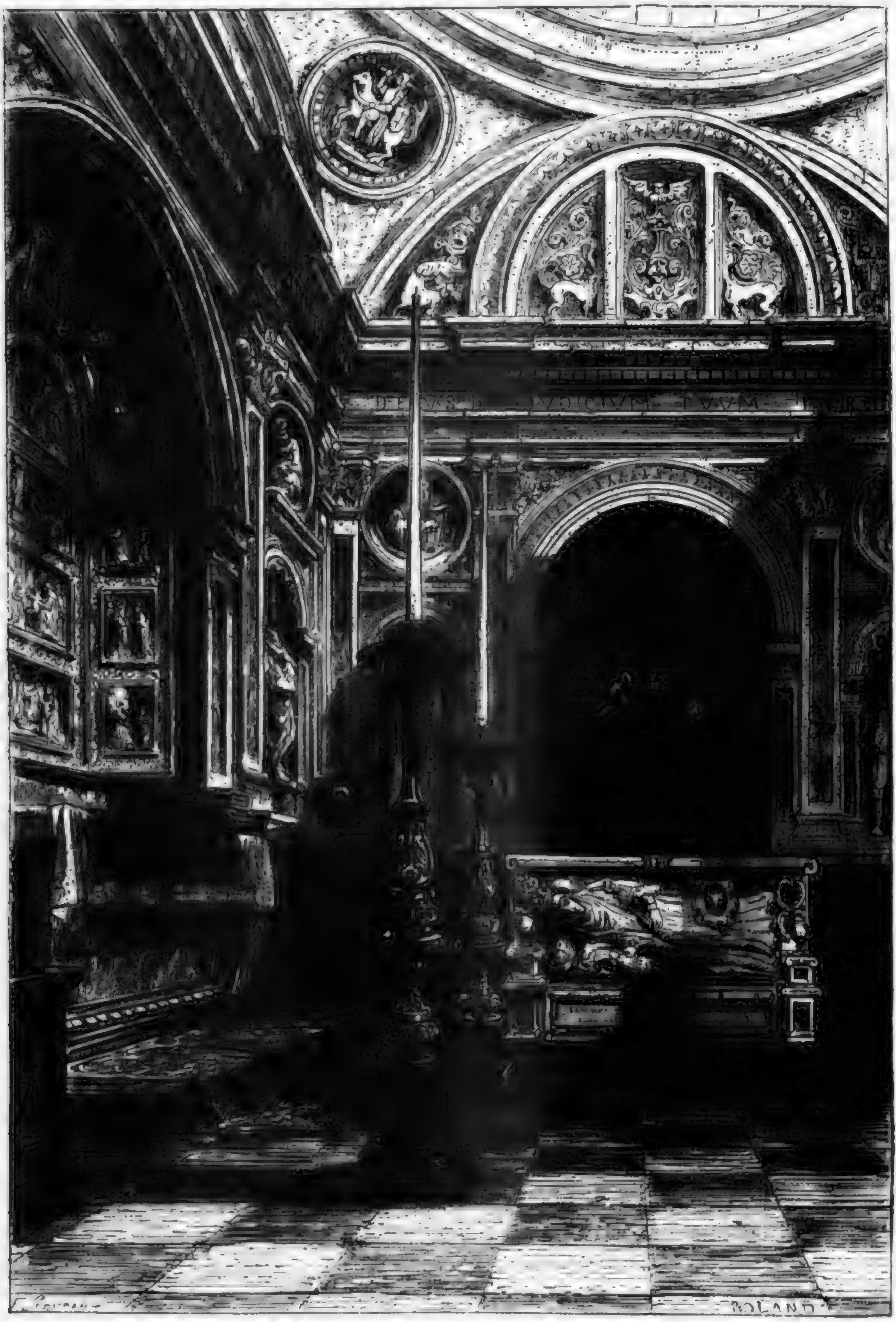
"From this hour I have no son!"

And so they parted.

We knew afterward that Mr. Felix took his wife directly to the village inn, not more than a mile distant from Penhallow.

As soon as she recovered, Miss Raymond begged piteously to be allowed to start at once for New York. She could not abide the place longer, poor lady! and no wonder. So the groom drove her away to the station in Mrs. Penhallow's close carriage, and the great grand house was left quite desolate.

Mrs. Penhallow passed the rest of the day in her own room, thinking. Heaven only knows what thoughts. She ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour, and called me to help her dress, as if nothing had happened, though all the



THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE JAGELLON IN THE CATHEDRAL AT CRACOW, POLAND.—SEE PAGE 535.

time she was shaking like a woman with the palsy. But she had a spirit, as I have said, and a temper, and she could not bear that even her servants should see how she suffered.

All alone she sat down at her sumptuous table in her great dark dining-hall. The house seemed like a tomb that night. Summer was waning, and the dark fell early. The trees outside tapped with a lonesome sound against the windows. The shadows in the corners, and the deep silence, seemed unutterably dreary. My mistress felt it, for she asked me to wait by her chair—for company, I think.

It was the mere mockery of a meal; yet she would go through with every course. Just as the lights were brought in, she gave a sudden start, and turned to me.

"Hark, Venner! What is that?" she said.

"The wind, ma'am, most likely," I answered. "There's a storm brooding."

"No," she cried, seizing my arm. "Hark, I say! Don't you hear it now?"

And, sure enough, as she spoke, the clatter of hoofs, loud and heavy, rose up in the drive outside.

"Go and look, Venner," said my mistress, in a queer, strained voice.

I ran to the window, and saw standing in the wild, windy twilight, close up to the door, with his head thrown high, and his nostrils dilated, a horse, saddled, bridled, and riderless.

"Ma'am," said I, "it's a beast that's thrown his rider, I should say; leastwise, the saddle's empty."

She rose up, white as death, and came and looked, and saw the horse snorting and stamping out there. Then she rushed for the bell, all her weakness gone in a moment, gave it one fearful peal, and was out before I could stop her—out in the drive, flying down it wildly, with the wind in her satin drapery and gray hair.

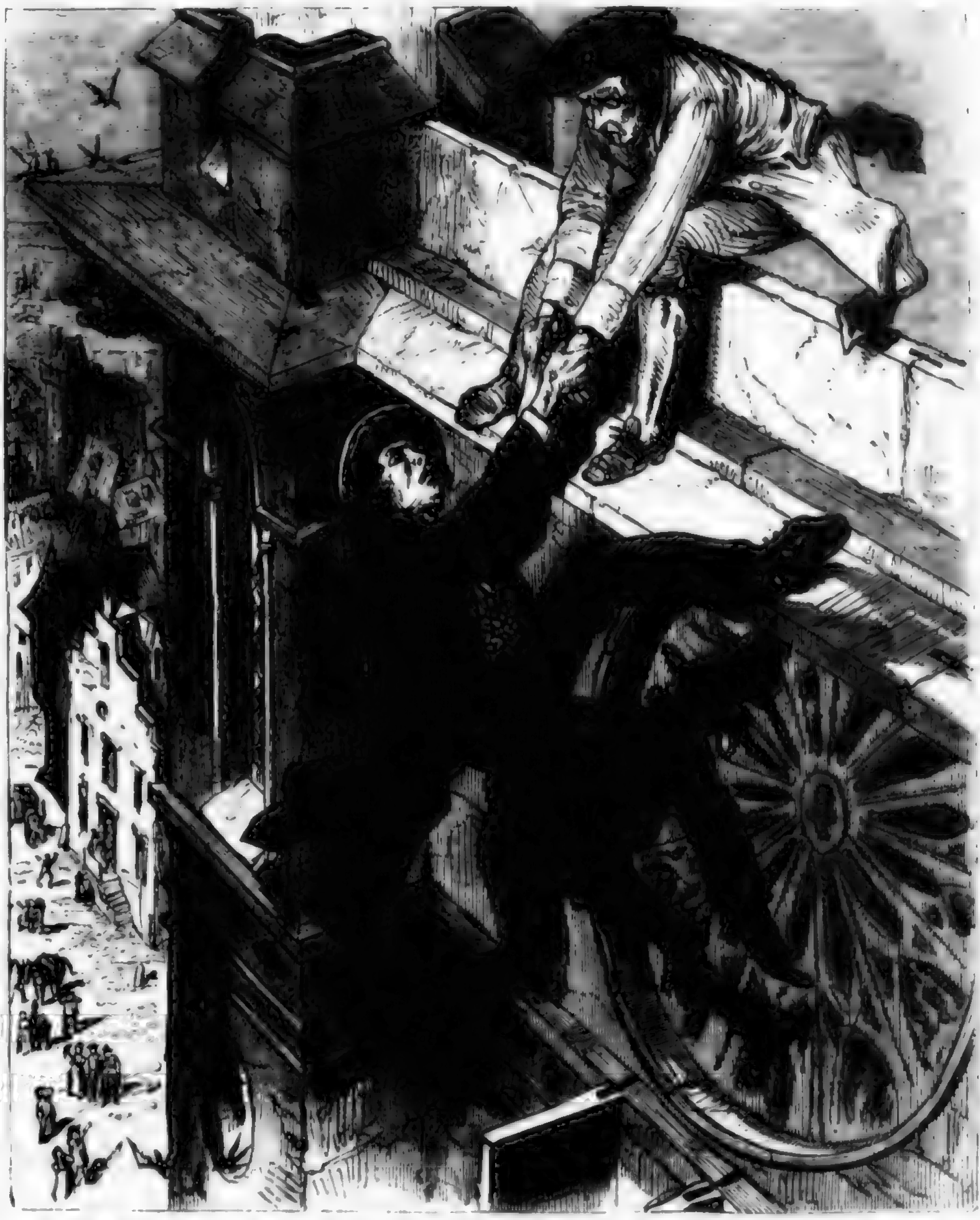
I started after her, waiting for nothing. My heart was in my throat. As I gained the road I saw her before me—a black shadow whirling away into the night. I called, but she heeded me no more than the wind. Down the hill I ran in her footsteps, and along a little intervale, and up another hill, where there was an old sand-pit, with a bit of treacherous ledge overhanging it.

I saw her go up to this and stop on its verge, and look over, and then throw up her arms, with a frightful scream, toward heaven. And then up the ascent I, too, tore, and stopped, too, and peered down the sandy, sliding abyss, side by side with that proud, proud woman who had driven her son but a few hours before, with curses, from her doors, and with her saw him lying down there far below us, in a heavy, bloody heap, stiff and dead—a sight so distressing that I became almost overpowered.

"The brute must have shied suddenly when he came to the pit," one of the men-servants said. "Master Felix was always a careless rider. He had a way of dropping his rein when he was thinking, and letting the horse take his own course."

They carried him back to Penhallow, and his mother followed him, neither weeping nor wailing, but calling him by every tender name she had used in his babyhood, and wiping the blood-stains from his face with her own gray hair. They had just laid him down in the great hall, when there came a footstep in the walk without, and a white figure, with flying hair, darted in through the open door, and ran up to the dead man and his mother. It was Molly.

"And you killed him!" she screamed, pointing to my mistress, who writhed and shuddered, and flung out her hands before her face. "You cursed him, and you killed him! He could not bear your anger; he was on his way this night to beg your forgiveness. His heart was tenderer, by far, than yours. And now look at him! You hated me because I was your servant. Do you like death better? Is the grave a fairer wife for him than I? You have murdered him. It is all your work!"



ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.—"I LOOKED UP. SUCH A VISAGE AS MET MY GAZE MAY I NEVER SEE IN MY LIFE AGAIN. 'LET GO!' HE CRIED. 'CURSE UPON YOU, LET GO! YOU WILL BREAK MY ARM! I CAN HOLD ON NO LONGER, AND SHALL BE DASHED TO PIECES.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

And she went on raving like this, with such a look and such gestures as I never saw before, and my mistress stood like a stone, and answered not a word to her, till none of us could bear it longer, and we carried her, by main force, away.

After his burial, Penhallow was closed to everybody for many a long day. Only I and two or three of the old servants remained, and with us the mistress lived on, shut up from all the world, aged and broken-hearted.

Molly had gone back to her own people, but one day Mrs. Penhallow came to me, looking very strange.

"Venner," she cried, "I have heard great news!"

"Indeed, ma'am," said I.

"That girl—Felix's wife—has a child—a son, Venner, and I never knew it till to-day!"

She trembled and shook, and her face was quite white and her hands worked oddly, and she bade me get on my bonnet and shawl at once, and make ready to go with her; and that night she brought home Felix's widow and her child.

So Molly walks the old rooms to-day, bearing herself like any lady born and bred, and she has been wise in her way, and acquired, with uncommon quickness, the airs and graces of her station. And her boy is the heir here, and the idol of the mistress, and a fine, bold, handsome fellow he is—a true Penhallow.

As I watch him, sometimes, it seems to me that God has forgiven my mistress the curse she once asked Him to register, and restored the son again to the mother, so like this Felix is, in his rich nut-brown beauty, to that other Felix who hung about the same knee twenty years ago.

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I HAD among my fellow-students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind—all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character. When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the Church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position, caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star-gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone-heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons, and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad, paved church-square, on which, a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof-climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm-chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic arm-chair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid-air over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprang safely into my resting-place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before quite a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought I, "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in the usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height, and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation, the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes, and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed, to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tip-toes, and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!" he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid-air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see again! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead. "Let go!" he cried. "Curse upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces!"

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," I said, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trap-door to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church-roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept the secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Although the gymnastic mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form, and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of terror.

THE CENTURY PLANT (AGAVE AMERICANA).

The American aloe, commonly called century plant, from the mistaken idea that it flowers only once in a century, has a short stem terminating in a cluster of hard, fleshy, spiny, sharp-pointed bluish-green leaves, which last for years. According to the climate and other circumstances, it attains maturity in from ten to seventy years.

On one and the same day, in the Summer of 1844, each of two plants in the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, was seen to produce a flowering-stem, which resembled a gigantic head of asparagus, and grew at first at the astonishing rate of two feet in the twenty-four hours, till they attained the height of forty feet. So precisely did the twin plants keep pace with each other, that at the very time it was found necessary to make an aperture in the glass roof of the house for the emission of one panicle of flowers (twenty-six feet from the ground), a similar release was needed by the other. The rate of growth then most sensibly diminished; still, in two months, the flower-stalks had attained a height of thirty-six feet! The greenish-yellow flowers were innumerable on the great panicles or cylinders, of perfect symmetry; they produced no seed, but were succeeded by thousands of young plants, springing from the topmost branches; and these continued growing while attached to the stem for a long while after the death of the parent-plants, both of which perished, apparently from exhaustion; the plant always dying as soon as it has flowered.

The native Mexicans make paper, rope, and twine out of the fibre of this tree, and obtain a sugary syrup from the stems, and an oily juice from the leaves, which they use as soap. Baron Humboldt saw a bridge in South America, 131 feet in span, of which the main ropes were made of this fibre.

THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.

No one can question the power of a standard. The ensign under which men march has an influence that cannot be explained or measured. Whether the Eagle of Cæsar or of Napoleon, the Crescent of Mohammed, the Raven of the Northmen, the Sunburst of the Irish, or the Blacksmith's Apron of the Persian kings, its very sight has roused men to energy and victory.

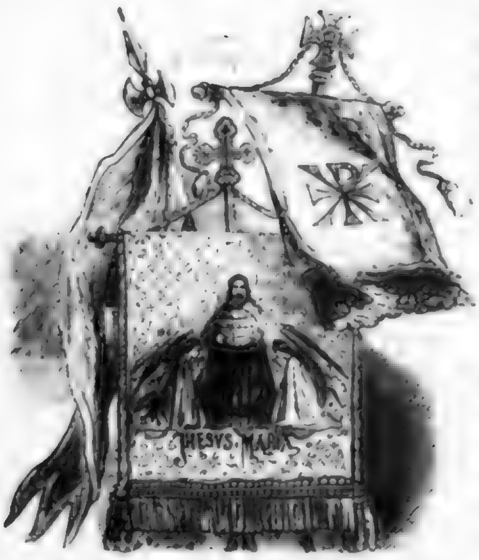
We group three standards of world-wide fame: the Labarum of Constantine, the Oriflamme of France, and the standard of Joan of Arc.

The Labarum, or standard of Constantine, was a long pike, intersected by a transverse, with a Greek cross at the top, studded with jewels. This bore on it the X P, the first Greek letters in the name of Christ. These two letters combined appeared also on the purple flag that hung beneath, rough with gold and jewels that glittered in the sun.

This flag was adopted after the apparition of a cross to the emperor. Under this standard he marched to encounter the yet formidable Maxentius. At Saxa Rubra, nine miles from Rome, the two armies met. Constantine, with his wonted rashness, headed his own cavalry in the furious charge which decided the fortune of the day. The cavalry of Maxentius was routed, the infantry of the legions dispersed or annihilated.

The standard of the cross being thus eminently successful, was, of course, to be henceforth the standard of the empire. In the second civil war, Licinius felt and dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which, in the distress of battle, animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the advancing legions.

The Labarum continued to be displayed in the imperial arms until the emperors ceased to lead them in person. It



THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.—SEE PAGE 543.

was then deposited as a venerable relic in the palace at Constantinople, where it probably met destruction and desecration at the hands of the soldiers of Mohammed II.

Constantine made choice of fifty men who excelled in strength of body, courage of mind, and exemplariness of piety, and to them he confided the sacred standard. These men were not only distinguished by the honor attaching to their office, but received advantages in respect of rank and emoluments above their comrades.

THE ORIFLAMME.

The Oriflamme (*auri flamme*) was already more than four hundred years old when it became the royal banner of France. King Dagobert, in A. D. 630, gave a flag to the Abbot and Convent of St. Denis. The spear which bore the flag was covered over with gold, or copper-gilt, and the flag itself was without device, long and narrow, ending in three swallow-tails, and of a bright scarlet color. The color typified the blood of the martyrs, especially of St. Denis.

This was the Oriflamme, the distinguishing flag of the Abbots of St. Denis, who, as *ex-officio* Barons of Vexin, caused it to be borne at the head of their vassals when rendering military service in the field.

When Louis le Gros became possessed of the Barony of Vexin, he promised the abbot to adopt the Oriflamme for the royal standard. It first appeared at the head of the French armies in 1124. In 1147 Louis VII. took it from its resting-place over the altar of St. Denis, for the purpose of leading with it his army, about to set forth on the Second Crusade.

On its return from war, the Oriflamme was always restored to its place over the high altar of St. Denis, where it had been first placed by Louis le Gros. Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries it was carried at the head of the royal armies, although the king was not always present in person. The last time mention is made of it as the Oriflamme is in the history of the battle of Agincourt.

Before leaving Paris, Charles attended solemn mass at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, and implored a blessing on the French arms. He received from its custodians the sacred banner, and gave it with much ceremony to Guillaume Martel, Sieur de Bacqueville, commending it very earnestly to his safe-keeping.

Among the heaps of the best French chivalry who "larded the plain" was Guillaume Martel, the Oriflamme-bearer. The chronicles give no account of the manner of his death, but it may be safely concluded that he died like a most valiant gentleman, in defense of his most sacred trust.

Since that eventful day the Oriflamme ceased to be borne in the French armies. It remained in the Tower of London till the year 1841, when it was unfortunately burnt in the fire which consumed so many of the national trophies of England.

JOAN OF ARC'S BANNER.

Joan of Arc, after succeeding in persuading the French Council of the truth of her appointment by Heaven, had a banner prepared under her own special direction, the design having been communicated to her, as she declared, by her "Voices," the same which had commanded her to set forth on her extraordinary mission. On a white ground, strewed with *fleurs-de-lis*, was figured the Saviour of mankind, seated on His tribunal in the clouds and holding the world in His hands, while two angels knelt in adoration before Him. The inscription underneath was "Jhesus, Maria."

This banner "the Maid" carried in her own hand whenever she could, saying that though she loved her sword, she preferred her standard forty times before it.

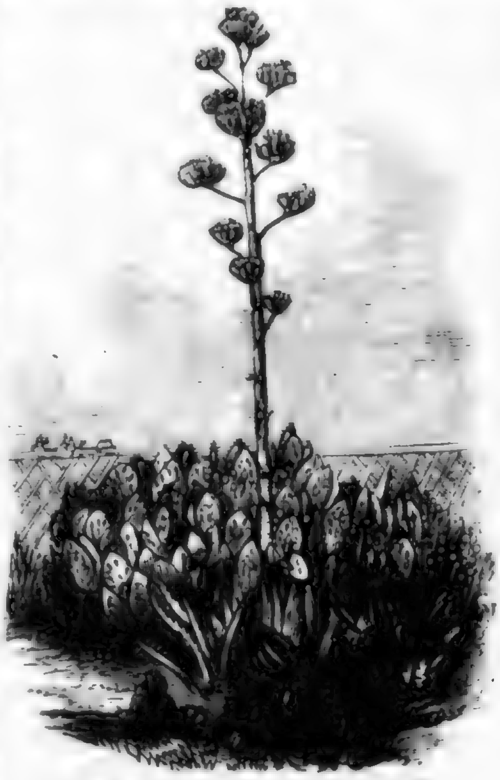
Joan made her first appearance in arms among the French troops assembled at Blois, and immediately entered on her wonderful career. She accompanied the escort of a convoy under the command of Dunois and La Hire as far as Orleans, and was mainly instrumental in throwing supplies into the town. Dunois, resolving to go back to Blois for another convoy, urgently requested "the Maid" to enter Orleans.

Taking with her two hundred lances and the rough but brave La Hire, she embarked close to the English redoubts, and reached the town at night without molestation. The joy and excitement of the Orleannais was unbounded at the sight of their promised deliverer. They pressed round her as she rode in complete armor, on her white charger, through the streets, hoping to touch her armor, her standard, or even her horse, in the belief that they drew blessings from the contact. In this press her banner was like to have met with serious accident. A man with a torch, anxious to be touched by the banner, got so close to the Sire d'Aulon, who was carrying it, that the flame of his torch set fire to the corner of it. Joan, who was riding immediately behind, saw what had occurred, and, spurring forward, seized her precious banner, and extinguished the fire before any great damage had been done.

The fourth day after Joan's entry into Orleans the second convoy from Blois arrived. This day was the first on which "the Maid" and her standard saw actual warfare. Joan having assisted in getting the convoy into the town, retired to her lodgings to rest.

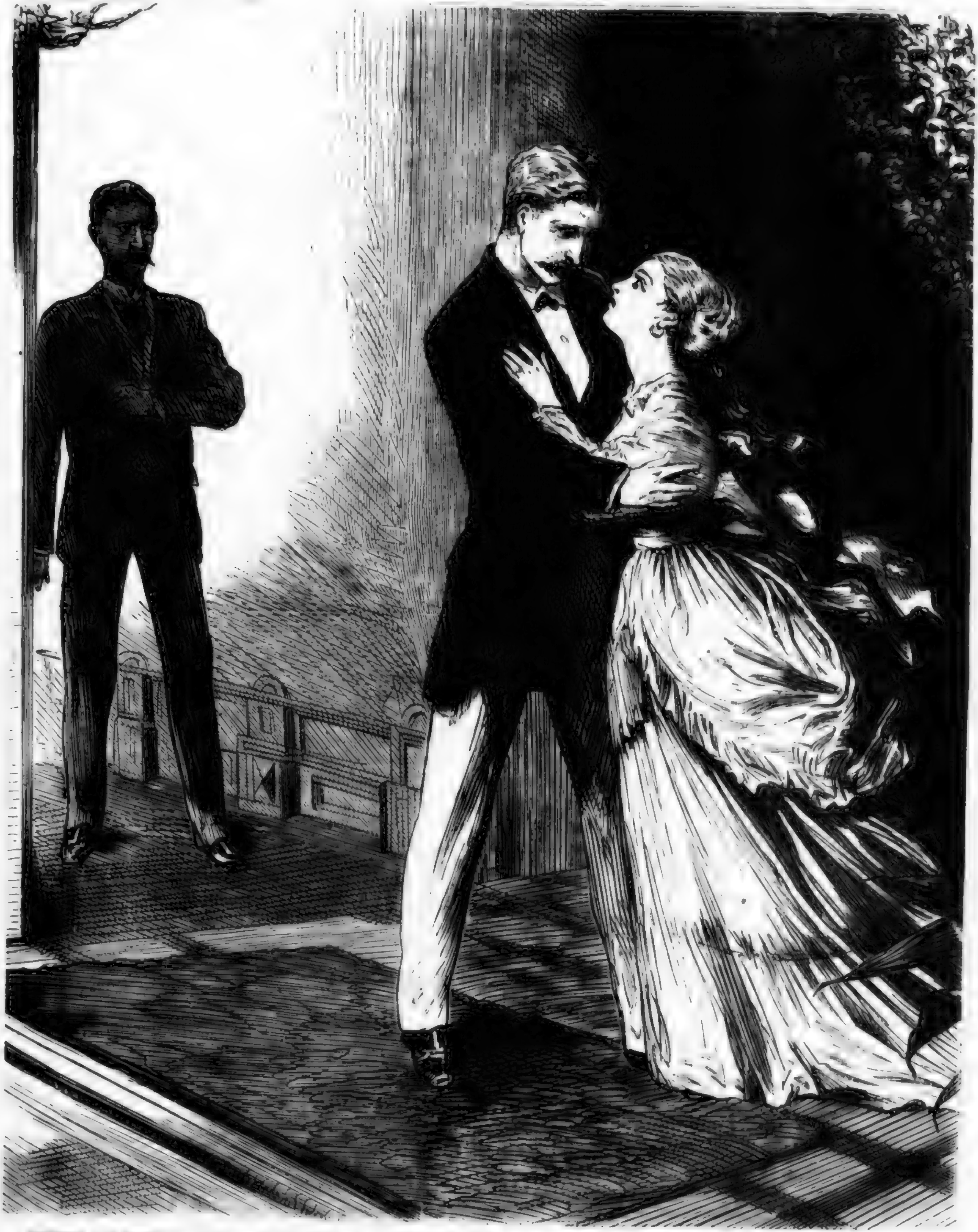
The French captains, jealous of her interference, and doubtful of her powers, omitted to inform her of their intention to attack the English bastile of St. Loup; and when the sally was made, sent her no tidings of it. One of her "Voices" awakened her from sleep, and bade her march out at once against the English. Rapidly arming herself, and loudly reproaching her attendants for not waking her, she ran downstairs and mounted her charger.

In her hurry she forgot her banner, and, being mounted, she sent her page into the house for it.



THE CENTURY PLANT.—SEE PAGE 543.

The boy being longer on his errand than suited her impatience, she called out to him to hand the standard to her out from the window, which was done; and away Joan rode through the streets of Orleans, till she came to the scene of action near the Porte Bourgogne.



REVENGE AND REMORSE.—"A MAD, FIERCE PANG SHOT THROUGH MY HEART-STRINGS, AS I SAW THEM ALONE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL." SEE NEXT PAGE.

The French, under such leaders as Dunois and La Hire, had made a gallant attack on the English works, but had been as gallantly met, and at the time of Joan's coming up were getting disheartened and beginning to fall back. Waving her white banner and calling aloud to her countrymen, she exhorted them to follow her in making a second onset. The sight of the heroine revived their courage, and they rallied round her sacred banner with all the energy of devotees. For three hours the battle raged round the bastile, fiercely and doubtfully, when a furious assault by the French, headed by Joan herself, proved successful. The place was carried, and almost all its defenders were put to the sword.

At Jargeau, at Patay, at Troyes, the holy banner was conspicuous, and always crowned with victory. At Troyes there were not people wanting to affirm that they saw swarms of white butterflies fluttering about it as it floated from Joan's place in the royal camp.

The next occasion on which the white banner was conspicuous was the coronation of Charles VII. in the Cathedral of Rheims. The king had found little or no resistance after the surrender of Troyes, and in many towns the inhabitants of themselves expelled the hostile garrisons, and tendered their allegiance to their king.

Rheims, the ancient city where the French kings, from Clovis downward, had wont to be crowned, vibrated with the acclamations of a changeable but enthusiastic people, as the king and the "king-maker" passed down the streets. The brilliant throng which filled the cathedral saw with wonder, not unmixed with fear, the fulfillment of the prophecy of the peasant girl of Domremy. She, in a complete suit of knight's armor, excepting as to her head, which was bare, stood by the king's side at the high altar. In her hand was the holy standard, unfurled. Before her were the ministers of the God in whose name she had armed; beside her was the king for whom she had fought; and around her were the representatives of the nation which she had delivered. The holy oil sent down from heaven to Clovis was poured on the head of Charles; the crown was imposed on him; and, with eyes streaming with tears, "the Maid" declared to him that her mission was accomplished.

REVENGE AND REMORSE.

CHAPTER I.

TO be jealous is to be possessed of a devil, and there is now no pitying Christ in this wicked world to cast out the demon.

Oh, Philosophy, Science, Mankind, States, Legislators! you are ever building asylums for the insane and the inebriate; why do you not build them for the hapless victims of jealousy? Has it not as many as all other insane passions, and are they not just as worthy of your curative restraint and philanthropic efforts at reform? Yet they are passed by unheeded, with no tender pity, but only passing comment or unmerited censure.

I was returning from a two years' tour of travel and study, finished off by a course of medical lectures in Paris. There were but two of us—my sister and myself—and I had hastened home to attend her marriage to an old college friend.

We were early left orphans, in the care of a widowed, childless aunt, who had taken the place of mother in our home and breasts.

The steamer arrived on Saturday, and on Monday I found myself approaching my ancestral home. It was a lovely evening in June, and I leaned from the carriage window to gaze upon the dear familiar scene that was so bright and pleasant a picture.

The sun was slowly sinking amid mountains of purple and golden clouds; the smooth lawn stretched away, like a green velvet carpet, to an abrupt cliff at the river's bank, around which an ornamented rustic fence had been constructed; the water below glittered in the shimmering sunbeams, while the leaves of the grand old linden trees shading the carriage-road rustled musically overhead.

Every detail of that scene is before me now; it was a paradise of love and peace. One moment more, the carriage stopped, and I was clasped in my sister's arms, while there were murmured welcomes.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Lila! darling sister!"

And then my aunt's voice:

"Frederick, my dear boy! Thank God, you are safely home again!"

These glad greetings over, we turned to ascend the steps of the portico, on one side of which there was a large bay-window that lighted the library. Looking up, I saw, for the first time, framed in the drooping vines that clung around the window, the loveliest picture that man ever gazed upon out of Eden.

Standing upon a low footstool, there was a slender, graceful girl, dressed in deepest mourning, with one arm extended to catch a rich cluster of the purple wistaria that hung over her head. A perfect halo of golden hair fell in loose ringlets over her shoulders, and were tossed back from the uplifted face. Such a face! I held my breath for a moment to look at it. No artist's dream was ever more perfect; it was a living poem, a study for an angel—fair, pure, almost childlike; with the classic outline of a Greek statue, and just a slight flush of the cheeks to brighten the almost transparent complexion. The rare grace of her slender form, the perfect outline of the delicate white arm—there was something almost angelic in the picture she made, like the child Christ of Carlo Dolce. That is the only face I have ever seen that resembled hers.

I stopped involuntarily, caught my sister's arm, and whispered:

"Who is she?"

Lila smiled, and exclaimed, in a low voice:

"Stella Stanley. You've heard auntie speak of her; she is Uncle Frank's niece."

"Yes, I remember now; but when did she come here? Tell me all about it."

"I hadn't time to write; it was just before the time for you to sail. Her mother died; she is an orphan now, like us, Fred. She was left to auntie's care, and has just come from school. You'll like her, she's so lovely."

This was rapidly explained as we entered the house, and then the bay-windowed room, to meet its occupant. She advanced to meet us, as Lila, in her impulsive, girlish fashion led me forward, and exclaimed:

"Stella, this is brother Fred. I have talked so much about him, you know him already; and Stella says we must take her for a sister. I'm willing—arn't you!"

I don't know what I said, but my thought was—she should be Lila's sister if I could make her so in another way. She welcomed me with cordial words rippling from her rosebud mouth, and put the daintiest little mite of a hand in mine, lifting to my face such soft, wonderful brown eyes—they mesmerised me in a moment. We chatted awhile, and then my aunt came to me smiling, and, pointing through the door, said:

"Your luggage has been carried up; it's time to get ready for dinner, Fred, and that French *valet* you have imported is throwing my sober servants into paroxysms of amusement."

That night we sat on the portico in the moonlight, and I drank deep draughts of a new and intoxicating delight from Stella Stanley's exquisite lips and eyes. She was well named, Stella, a star.

The two weeks intervening, before the day for the wedding, passed quickly; we were all so happy—it was like a dream of Utopia.

> "I knew, I knew, it could not last;
> 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."

My own heart's wishes deluded me; and I had already began to fancy that I saw the germ of a timid love springing into being at my looks, words, or touch. Lila had mentioned they expected a cousin of Stella's to be our guest during the wedding festivities, but I had been too self-abstracted to pay more than passing attention to the announcement. Friends and relatives had gathered until the old house, ample as it was, had been filled.

On the day preceding the one fixed for Lila's marriage, this cousin was to arrive by the evening boat; the carriage had been sent for him, and we were gathered in the library waiting for our expectant visitor, and for dinner. Stella was on a low seat near the bay-window, while I leaned against the casement, looking down into her face. Suddenly it struck me there was an abstraction, an excitement, a half-repressed eagerness in the gaze of her brown eyes that were fixed on the road leading up the avenue to the house.

Her manner had lost its exquisite repose, there was a flutter, a restlessness, altogether unaccountable and unusual. I had hardly taken note of this when the carriage rolled up to the door, and she started from her seat, while a vivid flush dyed the pure pale cheeks, and even sent a rose tint over her fair brow.

She flew from the room with the speed and grace of a fawn, while I followed to meet and welcome him—the man I recognized instinctively to be my rival.

A mad, fierce pang shot through my heart-strings, a furious fiend seemed rending me, as I saw them for one moment alone in the entrance hall, and she was clasped in his arms; there was one quick, passionate kiss, and they turned to meet me, hand-in-hand. I could have murdered him on the spot, and drank his life-blood like a tiger. But I mastered myself then, and went through the conventional greeting with passable cordiality. Her face was all aglow as, with inimitable grace, she said:

"This is my cousin, Charley Forrester;" then turning to me, "and this is Mr. Ridgeley. Then added, laughing, "He is teaching me to call him, as Lila does, 'Fred,' for short."

As she spoke, I made a full survey of the man; he was tall and slight in figure, with a pale and, what women would call, "interesting" face; there was no force of power in it, except a fine pair of dark-gray eyes, and a broad, intellectual forehead, from which the thin, soft brown hair receded already.

They had told me he was a theological student preparing for the ministry—one of those perambulating advertisements of Christianity, labeled with patent virtues, I contemptuously thought.

That evening, and the next day, I was in a worse trance than Dante's "Inferno." Sudden and passionate as had been my dream of love, so was this terrible downfall of my hopes. Every nerve ached with the dull, dreary anguish; every vein was on fire with the fell torture of jealousy. With all the fiery passions of my deep, silent heart, centred on this girl; to see the looks and smiles I hungered for given to another; to lose the one strong love of my life; to know the woman I coveted with the ardent avarice of jealous worship had been won by another; that the joys I thirsted for were given to a rival I hated with all the bitter hate a man feels for the spoiler who has robbed him of his treasure—human words, so weak even when strongest to picture human woe, can never express the agony I suffered.

All that day Stella flitted like a bird or a sunbeam about the house, arranging lights and flowers, and ever near, or at her side, was the pale-browed student.

At last night came, guests arrived in crowds, the old homestead glowed with happy faces.

I had completed my toilet, when Gustave, my valet, came in with a package containing the bridal present for my sister's *corbeille*. It had been delayed accidentally. I hastened to her room; the attendant bridesmaids had not yet entered, but were completing their toilets elsewhere. She was alone with her aunt, and Stella glided in as I entered.

How exquisite she was in the gossamer robes of white that floated around her graceful form like a silver mist—all, except the golden hair! Lila looked up, exclaiming:

"Oh, Stella, how lovely you are!"

"So are you, *ma mignon*. Isn't she, Fred?"

My sister *was* superb in her white satin and lace, with the diamond ornaments given by her lord-elect; but, dearly as I loved Lila, my looks were fascinated by the girl near her.

She held a jewel-case in her hand, and, opening it, displayed a superb pair of bracelets. Stooping to kiss Lila, she said:

"This is my present to you, sister *mia*, with all the love I have," she added, in a low whisper; but I caught the words, "except for Charlie."

I felt as if a dagger had struck me, but I endured the pang silently.

Then she tossed back her floating hair, and laughed, exclaiming:

"Lila, don't I look absurd with my locks hanging down in this Madge Wildfire fashion? But Charlie wouldn't let me curl or braid it; just gave orders it should be 'fancy-free' to-night."

"Charlie! Charlie! curse him," I mentally muttered; but I only laid the jewel-case from my hand on my sister's lap, who opened it, exclaiming at the beauty of a circlet of pearls reposing on its rich velvet bed; then, turning to Stella, I said:

"Wear them for me to-night, they will keep those willful locks in order."

She smiled, and allowed me to fasten the circlet around her head, looking like Undine in her fresh and dewy beauty.

But enough of such scenes; we were soon in the great drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed. Stella stood with me by Lila's request, but she scarcely yielded to the claims of conventional courtesy, and soon glided away to her lover's side, seeking the admiring approval of his glance, the low-murmured words of fond admiration, that I felt *he* bestowed. It maddened me; and, amid the bright lights and bright faces, my heart was black in its seething rage of furious jealousy and bitter hatred.

My duties as host absorbed me considerably for a time, and at last, in moving through the rooms, I noticed that Forrester and Stella had disappeared.

It was a lovely June night, but somewhat sultry, and I stepped out on the portico, and looked beyond into the weird, misty moonlight.

At this moment some one glided with cat-like motion to my side; it was my *valet*, Gustave. There was a baleful gleam in his small dark eyes, a subtle devilishness in his *suave* manner. (The fellow was devoted to me; I had saved his life, and kept him from the galleys while in Paris.) He spoke, in a low tone:

"Monsieur seeks Mademoiselle Stella." He pointed toward the path leading to the summer-house on the cliff above the river. "She is there with *le blond* Monsieur Forrester." Then he muttered, "*Vous êtes sacrifié, il est heureux.*" "I was sacrificed, he was happy;" the Frenchman's words were like oil to a flame.

As I hurried down the gravel-walk, Gustave swiftly followed, keeping, I vaguely noticed, in the shadow of the trees. Within a few paces of the summer-house, I stopped in the black shadow of a tall evergreen, and looked at the pair who were seated on the rustic bench, with the moonlight gathering like a halo around them.

Yes, I looked, as the devil looked into Eden, as Lucifer may have gazed back at the Heaven he had lost. The "serpent nature," that slumbers in us all, rose strong within me. As I gazed, my heart was a very hell of demoniac passions. The silvery moonlight shimmered on her uplifted face that rested on his bosom, and sparkled in the soft eyes that poured their liquid light into his as he looked into their depths. One arm was around his neck as he held her pressed closely to his heart; he bent his lips to her brow, and twined his fingers in the thick, silky locks of her hair. A low sigh—love's tenderest interpreter—parted her lips, and I heard him whisper:

"Will you love me always, *like this*, Stella, darling; never less tenderly, never less warmly?"

"Charlie, dearest, never! My love is changeless, eternal; indifference, coldness, will *never* come!"

"My love! my darling! Would to God you were mine now; every moment we are parted is a waste of love and happiness."

"What can part us, dear? No power on earth. We love so well, if Death takes one he will strike the other."

"Hush!" he whispered, with a shudder; "don't talk of death; we will live for joy and happiness."

I could not have endured the scene longer—hatred, rage, fury, mastered my self-control; when, at this moment, voices and footsteps sounded on the walk approaching.

They rose from the seat, and turned to look on the river, standing side by side; he glanced down, and leaned forward to look at some object in the dark pool beneath the cliff, as I bounded up the steps, and, catching my foot, stumbled, falling with the full weight of my powerful frame against him. The railing was slight and insecure, it gave way under our united weight, and he fell.

There was a crash, a rattle of loose stones, the crackle of broken bushes, a fierce clutch of the hands as he grasped a small cedar whose roots clung around the rocks, and, for a breathless moment, hung suspended between life and death!

I had grasped a pillar supporting the roof, and caught Stella as, with one wild shriek, she fell fainting to the floor.

In less time than it has taken to tell it, I had recovered myself, and found Gustave at my side.

He pointed down, hissing through his set teeth, "See there! your rival will save himself!"

Placing Stella in his arms, I bent over and looked down.

There he was, still clinging tenaciously to the little tree, supporting himself with one foot on a jutting point of rock; his slight frame, active, agile, muscular as a chamois, a cool head, and strong nerves enabled him to keep the perilous position for a moment; though, unless aid was rendered, it could not be long before he must go to destruction.

At a glance I comprehended all; there was a dumb, agonizing appeal in the pale, set face, and horror-struck eyes, the clinched jaw, and strained nerves.

It was but a breathless instant that his eyes looked up into mine, and he read in them the glare of a horrible hate, the fire of an unquenched vengeance.

Nero, Caligula, Juan the Terrible, may have looked as I did, with merciless cruelty on their tortured victims. All that I have described had passed in a moment—one of those moments that hold the fate of a lifetime—when I was roused by a rush of footsteps.

Stella's shriek was bringing them to the spot; he would be rescued; the tenacious grasp had not yet yielded.

I felt something hard and heavy quickly placed in my hand; and the remorseless Frenchman muttered distinctly in his harsh, hissing voice:

"Strike!"

And I—*struck!*

The stone hurtled down, doing its death-work well. Right in the broad, pale forehead, that gleamed like ivory in the moonlight, it struck with a dull thud. There was a gasp—a convulsive quiver, the hands relaxed, and the body fell, a limp, nerveless heap, down with a dull plash into the deep pool under the cliff.

Again my wily Mephistopheles aided me with his fiendish promptings.

"Scale the cliff over there; it's low; you swim, bring him out; the *ruse* will take."

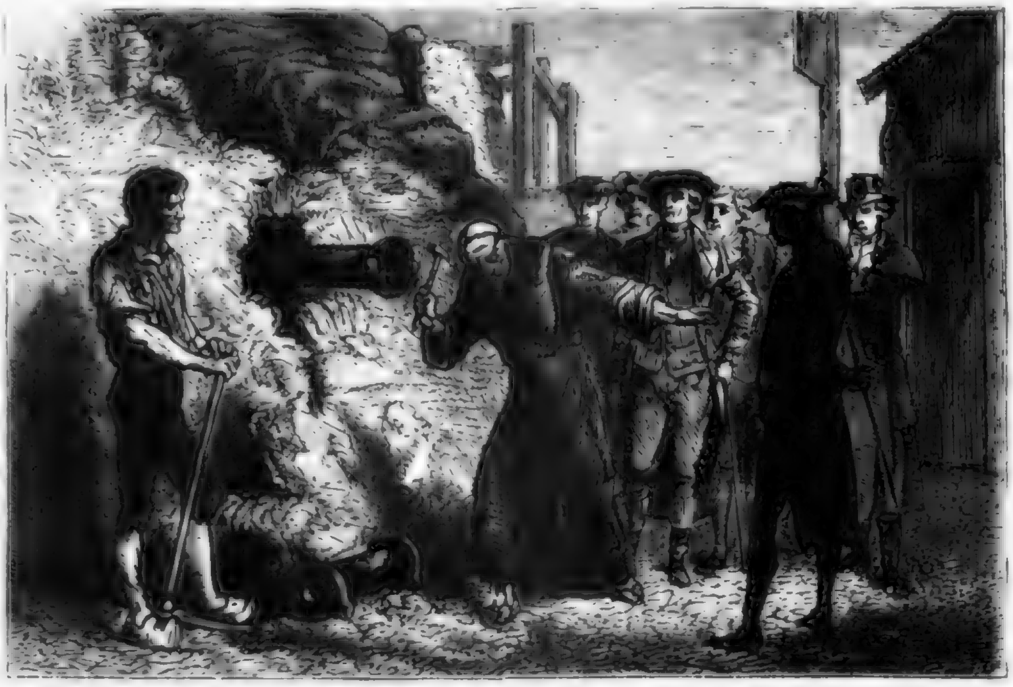
I bounded over the railing on one side, and rushed down; then catching by small trees and rocks, swung myself over where the cliff was low, and reached the river's brink. My light dress-shoes were no encumbrance. I had thrown off my coat as I ran, and plunged recklessly into the deep water, scarcely thinking what I did, but rather obeying some involuntary instinct.

The chill touch of the black waves that closed a moment over my head roused me to intense consciousness. The tide was rising, and the waves dashed angrily against the rock. A faint shriek echoed from the cliff; the moon suddenly shone out from among the drifting clouds, and I saw the phosphorescent light in the deepest, blackest part of the shadowed pool, break into curves of fire that for an instant encircled a dark object, and I knew—*he* was there.

With a few powerful strokes I reached the spot, and grasped the body as it rose, for the last time, above the surface. The strength of ten men had seemed to possess me until now, but there was something in the thing I clutched that paralyzed me. My arms grew nerveless, the tide was strong and menacing; every yard I gained seemed bought with a year of life.

The struggle was fearful, desperate; but at last I neared the shore, where the waves were breaking with sullen exultation. A few more faint, convulsive strokes, and I had caught a rock and dragged myself to the narrow beach, desperately clinching my now lifeless burden.

Strength and consciousness—even life itself—had been spent for a time. There came a sullen, roaring sound in my ears, and, with one cry that echoed on the sobbing night-wind, I sank, exhausted, unconscious, on the sand.



EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 551.

Chapter II.

With a pang of intense physical suffering and a shuddering sense of some undefined horror, consciousness at last returned. Wearily my eyelids unclosed, and a glance around revealed to my mind all that had transpired.

They had borne me to the house, and I was lying on a sofa in the library—the room where I had first seen Stella. My aunt and a physician were bending over me, applying restoratives, while beyond them there was a group gathered, with frightened faces, around a low couch near the broad bay window. The lights burned dimly, and seemed to flicker in a weird, ghostly fashion, mingled with the moonlight that streamed through the open window, shedding a horrible pallor over the form extended on that couch. There was a ghastly gash across the brow, and blood-spots on the white, fixed face; the eyes had refused to close, and I fancied the glassy pupils were staring stonily at me.

MIRABEAU AT VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 551.

Crouching on the floor by his side, her trailing white robes heaped like a snow-drift around, one slender arm thrown over him, her bright head, with its halo of hair, resting on his breast, was Stella Stanley. The long, silken tresses were tossed in streaming masses, half-concealing his form. Lila bent over the prostrate girl, her young husband's arm supporting her trembling form. Others were near; men and women, with pale faces and dilated eyes, gazing helplessly at the group. Every one seemed paralyzed with terror but my evil genius, Gustave, He was there, too, suggesting restoratives, bringing stimulants—wine, cologne, ice-water, fans, pillows—everything, indeed, that could be thought of or needed. He was ubiquitous, he was invaluable; while, in the same suave, oily tones he knew so well how to assume, he was pouring out admirable explanations of the accident, in mingled volleys of French and English, rolling up his eyes, and gesticulating vehemently all the while.

"*Mon Dieu!*" it was *tres malheureux*—terrible, dreadful! Monsieur Frederick was *un grande hero*—so rash, trying to save *le pauvre* Monsieur Forrester; *mais, mon Dieu, son tête* struck the rock; *pauvre enfant*, it was horrible," etc.

Gustave's elegant assertions were undeniably overwhelmingly convincing.

The physician held brandy to my lips, which I swallowed mechanically; then whispered something to my aunt, and, crossing the room, spoke in low tones to my sister, looking toward Stella:

"We must try to remove her; the body must be examined."

Then, bending down, he took her disengaged hand tenderly in his, and spoke with gentle persuasion:

"Dear child, he is dead; you must leave him to me awhile; it's necessary."

She did not move, or seem to hear what was said; so, laying his hand on her bowed head, he spoke again, more distinctly:

"Stella, my poor child, you *must* leave him now; he is dead."

Then my sister called her name, and a horrible fear that she, too, was dead, for a moment made the faces around blanche still whiter. But the familiar voice seemed to rouse her at last; she lifted her head slowly, and looked up at them. Oh, God! what dumb agony there was in that face; the mute appeal in her great brown eyes was inexpressibly pitiful. Then she spoke, in a shuddering whisper.

"Oh, doctor, don't tell me—he is dead!" and, again bending down to gaze into the rigid face, she murmured, in broken sentences:

"Charlie, dear, it's me—Stella—don't you know me—it's my arms around you, yet—I said I would be yours. My darling, I *am* yours still.' There was a long pause, and she added; "Yes; even in death."

There was a gasp, a gurgling sound. Lila shrieked as the doctor lifted Stella's slight form from the floor; blood was gushing from the lips in a dark crimson stream over the white dress, staining the floating hair already damp with his life-tide. They bore her rapidly from the room; a terrible convulsion seized me; and I remember no more of that fearful night of murder and misery.

For awhile life and death fought a fierce battle over me; but, in the end, life conquered. Gustave nursed me with untiring assiduity, winning the confidence and regard of my relatives as well as that of the attendant physician; but I shuddered at his presence, and hated the sight of his hypocritical face. Though the fellow was unprincipled and unscrupulous, I had won all the good feeling that remained in his perverted nature; and he had no doubt supposed I would be as reckless and remorseless as a time-hardened conscience made him. My rival put out of the way, the girl I loved might be won, and the devilish deed forgotten. Gustave adopted the agreeable logic that "the end justified the means," and expected me to do likewise; but my conscience was neither blunted nor yet dead.

My importunate inquiries forced them to tell me that Stella was ill. The shock, the horror, the agony of that fearful night, had resulted in fever and inflammation of the lungs; for weeks her life hung upon a thread. As my strength returned, I would go and sit by her bedside and watch her, though the sight almost drove me mad.

She lay there with her beautiful brown eyes wide open, without sense or thought; only a dull burning glare in the strained eyeballs; her fair brow knit with pain; her cheeks burning with the deep, dangerous fever flush; her long golden hair tossed wildly over the pillows, wet with the ice laid on her temples; her mind all gone into a dull, voiceless unconsciousness, with but one tie linking her to life and reason—the name she murmured faint, low, lovingly still:

"Charlie, Charlie, come back."

Youth and science grappled with the death that hung over her couch, and at last won the victory; the brow grew calm, the flush pallid, the dark lashes drooped wearily upon her cheek, the voice ceased its piteous plaint, her breathing became gentle and even; and at last—she slept.

The doctor, who had been watching every symptom anxiously, turned to the other anxious watchers and spoke softly:

"She will live now."

I involuntarily whispered, "Thank God!" but the words died on my lips—it seemed blasphemy; for between her face and mine there rose another, with a deep, cruel gash across the broad, white brow, its dull, stony eyes staring with menace into mine. That horrible head haunted me day and night; that phantom grew into the semblance of reality; and whenever I approached her it was more strangely startling. Then it would shake its gory locks, while its eyes glared defiance; and sometimes, from the mist surrounding it, a hand came out with its phantom fingers pointing straight toward me.

The thing fixed itself before me; it was a living, voiceless horror—always there; even when I closed my aching eyelids to shut out the sight, it was there still, distinctly as ever.

Revenge was sweet, but remorse worked out its terrible retribution. At night, in my wretched, restless sleep, that fearful face was before me in its pallid, horrible reality; it seemed to bring a legion of devils in its train, trooping in under cover of the darkness. I would dream dreadful dreams of every species of terror, sickness, death, tossing on wild, angry waves, sinking with shipwrecked barks, torn by mad, rushing trains, or rent by wild beasts; and all mingled in a tangled maze of indescribable horror.

It is useless to dwell upon such details—the picture is sufficiently portrayed.

My but partly restored strength gave way; the doctors called the disease by some scientific name, talked of "nervous prostration," and advised change of scene, travel, especially a sea voyage; and I resolved to go, for I longed to put space and distance—even the vast ocean—between me and the place where my crime had infected the very air. Nothing but Stella's illness had chained me here so long. I shrunk from entering the library—the sight of the summer-house on the cliff was a palpable, sickening terror.

Men did not suspect me, for Gustave's *ruse* had taken well; they credited me with trying to save him; no one had a suspicion of the deadly animosity rankling within. He had been there so little; while, in the absorbing excitement of the wedding festival, my love for Stella had not been discerned.

Only the "All-seeing" eye looked under the vail, and tortured me into agonizing consciousness that the "Cain-mark" was upon my brow.

But I resolved that Stella should go, too; and, to this end, readily persuaded my aunt that she equally needed the trip, in which the physician's advice sustained me. And so it was arranged; my sister and her husband, with our good aunt, and the invalid girl, decided to accompany me abroad.

We may change the sky, but the mind will be the same; we may "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," but our devil (if we are possessed with one) follows and finds us, anywhere, everywhere the unfortunate victim may roam.

But neither sea voyage, nor change, nor tenderest care brought back the lost light of Stella's beautiful eyes, or the health-flush to her pale cheek; the flame of life only flickered for a while—frail, broken, and imperfect. It was added agony to me to see her for whom I had dyed my hands in blood, and blackened my soul with crime, fading, withering slowly away from me. I would have given my miserable life for hers, though sometimes, in mad, reckless defiance of the Deity, I felt I could have snatched her out of Heaven to my arms.

Sad, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, it was pathetic, and pitiful beyond expression, to watch the wan smile that just hovered round her lips in response to some tender token of our love and care; and always, if asked how she felt, the reply would be: "I will be better soon."

The "far-away look" was ever in her eyes, that grew more unearthly each day in their hectic brightness.

To me she was ever kind; my speechless, untiring devotion sometimes winning a word of thanks; but when I dared to touch her, I fancied there was an instinctive shiver; she involuntarily shrank from me even when I braved the horrible menace of the phantom face for one clasp of her hand.

Death dealt gently with her; and one evening, in the softened radiance of an Italian sunset, she *went home with the angels*. Her face was transfigured into unearthly beauty, and, with the last quivering breath, she whispered:

"Bury me—by—Charlie."

I neither wept nor raved, but bore my heartbreak in voiceless agony. They returned home, taking all that was left of her with them; I could not, would not, dared not go.

There was no rest for me this side of the grave; and I wondered sometimes if spirits ever rest, even in eternity.

In Paris I shook off so much of my fate as I could, paying Gustave a liberal sum to leave me; though he earnestly, affectionately pleaded to remain, for he *was* attached to me.

I never saw him afterward, for he did not dog my steps in the style of the conventional villain of stories.

Then I wandered aimlessly, purposelessly everywhere, reckless of life and health, till at last, in the Campagna, I breathed the malarious poison that brought the fatal fever I longed for; and that has laid me here.

The good priest had listened to the dying man's confession, and looked down upon him with infinite pity and a kindly face.

What a wreck of magnificent manhood lay there on that lowly couch; pinched and sharpened though the face might be, it had once been perfect in classic outline and rich coloring. In spite of the ghastly pallor of the cheek, the colorless lips, the sunken temples, the meagre waist of a splendid form, the shrunken limbs still showed what had been their power. The thin hands were once firm and shapely. The great, black eyes, that now glared ghastly from their hollow orbits, with a feverish, despairing, horrified stare, had once flashed superbly in pride, or melted in tenderness. He must have been gloriously beautiful.

And this wreck had been wrought by jealousy, revenge, and remorse—the pitiless fiends that drive so many to misery and destruction.

The look that ached in the dying man's eyes was one of feverish intensity, of agonized longing, of passionate, anxious inquiry; and suddenly raising his hand, he pointed with one thin finger to a corner of the room, and muttered:

"And that Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

The good, pitying priest sunk on his knees beside the deathbed, and prayed long and earnestly; then rising, he made the sign of the cross, and held a crucifix before the dying man's eyes; then touched it on his lips, and said:

"My son, thy fate was most miserable, thy lot bitter; but thy punishment was sent thee on earth. May Heaven reward thy sufferings and thy penitence!" and then, extending his hands in the attitude of blessing, he bowed his head and repeated the absolution:

"*In nomine Patri, Fille et Sancti Spiritu, absolvo te!*"

He ceased; the wild, questioning gaze of the dark eyes softened, and changed to one of great joy, and sparkled for a moment with the last fire of life; the man's lips parted in a momentary smile, and, with a sigh that seemed to lift a great burden from his heart, his soul was released from its mortal prison, and soared to the Great White Throne.

EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.

The electric telegraph has so completely met, and even surpassed, the most sanguine desires of man for the purpose of communicating with his fellow-man, when separated by wide distance of land or water, that all other plans have been abandoned.

Yet there are means of communication—such as speaking-tubes—in large houses, factories, and the like, which still remain in use. The inventor of the speaking-tube was a Cistercian monk, Dom Gauthey.

On the first of June, 1782, he was introduced to the Academy of Science, then sitting in the Louvre. His commanding stature, his mild and winning countenance, his monastic dress, produced an effect which was heightened by his learning and eloquence. He explained his plan of transmitting sound through pipes to any distance, aided by occasional stations for repeating.

To convince all of the feasibility of the plan, he made experiments with the water-pipes just laid from the Chaillot pump. These pipes extended for a distance of eight hundred yards, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Messages repeated at one end were distinctly heard, and strokes on the metal at one end reverberated the whole distance throughout.

The French Government, its resources severely taxed by the recent war with England, recoiled from the expense of laying the pipe, and private subscriptions failed to raise sufficient to establish one of these telegraphs as a private undertaking.

Finding his discovery disregarded in France, he resolved to visit the land of Franklin, and, in 1783, came to America. Here he made known his discovery, and published a prospectus at Philadelphia, inviting subscriptions; but of his future career there seems no trace. It is well to remember that we owe this modern convenience, the speaking-tube, to the forgotten Dom Gauthey.

MIRABEAU.

A SENSATION DRAMA.

MIRABEAU represented the intellect, as Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their associates did the brute force of the Revolution. He was a Titan among the Satyrs, a *Soul* amongst the Yahoos. Had he lived a few years longer, Napoleon's star might never have risen. The incarnate force would have been dangerously rivaled by the incarnate intellect. Nature created him a commander of men. She gifted him with a power of fascination that none, man or woman, who came within its influence could resist. His courage was indomitable—no terror could appal it; it bore him scathless among the surging, howling masses; through the black, polluted stream of the blood-craving mob, who had marked out the very *lanterne* on which he was to expiate the crime of daring to oppose its brutal fury. It saved him from the then unfleshed but ravening tigers of the Jacobin Club, whom he bearded in their very lair, and gave him the power to depart, free and unharmed, amidst the tumultuous acclamations of the very men who hated, had denounced, and foredoomed him.

It is objected that his greatness was theatrical; so was the greatness of Napoleon; so has been, is, and will be, the greatness of all Frenchmen, what *we* more sober-minded men call theatrical. But did Nature create us the epitome, the standard of all human excellence? Is an admixture of dullness an essential ingredient in the composition of greatness? There can be excellence and excellence; great men and great men. Dark sins and vices stained his life, as they have the lives of all great leaders of men who have arisen in the dark and turbulent periods of history. But through a mountain of flesh burst forth rays from a great soul within. The genius of Mirabeau was gigantic, so were his vices; he was not of the common herd; their virtues were not his virtues, and if he were akin to them in their vices, it was on a vaster scale. Therefore it is hard to judge him by the standard of other men. As well bring the laws that govern the vegetation of a northern wood to measure the gigantic growths of a tropical forest. His nature was a tropical soil, producing the brightest flowers and the grossest weeds; luscious, healthful fruits and deadly miasmata. Can we blame the soil, for that the fiery sun thus breeds beauty and corruption side by side; the fiery sun, that it looks not down upon the plains of India with the same mild, attempered face that it gazes upon the green fields of England? Thus hath a mysterious Wisdom willed it; and thus did a mysterious Wisdom form the nature of this man, that he might become a mighty power to effect a mighty work. This is no sophistry, no plausible excuse for vice, no vail thrown down enticingly for some weak sinner to pounce upon and wrap himself in its folds. A Mirabeau appears but once in ages, and though to him such a vail *may* be shadowy, to all others it is transparent as an Indian gauze.

This daring fearlessness, this bearding of power, these resistless, volcanic passions, had been transmitted to him in the blood of a long line of ancestors—in the blood of the Riquettis or Arrighettis, who were exiled from Florence, their home, about the year 1267, for some Guelph or Ghibelline feud—in the blood of the Riquetti who, in performance of some vow, chained together two mountains of the Basses Alps of Provence—in the blood of men who had dared to beard the Grand Monarque himself—in the blood of women, fierce and intractable as their lords.

Think of all these fiery bloods boiling in the veins of one man, and then fancy repressing this ebullient liquid within the freezing proprieties of every-day life! The Riquettis, after their expulsion from Florence, settled in Provence, and founded the castle of Mirabeau.

The father of our Mirabeau dwelt on his estates at Bignon, between Sens and Nemours. He was a harsh, pedantic man, the author of certain philosophical works and theories of Political Economy, which obtained for him the title of the 'Friend of man.' He wrote Liberalism and acted Despotism—a common case. He had a Procrustean system into which he desired to fit all men, great or little, cold or hot. Wholly possessed by this idea, he saw in Gabriel from his cradle, not a living entity gifted with free will and independent brain, but so much clay to be molded into the form the paternal will chose to select, and so much intelligence was to be breathed into this clay as he chose to emit from his all-comprehending mind. But no twisting and torturing, pulling or squeezing, could make his inductile, compressionless issue fit this inelastic system. Consequently he regarded him as some intractable machine that would not work according to certain preconceived principles, and must therefore be hammered and bent, and, if necessary, broken up as useless lumber unfit to exist. From this incompatibility of ideas between father and son, arose those cruel persecutions that blasted the whole life of the latter.

With this brief prologue I will raise the curtain upon the first act of the drama.

Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon in the year 1749. He came into the world with a deformed foot, tongue-tied, two teeth cut, and a head of prodigious size. Nature from the first stamped him an abnormal being. At three years old he was attacked by smallpox, and in consequence of some quack ointment applied by his mother, his face was scarred, furrowed, seamed by the hideous disease. From his earliest childhood the marquis seldom spoke of him, save in terms of bitterness and degradation; every childish fault was magnified into a heinous sin. Of kindness he received none, his tutor and all who approached him were instructed to apply only rigor and harshness. And yet every one loved him.

But this father was not wholly insensible of the talents of his son. The following passages extracted from his correspondence with the Bailli of Mirabeau, his brother, are remarkable as the grudging evidence of a hostile witness.

"Vices have infinitely less room in him than the virtues. . . . At the bottom, here was perhaps in all France the man least capable of deliberate wickedness. . . . You cannot speak to him reproachfully, but his eyes, his lips, his color testify that all is giving away; on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you. . . . A spirit cross-grained, iracund, fantastic, incompatible, tending toward evil before knowing or being capable of it. An intellect, a memory, a capacity that strike, astonish, and frighten you."

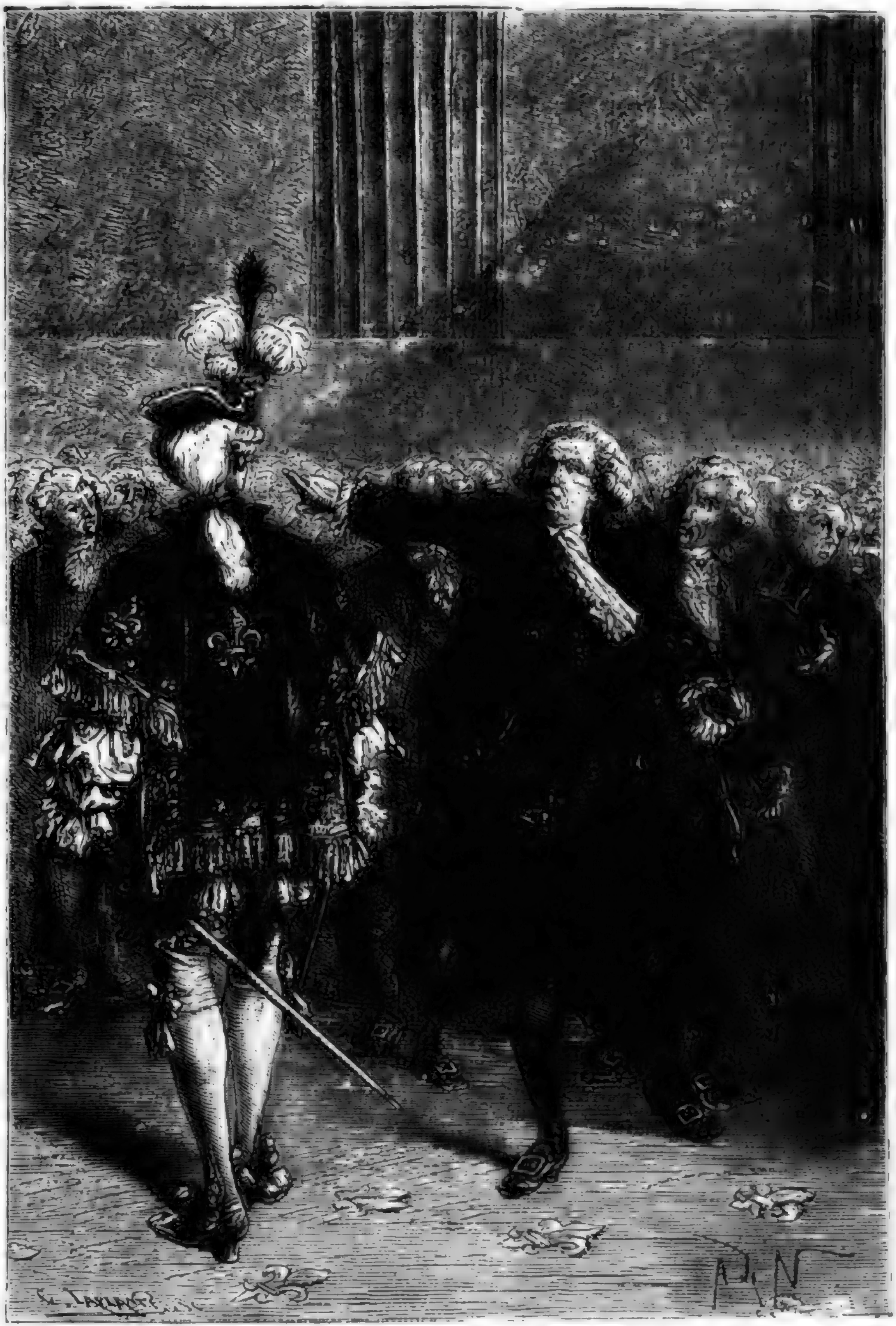
While Gabriel was yet a youth, his father and mother separated, in consequence of a woman named De Pailly, with whom the former contracted an illicit connection, and whom he at length brought beneath his own roof. This occasioned a lawsuit between husband and wife, which extended over several years, and ended in the defeat of the marquis. At the age of fifteen the boy quitted the wholesome atmosphere of this moral nourishing home and entered the military school at Paris, under the sobriquet of Peter Buffière (Buffière was the name of a family estate), not being permitted to retain even his ancestral cognomen. Here he became an "Admirable Crichton," mastering Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, music, etc., and excelling in all manly sports. We next find him a volunteer in the Marquis de Lambert's regiment. He loses forty louis at play, and successfully rivals his captain in the affections of an archer's daughter at Saintes. Caricatures of his ugliness, and all kinds of petty tyranny, are the penalties of his amorous success. He flies to Paris, takes shelter with his brother-in-law, M. de Saillant, who hands him over to the military authorities; there is a trial by court-martial, and the delinquent is sentenced to a short confinement.

So far he has done nothing more than hundreds, nay, thousands, of young men, who afterward became respectable fathers of families and members of society, have done, are doing, and always will do while the world revolves. But the marquis proceeds to act as though he has leaped beyond the confines of human laws. By a *lettre de cachet* he consigns him to the prison of the Isle of Rhé, while he revolves in his paternal mind the expediency of shipping him off to Surinam, and trusting to a pestilential climate to destroy the incubus. To this he is urged by Madame de Pailly, who is destined through life to be Mirabeau's evil genius. A little time, and he has won the heart of the governor of the prison to such an extent that he becomes a warm intereeder with the marquis for his son's pardon. Thanks to such friendly offices, he is released and presented with a sub-lieutenancy in the Legion of Lorraine, sees active service in Corsica, fighting, much against his will, against Paoli and the patriots. He writes a history of the war, his first effort in literature. Upon his return to France he receives permission to visit his uncle, the Bailli of Mirabeau. The impression he produces upon this pre-hostile relative is best described in the following extracts from the Bailli's letters to the marquis:

"I found him ugly, but he has not a bad physiognomy; and he has behind the ravages of smallpox, and features which are much changed, something graceful, intellectual, and noble. . . . He appears to have a sensitive heart, and as for wit, the devil has not so much. I repeat to you, either he is the most consummate humbug in the universe, or else he will be the best subject in Europe for a naval or military commander, for a minister, a chancellor, the Pope; in short, anything he pleases. You were something at twenty-one, but not half what he is. . . . We have found in him some vivacity and fire, but not one word that did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, power of genius, all, perhaps somewhat exuberant."

The marquis's only answer was to bid "the wolf cub" read the "Économiques" and "Éphémérides" (his own works). But Gabriel had a supreme contempt for his father's books and theories, which may account for some of the parental dislike.

He remains with his uncle six months, during which, says the latter, "he used up my eight months' stock of paper in as many weeks." But the Bailli never ceases importuning until the father consents to a conciliatory interview with the refractory machine. Now comes a transient gleam of happiness. Gabriel is permitted to assume the name of Mirabeau, and, during the Winter, is the lion of Paris; is admitted to the first circles, and fascinates *la monde*, old and young, male and female. Even the old marquis is proud of his triumphs.



MIRABEAU.—"GO, TELL YOUR MASTER THAT WE ARE HERE BY THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE, AND NOTHING BUT THE FORCE OF BAYONETS SHALL DRIVE US HENCE."

In the midst of this intoxicating period occurs one of the noblest episodes of his life. There is a dearth on the estates, the peasants are famishing; he forsakes for a time the gay world, and throws himself heart and soul into plans for their relief—he prevails upon his father to employ the starving people; he works with them, cheers them on to exertion, and even partakes of their coarse fare.

In the year 1772 he marries the daughter of the Marquis de Marignan. Their joint income is £475 (the wife's £125, the husband's £250), and Gabriel's debts £3,000! Upon this £475 they commenced housekeeping at Aix—not a very considerable sum for the offshoots of two marquises to live upon. More debts accumulate, and they retire to the castle of Mirabeau to economise; but the old place is not habitable for a lady, and fresh expenses are incurred to render it so. Creditors pressing hard, Gabriel importunes his father for money; the "Friend of Man" answers his importunities by a *lettre de cachet*, which banishes the troublesome pauper to the small town of Manosque. Here he writes his celebrated "Essay on Despotism," and here his wife thinks fit to commence a flirtation with a cousin. A challenge follows; but the cousin's father pleads for his son's life, urging that he has been sufficiently punished for his love-making, as it has caused an eligible match to be broken off.

On hearing this, all Gabriel's anger vanishes, and sympathy takes its place. Regardless of his sentence of banishment, he gallops off to the parents of the lady, and exerting his old fascination, pleads so successfully for the offender, that he succeeds in putting the arrangement upon its old footing. Riding back, he encounters the Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, who, a short time previously, insulted his sister, Madame de Cabris; he demands satisfaction, is refused, and settles the matter by horsewhipping the baron. Another *lettre de cachet* for having violated his sentence of exile, buries him a prisoner in the Château d'If, tearing him from the wife and child he will never again behold upon earth. Very little cares the wife for this separation; he begs her to share his captivity, but she prefers enjoying freedom at Aix.

The old story—the governor of the château became his friend, and interceded with the marquis for his freedom. "Since Monsieur le Comte de Mirabeau has been detained at the Château d'If," he wrote, "he has never given any one the least cause of complaint, but has always conducted himself extremely well; he has sustained, with the utmost possible moderation, the endeavors that I have several times made to try his temper; and he will carry away with him the esteem, the friendship, and the respect of all in the place."

Unfortunately, an amour with the wife of a cantinier gave an excuse for his removal from If to the Château de Joux, a fortress situated upon the summit of one of the Jura Mountains, amidst eternal snows and mists. To render such a situation more unendurable, "The Friend of Man" reduced his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds a year.

"Let me pray you to relieve me from this terrible state of fermentation," he wrote to his uncle from this mountain prison. "That energy which can accomplish all things becomes turbulent, falls back upon itself, and may become dangerous when it has neither object nor employment. Do they wish to drive me into madness or frenzy? I feel my health sinking. The more I try to calm my whirling brain the more I suffer."

And upon this passionate wail let me drop the curtain and end the first act.

As the gates of the gloomy Alpine prison close behind him, so do they shut him out forever from the herd of men—henceforth *respectability* shall shun him as plague-spotted, and even the easy-going folks of the world look askant upon him. When he reappears upon the stage it will be as an outcast, a branded man.

The second act opens with one of the saddest of romances.

The curtain rises upon the town of Pontarlier. It is a high holiday, and the stage is crowded with the orthodox, joyous peasantry; the bells are ringing merrily, and all to celebrate no less an event than the coronation of Louis XVI. M. St. Mauris, the Governor of Jouz, is chief director of these festivities, and being a man of some vanity, he is anxious that France shall know something of them. Mirabeau being a literary man, and at this time on parole, is selected as the only available person capable of holding Mr. Governor up to the admiring eyes of the nation.

Every festive day of this last reign of the *ancien régim* was marked by some fatalism, some boding shadow. Most terrible of all that death-dealing marriage day. Most singular of all, that in a remote corner of the kingdom there should be imprisoned a man who, through the rejoicings upon that coronation day, should drift into an act destined to thrust him into a perpetual war with society—a war never to end until he had subverted that society and overturned the very throne the advent of whose last possessor he was called upon to celebrate. Here is a chain of fatality wider and more inscrutable than poet ever dreamed.

It was at this festival that Mirabeau first met Sophie Monnier. Her history previous to this day was a sad but common one. Her parents, the De Ruffeys, were stern ascetics, who gave her at eighteen the choice between a convent and a marriage with the Marquis de Monnier, a man of seventy-one years old. She chose the Marquis, and had been married four years, a wife only in name, when she first met Mirabeau at Pontarlier on that fatal coronation day. They were introduced, and Mirabeau afterwards became a constant visitor at the Marquis's house. She was young, beautiful, passionate, and imaginative; he—ardent, poetical, terribly ugly, yet fascinating beyond all men on record. She—the unhappy subject of a forced unnatural marriage, united to a man she loathed; he—coupled with a woman who had refused to share his captivity, and between himself and whom there existed no bond of sympathy. Both immured in that desolate Alpine region, cankers eating into their hearts—cankers fed by brooding and solitude, the hapless pair became desperately enamoured of one another. Sophie saw not the ugliness of the outward husk, but adored the soul that looked out of the eyes. After all, it is not so much beauty of form that enthrals a woman's heart as some real or imaginary point of sympathy—a something to reverence, a something apart from the prosy level of everyday life, for commonplaces are hateful to women in *love;* your brainless, pretty men can fascinate only giggling, bread-and-butter-eating girls.

Mirabeau soon perceived the precipice to which both were hastening; he did not yield to the temptation, *but fled from it.* One thing alone could save him—the presence of his wife. To her he wrote a wild, passionate letter—*nothing concealing*, and imploring her, in the name of Heaven, to come to him and save him from himself. And within the castle walls, never once seeking Pontarlier, did he await the answer. At last it came—a few freezing lines, simply stating that *she regarded such a request as madness!* Renounced by father and wife, no friend in the wide world, and only one heart that beat for him, in his solitude, his misery, his bitterness of soul, to that heart he fled; and sin and destruction abode there side by side with love.

"If it was a crime not to have resisted so powerful a seduction," he says, "it was not the crime of my will. I regarded from the first with affright the passion that fermented in my bosom. I forced myself to resist the temptation." M. de Monnier seems to have been unsuspicious, probably on account of his guest's ugliness, until he was cautioned by St. Mauris, a senile admirer of Sophie's, who, it seems, had himself once entertained secret, although perfectly unfounded, hopes. Finding a copy of the "Essay on Despotism" in some goods that had been sent to Mirabeau, and finding that he had issued a promissory note, which, being a prisoner, he had no right to do, he withdrew his parole, and ordered him to return from Pontarlier with the intention of confining him in the tower of Grammont, a part of the castle noted for its horrors. Mirabeau refused to return, and contrived to escape into Switzerland. But a few days afterwards, under the cover of night, he stole back to the town and obtained secret interviews with his beloved. They were discovered. Sophie fled to her parents; Mirabeau followed her, was arrested and cast into prison by the order of the De Ruffeys, who then sent their daughter back to him who was called her husband.

Another governor won over by this bewitcher of man and woman, an escape connived at, and he is free once more. With his heart full of one thought, one object, he recrosses the Alps—the great St. Bernard, for Sophie has written to him thus passionately:—"Hear me, *my husband*, I can no longer endure this state of suffering. Let us unite ourselves, or let me die. To live separate from thee is to die a thousand deaths daily. After what we have done we cannot recede; let us hasten, therefore, to render ourselves happy. Thyself is all I ask; all destinies will seem sweet to me if I but share thy fate and quit thee never."

One dark night, disguised in male attire, she leaps over the garden wall, and they fly together; and, after being hunted like wolves by the De Ruffey and the "Friend of Man" myrmidons, at last take shelter in Holland. Writing of this event thereafter, he says:—"Madame de Monnier had only myself for a resource, she was compromised and laid open to ruin by my fault. Should I have abandoned when I could defend her? After leading her to the very edge of the abyss, should I have precipitated her into it? I had been then a prodigy of cowardice, a monster of ingratitude; in that case I should have merited my fate, I should have been the vilest of men. The bare idea makes me shudder. She claimed my assistance and the performance of my oaths. I flew, I ran, I traversed the Alps, and she came then and delivered herself up, undoubting, to my honor and my truth."

The deed was a sinful breaking of God's laws, a defiance of a great commandment; but were Mirabeau and Sophie the only sinners? What of the father who had forgotten his paternal duty, the wife who had forgotten the vows she made at the altar? But, above all, what of the mercenary parents who had sold their child, sold her as vilely as ever Circassian slave was sold, laid perjury upon her soul by compelling her to vows that had no response in her heart, and who blasphemed God by asking blessings upon what was accursed? What of those who had bartered for gold youth, beauty, and soul to driveling, lewd old age?

For nine months they resided at Amsterdam, Mirabeau writing hard for the booksellers; she sewing and doing household work. If ever romance existed in a garret, it was there. In the meantime, the Bailiwick of Pontarlier had, in his absence, indicted Mirabeau of abduction and robbery, beheaded him in effigy, condemned him to pay forty thousand livres, and doomed Madame de Monnier to perpetual imprisonment. The "Friend of Man" and the De Ruffeys now made common cause, and joined together in the man-hunt. Negotiations with the Dutch Government terminated in the arrest of Mirabeau, and his consignment to the prison of Vincennes, while Sophie was confined in St. Pélagie. Ah, what a cruel parting that was! What burning tears, what agonized clinging, what heartrending, what a world of misery!

Three years and a half was Mirabeau imprisoned in Vincennes. Wild, passionate, burning epistles passed between the sundered lovers. It was a new Abelard and Heloïse. Reams of entreating letters did he write to the "Friend of Man," but all remained unanswered. No allowance was made him; even within the prison walls was he compelled to labor with his pen for mere bread—and the labor brought him scarcely that. Want, raggedness, and disease crowned the marquis's good work; and yet, *never during all this unprecedented cruelty and oppression did one harsh word against his father fall from his lips or rise in his heart!* Filial honor and respect he never failed in. There was something of the SPIRIT of Christianity in this wild debauchee, after all.

At length, wearied out by importunities, the marquis consented to his son's release. Abelard flew at once to Heloïse, but in this case absence had not made the heart grow fonder; jealousy had been at work with both. They met, but to quarrel, and to part forever. In the year 1786, when Mirabeau was swaying the destiny of France, Sophie was lying dead—poisoned by the fumes of charcoal—a suicide! After her husband's death she had been liberated from the convent in which he had placed her. In the course of time she was betrothed to a gentleman who had fallen deeply in love with her. On their marriage-eve he died; and then, worn out with sorrow and tribulation, she ended all!

But to resume. On his release from Vincennes, instead of guarding his precious liberty, Mirabeau, with the most consummate daring, gave himself up a prisoner to the Bailiwick of Pontarlier, in order to procure a reversal of the sentence pronounced against himself and Madame de Monnier. After long and eloquent pleading, the bailiwick offered to cancel that portion of the sentence which appertained to himself alone. This he scornfully rejected, resolved to free the partner of his error equally with himself. A few months more of imprisonment and fiery speech-making, and he was victorious. *At this time he and Sophie had parted forever*, consequently the labor and sacrifice were purely magnanimous.

This task was no sooner accomplished than our never-tiring Hercules rushed, vigorous as ever, upon a new labor—the recovery of his wife. The lady, preferring wealth, comfort, and lovers to penury, hardship, and a husband, refused to return to her lord, and in this determination was supported by the all-powerful influence of her family, who took every precaution to prevent a meeting between them, wrote the answers to his appealing letters, and at last returned them unopened. Baffled in entreaty, he appealed to law. The cause was tried at Aix; and France discovered that a hitherto unknown genius was in the land. Day after day did he plead with a wondrous eloquence, the echoes of which reverberated through the length and breadth of the kingdom. Day after day was the court-house crowded with lords and ladies, peers and peasants; multitudes, unable to obtain admission, gathered upon the roof, others scaled the walls and smashed the windows, in the hope that some sound, though ever so low and meaningless, of that whirlwind oratory might reach their ears. But Mirabeau was defeated. Court influence was too powerful to be uprooted even by such a sirocco of words.

Still he was not silenced. Taking with him a child of two years old, thereafter to be celebrated as his *fils-adoptif* and biographer, whom he had adopted, probably for cogent reasons, he repaired to Paris and appealed to the Court of Cassation to reverse the Aix decree. The appeal was rejected. This was the last effort that he made to regain his marita rights.

This admirable wife survived her husband several years. After his death she grew sentimental over his memory; was ever reciting his praises; weeping over his souvenirs; passed her time playing his favorite airs, and ended by dying in the same room and on the same bed upon which he had expired!

Fiercely indignant at the rejection of his appeal, he wrote a virulent pamphlet against the Keeper of the Seals. An order was issued for his arrest; to avoid which he fled the country, and took refuge in England. It was during this sojourn in Paris that he first met Henrietta Amelia Van Haren, a beautiful girl of nineteen; she fell passionately in love with this extraordinary being, and was the faithful companion of his wanderings, privations, and misfortunes during several years. "She was full of grace and modesty," says Dumont, "and would have been an ornament to virtue had she never seen Mirabeau; and no one, perhaps, was ever more deserving of indulgence and commiseration."

He seems to have been greatly impressed by English scenery, English laws, and English people. He took up his abode in Hatton Garden, and was soon received upon friendly terms by Samuel Romilly, Lord Peterborough, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the distinguished members of the Liberal party. His most ardent desire was to see the French possessed of a constitution modeled upon that of England; and his grand, all-comprehending mind grasped all the advantages that would accrue to both countries from a close alliance, a policy that he strenuously advocated to Talleyrand even upon his death-bed.

At the end of nine months he returns to Paris. No sooner arrived than his irrepressible pen involves him in new turmoils and troubles. He attacks stock-jobbing in a fierce pamphlet against the Bank of Discount, and other powerful bodies in an article upon the Water Companies of Paris. In a little time he is compelled to retire once again—this time to Berlin. He is well received by the Great Frederick. But in a few months he is back in Paris. Then, thanks to the good offices of Talleyrand, he returns to Prussia accredited with a secret mission. After a time his pride rebels against his equivocal position; he demands a more avowed one; the demand not being complied with, he throws up the appointment in disgust, and with his usual fierce impetuousness, and with much wrongheadedness, publishes the entire correspondence under the title of "The Secret History of Berlin," the most dishonorable act recorded against him. Justly incensed, Talleyrand never forgave this disgraceful breach of confidence until Mirabeau lay upon his death-bed.

The news of the convocation of the Notables brought him back to Paris, with the hope of obtaining the appointment of secretary; but this hope was disappointed. More denunciation of stock-jobbing, then back to Prussia. Upon hearing that the edict for the assembling of the States-General had gone forth, he returned to his native land—never again to quit it.

About this time the Government seems to have made overtures to him to use his pen in its defence, but only in a secret and subaltern way. Mirabeau, who perceived that his hour was approaching, although at the time in a state of positive destitution, refused these offers. "Leave me in my obscurity," he said. "I say in my obscurity, because my design is to remain there invariably until there follows to the tumult wherein we now are a regular order of things: and until some great revolution—be it good or be it evil—commands a good citizen always accountable for his vote, and even for his talents, to elevate his voice. *That revolution cannot tarry.*"

The time came at last. The Notables, his own order, rejected him. Then he appealed to France as a candidate for the *tiers état*. Two towns, Aix and Marseilles, simultaneously elected him; he accepted Aix. His reception in each town was tremendous. Men formed themselves into a voluntary body-guard; the acclamations of thousands attended his steps; every house was illuminated; and, yet grander proof of his power over men's minds, he at the same time quelled a bread riot by the mere force of his eloquence.

And so let me drop the curtain upon the second act of this marvelous drama.

The third and last act opens with a grand sensation scene—the place, Paris—the time, the 4th of May, 1789—the characters upon the stage, the members of the States-General marching from the Church of St. Louis to the Chamber of Legislature. Ringing of bells, crowds of citizens, joyous acclamations, and here is Mirabeau as he appeared to the brilliant authoress of "Corinne." "Considerably above the height of Frenchmen, that height was rendered doubly striking by the colossal formation of every limb, and his chest and shoulders were widely expanded, and, indeed, unnaturally broad. His head was immense, and from it there hung in wild profusion a forest of black hair. His eye, large and rolling, beamed with the fire of passion and genius; his face borrowed new expression from its very ugliness; his whole person gave you the idea of an irregular power, but a power such as you would figure in a tribune of the people."

For a time his colleagues treated him with insult and disdain; when the list of deputies was read, his name was received with hootings; when he attempted to speak, loud murmurs silenced him. His revenge was to issue, in a journal entitled "The States-General," a lampoon, in which he compared the deputies to an assembly of school-boys giving way to servile and indecent mirth; to wild asses, who had obtained from nature no other faculty than that of kicking and biting. "In a week, my dear friend, you shall see me more powerful than ever," he said to Dumont. "They must come to me, when they find themselves about to be overwhelmed by the tempest they have themselves raised."

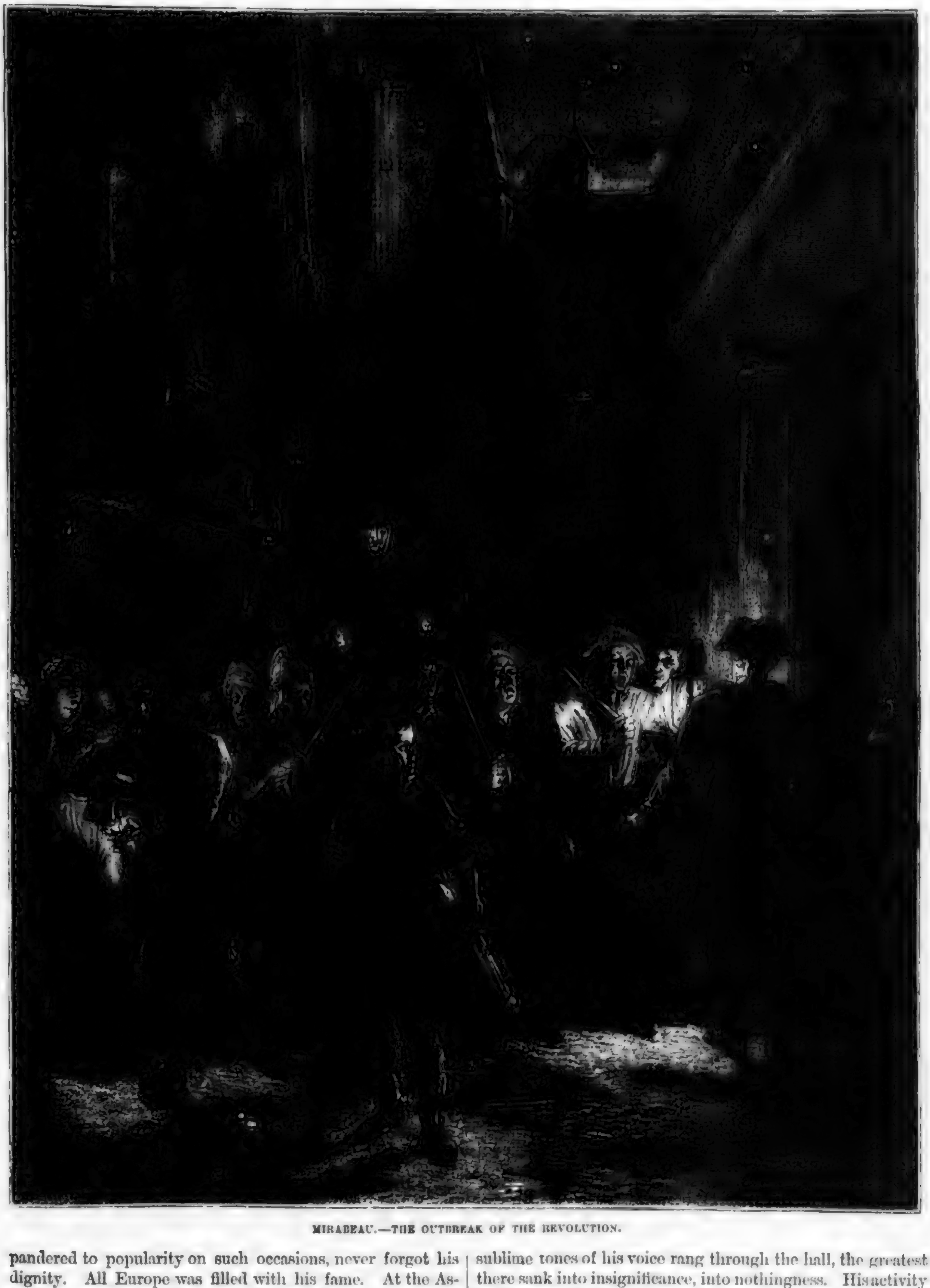
These prognostics were speedily verified. The decree of the National Assembly was annulled, and the deputies, expelled from the Palais de Justice, adjourned to the famous *Jeu-de-Paume*, or Tennis Court, and swore never to separate until they had obtained a Constitution. Mirabeau spoke so energetically upon the occasion that even his greatest enemies began to regard him as a giant whose strength had now become necessary to them.

But this was only the beginning of his triumph. A message was brought down from the king ordering the Assembly to dissolve. There was a dead silence; no one spoke, but each man, pale and dismayed, looked into his neighbor's face and saw there the reflection of his own fears. Another moment and the Revolution would have been indefinitely postponed, when Mirabeau sprang to his feet: "Go tell your master," he cried, to the bearer of the king's message, "that we are here by the power of the people, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence!" Then, in a "speech of fire," he reminded the deputies of their oath. The effect was electrical. Despondency gave place to the wildest enthusiasm. It was the turning-point of the Revolution, and henceforth Mirabeau was its king.

Yet he never desired to overthrow the monarchy; he was a reformer but not a destroyer, the champion of moderation, the enemy of excess. He opposed the States-General assuming the title of the National Assembly without the sanction of the king. "For myself, gentlemen," he said in his speech upon the veto, "I consider the sanction of the king so indispensable, that I would much rather reside at Constantinople than in France if it did not exist. I declare I know nothing more terrible than an aristocracy of six hundred self-constituted men, who to-morrow would declare themselves permanent by engulfing all things."

Three days before the fall of the Bastille there died at Argenteuil the old Marquis of Mirabeau. In his last days a revelation of the great genius of his son seems to have been vouchsafed to him. With no memory of past wrongs dwelling in his heart, that son tended his last days with truly filial tenderness. Prejudiced writers have attributed the destruction of the Bastille to Mirabeau's machinations; but this could scarcely be, for several days before that event he was at Argenteuil, and on the day of the fall he was superintending his father's funeral. Dumont, by no means a prejudiced partisan of his, also distinctly and emphatically acquits him of any share in the previous disturbances.

His popularity soon became prodigious. The *Poissardes*, who thrust themselves into the Assembly, would scarcely listen to any other speaker. "Make that babbler hold his tongue," they cried. "Let our little mother, Mirabeau, speak; we should like to hear him." But Mirabeau never pandered to popularity on such occasions, never forgot his dignity. All Europe was filled with his fame. At the Assembly every eye was directed in search of him amongst his colleagues; each was happy at having heard him speak, and his most familiar expressions were treasured as apophthegms. In eloquence he had no rival; his speech was a torrent that bore down all before it, sweeping away men's minds whithersoever it listed. When he rose in the tribune, and the sublime tones of his voice rang through the hall, the greatest there sank into insignificance, into nothingness. His activity and powers of mind were prodigious. "Had any one offered him the elements of Chinese grammar," Dumont



MIRABEAU.—THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

says, "he would no doubt have attempted a treatise on the Chinese language. I am confident he would have undertaken even to write an encyclopædia." He studied a subject whilst he was writing upon it. Nothing was lost to him; he was ever collecting anecdotes, conversations, notes, information—all to be treasured for future use.

"Had I not lived with Mirabeau," to again quote Dumont, "I should never have known all that could be done in a single day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours. A day was of more value to him than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution there was no time lost. To-morrow was not to him the same impostor as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his occupations, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labor was begun and writings prepared." "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that blockhead of a word in my presence."

He was the most delightful of companions; his powers of fascination have been before commented upon. No one could maintain coldness or reserve toward him; with the utmost freedom and disregard of social forms he was yet, however, the most perfectly polite and well-bred of aristocrats. Society was still a little shy of him—a few months later he was its god. The affair of Sophie Monnier had shocked its prejudices. That is to say, the *elopement*. Had the unhappy pair stopped short of that act, they might have been as adulterous as they pleased, and society would merely have shrugged its shoulders and smiled. But to *run away* with a man's wife—oh, that was shocking!

But Mirabeau was not insensible to the dark stains with which his youthful sins had tarnished the brightness of his life. "There were moments," says Dumont, "when he would have consented to pass seven times through the heated furnace to purify the name of Mirabeau. I have seen him weep with grief, and heard him say, with almost suffocating sobs, 'I am cruelly expiating the errors of my youth.'"

He had an instinctive enthusiasm for all that was great and noble, which he never suffered to be obscured by his vices. His discrimination was marvelous. His luminous thoughts and fiery eloquence imparted a splendor to whatever subject he spoke or wrote upon. He knew, as it were intuitively, the feelings of the people whom he addressed. When in the tribune no insult, no turmoil, no interruption could move him; he was always dignified, always master of himself and of the situation. His foresight was amazing, prophetic; there seemed to exist no political enigma which he could not solve. His prophecies, and they were many, always came to pass. He needed no spies to watch the movements of his enemies, his own sagacity ever divined them; and it was said that there was not a man in the Assembly the sum of whose conduct did not correspond with the dictum which Mirabeau had pronounced upon him.

The Jacobins, jealous of his genius and his fame, were always his foes. They voted for his appointment to the Presidency to silence him—the President could not speak from the tribune—and to cast him into the shadow. Never were hopes more falsified. The new position developed in him new talents. He introduced into the proceedings of the Assembly an order and a clearness undreamed of before. He simplified all forms, and could by a few words render clear the obscurest points or put down the stormiest commotion, while his strict impartiality gained him the respect of all parties. Thus he converted the snare of his enemies into a chaplet of glory.

But soon in the confusion of the Assembly, and in the growing power of the Clubs, he perceived that that which had promised national freedom now threatened only anarchy; that the time had come to support constituted authority.

When the question was discussed as to whether the power of declaring war should rest with the king or be transferred to the Assembly, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the former proposition. Upon which the demagogues wrote pamphlets upon "the treason of Count Mirabeau," and sent hawkers to cry them through the streets; after which were heard mutterings of "*A la lanterne!*" He mounted the tribune the next day, grim, resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that spoke of danger, "I know it. I must come home either in triumph, or else torn in fragments"; and it was in triumph that he came.

"I should be loath," he writes, "to enter upon a new part in this time of partialities and confusions, if I were not convinced that the re-establishment of the legitimate authority is the greatest want of France, and the only means of saving her. But I see clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are floundering therein deeper day by day; I am indignant at the bare idea that I should have only contributed to a vast demolition; and the fear of beholding another than the king at the head of the State is so insupportable to me, that I feel myself imperiously called to action."

One Summer evening the Queen of France and the King of the Revolution met at St. Cloud. What a dramatic scene must that have been! But of the dialogue, heard only by the dumb trees and flowers, nothing was or ever will be known, save that, as he bade her adieu, he knelt at her feet, kissed her hand, and exclaimed, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!" And had life been vouchsafed him he would have saved it, and have saved France from that foulest of stains, the Reign of Terror. But he would have insisted upon a constitution similar to that of England, and never have sanctioned any plan of which national representation did not constitute the basis.

From this time he was in regular communication with the Court. The king paid his debts, amounting to three thousand two hundred pounds, and allowed him a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds monthly; this, however, was very irregularly paid, and the greater part was expended in the royal service. Inimical historians assert that he was in the pay of Orléans, and designed to place that prince upon the throne. This charge was examined before the National Assembly during his lifetime, and was pronounced even by the Abbé Maury, his foe, to be utterly groundless. But the testimony of M. Thiers, in his "Histoire de la Révolution," is, I think, sufficiently conclusive without producing further argument. I subjoin the passage:

"Many inconsiderate expressions have caused him to be frequently accused of being of the Duc d'Orléans' party; although he really never was. His pecuniary distresses, his indiscreet language, his familiarity with Orléans, although he was on the same terms with everyone else, his proposition in regard to the Spanish succession, and finally his opposition to the departure of the duke, all naturally excited suspicion; yet it is nevertheless true that Mirabeau was without any party, and even without any other object than the extinction of arbitrary rule. Mirabeau was at that time obliged to borrow the most paltry sums, which would certainly not have been the case had he been the agent of a prince so immensely rich, and who is supposed to have been nearly ruined by his partisans."

"It may be admitted that he was not overscrupulous in money matters, but he was too proud to be dishonest, and he would have thrown out of the window anyone who dared make him a humiliating proposal. If Spain and England really did bribe him" (another of the accusations brought against him), "what became of the sums paid to him? How happens it that he died insolvent? Although the expenses of his establishment were considerable, yet he did not live above the style of a man of ordinary opulence. And if he distributed for the king's service the moneys he received, he can no longer be accused of cupidity, for in that case he was nothing more than the king's banker."

He never assumed the title of Marquis, to which, with the estates—a somewhat barren and encumbered heritage—he had now succeeded; indeed, all titles were by this time abolished, although he was still Monsieur le Comte, not only to his friends and servants, but even to the people. Could there be a greater proof of his vast popularity?

His health began to fail. "If I believed in slow poisons," he said to a friend, "I should think myself poisoned. For I feel that I am dying by slow degrees—that I am being consumed in a slow fire."

From seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night he lived in one continuous excitement of business, conversation, writing, receptions, added to which were the wear and tear of a life of terrible debauchery. "I shall die at the stake, my dear friend," he said to Dumont, when they parted for the last time. "Perhaps we shall never meet again. When I am gone my value will be appreciated. Misfortunes to which I put a stop were overwhelming France in every direction; but that base faction which I now overawe will be again let loose upon the country. I have none but direful anticipations. Ah, my friend, how right were we when, in the beginning, we tried to prevent the commons from being declared a National Assembly! This is the origin of the evil. Since they have carried that point, they have not ceased to show that they are unworthy of confidence They wanted to govern the king instead of being governed by him; but soon neither they nor he shall govern; a vile faction will rule the country, and debase it by the most atrocious crimes."

He seldom goes to the Jacobins now; when he does he overwhelms its ghouls and vampires with scorn; he is the beast-tamer of these filthy hyenas. But day by day they wax stronger. One night, after having silenced and beaten down Robespierre and Lameth in the Assembly, he resolves to beard his foes in their den. Duport is fiercely denouncing the enemies of the people. "Some are not far distant," he cries, glancing at Mirabeau as he enters the hall. A burst of applause follows the insinuation. As the speaker descends from the rostrum Mirabeau mounts it, and facing with dauntless mien the savage scowls and murmurs of hundreds of enemies, casts scorn, defiance, and ridicule in their teeth. A roar like that of wolves or famished tigers resounds through the gloomy hall. A smile of contempt is his response. Up springs Alexander Lameth to denounce him in a torrent of accusation and invective. The yells grow fiercer, the hyenas slaver their jaws in anticipation of blood. Surely he is a doomed man; they will rend him piecemeal, devour him. What will he do? Amidst the wildest uproar he again ascends the tribune, and above the hell clamor rises his grand sonorous voice; its tones are a spell that exorcises discord; yells grow fainter, sink into murmurs, murmurs die away into a deep silence of upturned faces. He has them fast now. With eyes aflame, and every nerve of the rugged face quivering with passionate earnestness, he denounces his accusers, until they shrink and writhe like flesh before a fierce fire. Murmurs once more rise out of the silence, but they are murmurs of approval. With a peroration of thunder he descends, and, amidst frantic plaudits, with proud step and disdainful air, passes out of the hall and is seen no more. It is his last triumph. Never again will his voice be heard within those walls. All will soon be over now. One day when fondling a beautiful little girl of his beloved sister's, Madame du Saillant, he says, with a sigh, "It is Death embracing Spring!"

Day by day his strength grows fainter and fainter. It fails at last, and now he is stretched suffering, almost helpless, upon the bed from which he shall never rise again. A hush of consternation thrills through France at the news that Mirabeau, the mighty colossus, he to whom all men look for a solution of the sphinx-like riddles of the time, he who alone can untwist the Gordian knot of the nation's destiny, is dying. Bulletins of his health are issued several times during each day, and distributed over Paris. The Court sends messengers twice a day to his house, and await in anxious silence for the report, for they know that on his life hang their fates; dense crowds gather in anxious, mournful silence about his door and about the approaches to the street, and seize upon all who come forth, and demand with eager and trembling lips how he does, for on his life hang their fates also.

It is the 2d of April, 1791; he is lying facing the open window, enjoying the fragrance of the sweet Spring flowers just bursting into bloom; he has always been a passionate lover of flowers; he is gazing upon the bright sun as it rises higher and higher in the heavens: "If that is not God, it is His cousin german," he cries at last, with a burst of enthusiasm. Then turning to his attendants, he says, "I shall die to-day. At such a time there remains but one thing to do—to perfume me, crown me with flowers, environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that sleep from which there is no awakening."

The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) comes to pay him a visit. For three hours they are closeted together. Of vast importance is that conference, for Mirabeau confides to his visitor all his hopes and plans. "I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy," cries the dying man, sadly; "the ruins whereof will now be the prey of the factions."

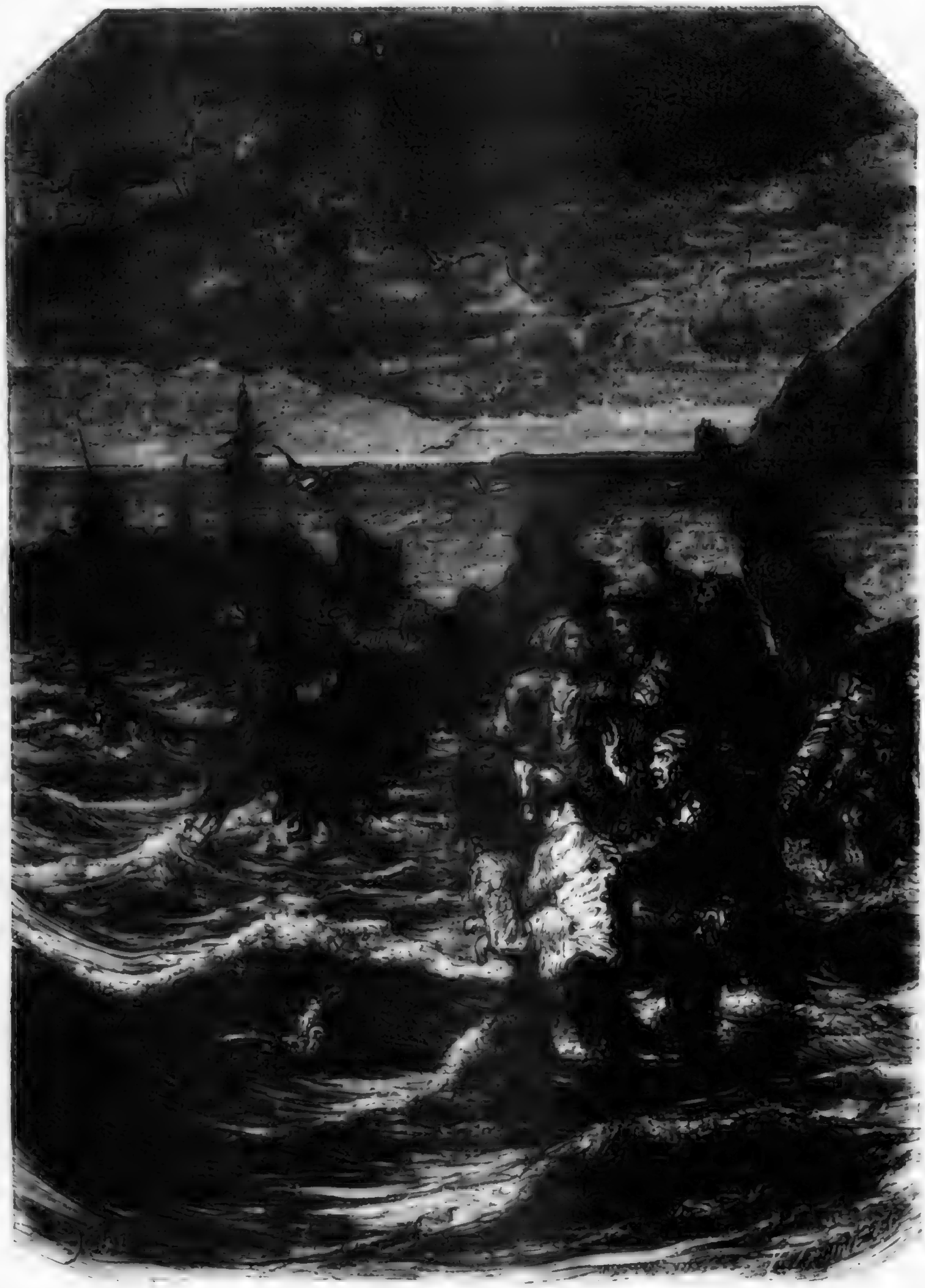
In those last hours he endures terrible agonies; they give him opium, and he lies in a state of insensibility. Suddenly the boom of distant cannon hurtles through the air. He awakes and whispers, "Are those already for the funeral of Achilles?" Those are his last words—he sinks back into insensibility. As the clock chimes half-past eight, he opens his eyes once more—and expires.

France is not insensible to the magnitude of her loss. When at last the fatal word, *dead*, is passed from mouth to mouth, all Paris is filled with lamentation, such lamentation as never before has been heard for one individual man. His funeral procession extends over four miles, amidst the sobs and groans of 500,000 people of all grades, from the noblest to the lowest. A salute of 20,000 muskets is fired over his body. It is midnight when they reach the church of St. Geneviève and lay him beside Descartes. Whole departments are in mourning. Every place of amusement is closed, all private festivities are suspended; and where this is not observed, the people take summary vengeance upon the offenders.

And so passed away the grandest genius of which France can boast. Of his virtues and his errors the world will ever hold diverse opinions. That he was made up of good and evil in larger proportions than other men is indisputable; as to the predominance of either, each man will form his own judgment. To the awfully respectable, who measure their fellow-beings by the number of the square inches of the *orthodox* virtues they *assume*, he must ever be a *bête noir* accursed with a Satanic genius, never to be thought of without a shudder and pharisaical thanksgiving that Heaven had not formed them in such a mould. But to the man of more extended vision, who can discover the existence of good, and much good, beyond the limits of conventionality, he is a grand yet shadowed form, illumined by the illustrious yet fitful gleams of many virtues, shadowed by the dark hovering images of many sins, but with the effulgent impress of Heaven's hand stamped upon his rugged but majestic brow.

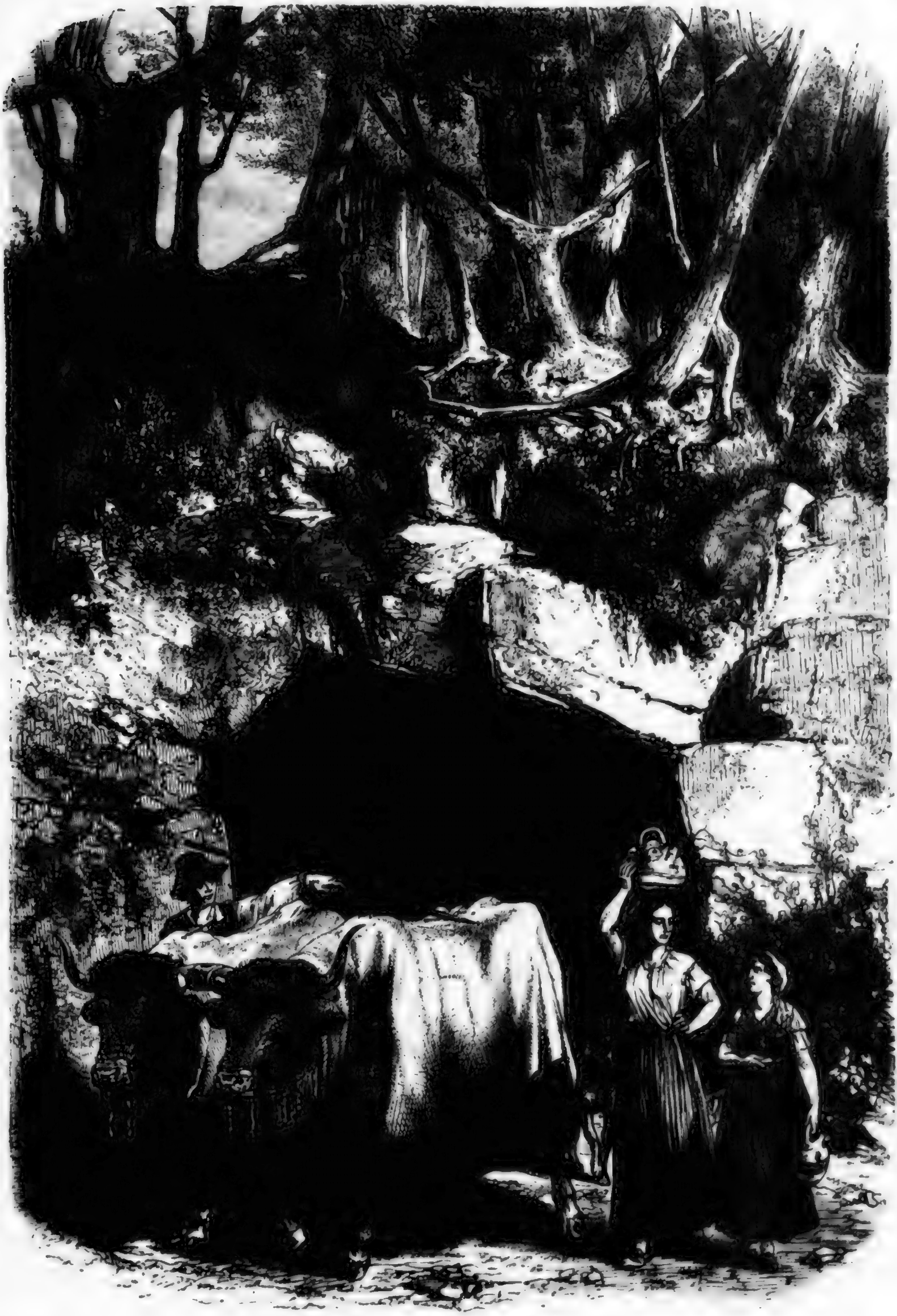
THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

IN 1817, the *Young Sophie*, a brig, sailed from Havre for Mauritius, with a crew of fifteen men and eleven passengers, including two ladies, and Count d'Amerval, the owner of the vessel and its cargo. Soon after crossing the line, they discovered, to their horror, that the ship was on fire, a carboy of vitriol carelessly packed having led to this disaster. They battened down the hatches, and in every way tried to smother the fire, hoping to reach Rio Janeiro; and so sanguine were they of success, that they passed unheeded the desert isle Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil. But as the danger increased, they sought to return to it. This was now doubly difficult, but at last they anchored near it, and got some ashore; before the rest could follow, the wretched cables gave way, and the *Young Sophie* was driven on the rocks. Those still on board took to the boat, just in time, for they were only a few strokes distant when the vessel was wrapped in flames. After two terrible nights and days amid a thousand dangers, the boat reached shore with its starving passengers.



THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

A hut was erected, and their position examined. They



THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

had saved scarcely anything from the ship; but there were evidently means of living for a time on the island. The provisions were then carefully laid up, and the captain, with the count and one other, started in the boat on the dangerous attempt to reach Rio.

Soon after, one Tuesday, the hearts of all were elated by the arrival of a fine spaniel that came bounding in among them. This seemed to prove that there were inhabitants on the island; and though this proved unfounded, they found ruins of houses that had been destroyed probably by an earthquake or volcanic eruption. The gardens, overgrown as they were, gave them some vegetables; and the dog, named Tuesday, from the day of his being seen, enabled them to track the wild goats and peccaries, which they killed with rude spears which they manufactured, as well as to find the nests of sea-birds. He was so useful that all became attached to this sole survivor of some previous wreck. And when, in September, the *Mary Eliza*, of Salem, on her way to Sumatra, seeing the signals they kept hoisted, anchored to ascertain the cause, they could not part with their companion in misfortune, which showed every anxiety to accompany them.

Captain Joseph Beald, with great kindness, took all on board, and landed them at the Cape of Good Hope, where they found a French vessel which had touched there on its way to France.

Those in the boat, meanwhile, had fared hardly. After much suffering, they were relieved by an English ship, which gave them food, and thus succeeded in reaching Rio. Here John VI. received them most kindly, and a vessel with every necessary was sent to Trinidad, but only to find a bottle, with the tidings of their departure through the kindness of our worthy Salem captain.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.

I HAD one morning taken the six o'clock train from Bordeaux, and was whirling away towards Langon, when at Barsac Station, the tenth on my route, the fancy seized me to get out and make the rest of the way afoot. A Bordeaux neighbor, who was traveling in the same compartment, offered to see to my baggage, and have it sent to the Cheval Blanc Hotel, where I intended to put up.

The locomotive would have taken me to Langon in twenty-five minutes. I calculated that I should accomplish it in three hours, and expected to reach my destination at noon. So I did, but it was noon of the following day. But I did not long follow the highway that ran parallel to the railroad.

I had not counted on the heat, which even at that early hour became intense, and I sighed as I thought of my umbrella. But, plucking up courage, I looked about me, and saw beyond the vineyards a bit of woodland that suggested shade and coolness.

It was a good walk to reach it, but there was no shelter nearer—the scattered houses along my way being all closed.

On reaching it I paused, to cool off gradually, and then took my seat at the foot of an oak.

Without knowing it, I was over the natural bridge—or tunnel, rather—near Langon.

The woods covered two hills separated by a deep natural cut, in which a road wound, evidently well worn by use; then a mass of rock joined the two hills above, covered at the top by earth enough to continue the wood by bearing sturdy trees; while the road passed beneath the rocky bridge through a natural tunnel some hundred paces in length.

Unconscious of this, I sat by my old oak, fast yielding to the sleepy sensation produced by heat and exercise, when I was aroused by voices that seemed to come from under me.

Leaning over, I saw the mouth of the tunnel, and two women there, spinning with the old-time distaff, and talking, evidently of home troubles.

"Ah," said one, "my boy drives the foundry oxen for the last time to-day—he has given notice to the foreman, and is bent on enlisting. So Jacquemin will leave me to-morrow, if not to-day."

"Well," said the other, "your case is hard; but boys are boys, and can take care of themselves; while here's my Mignarde going to service at Saint Morillon farm, where the mistress is the hardest in all France, and in a year poor Mignarde will be old and broken-down!"

"But why let her go? Mignarde has always been so gentle and obedient."

"What can I do? Can I keep her, when she tells me, 'I can't live long, mother. Would you rather see me die before your eyes?"

"Oh, the crazy children! How they do make themselves and all around them unhappy. Jacquemin says that if I don't let him go, I will see him crushed under the ox-cart with its load of stone, over in the tunnel there."

"Now, I will tell you the reason of it all," said the girl's mother. "My niece, Veronica, told me to-day all about it. Mignarde is going to kill herself with hard work, because she dare not trust your son. You know he was a pretty hard boy."

"Well, he has reformed. He has not quarreled or got drunk for more than a year, and he has had temptation enough, mercy knows!"

"Wait a moment. Jacquemin is going off because Mignarde will not speak to him. Now, Veronica has learned this from both, and she has just taken Mignarde to the spring in the wood, and will keep her near the mouth of the tunnel till Jacquemin comes back with his load of ore for the foundry. She has arranged with him the sign whether Mignarde has forgiven him. If, like Veronica, she carries her water-jar on her head, it is to be a sign that she cannot trust your son, and will not forgive him; but if she carries it in her hand, then Jacquemin will know that, when work is done, he can come and ask my daughter's hand."

"You will see me at your house to-night," said Jacquemin's mother.

The other shook her head.

"I wish it were so; but I do not believe it. Mignarde is good, but hard to move when she has made up her mind."

Just then I saw a cloud of dust rise in the road, and increase as it approached the tunnel.

The two women crept out of sight to watch unseen, as the young man drove his team in.

"Oh, how I wish I knew what the result will be!" said one. "If I could, I would climb over and see!"

I had become so interested, that, without thinking, I called out:

"Wait! I will tell you in a minute how Mignarde acts!"

Without minding their cry of astonishment as I rose up above them, I ran across the natural bridge, and there, on the other side, were the two girls. One was arguing, reasoning; the other standing in a sort of sullen obstinacy.

I had no difficulty in identifying Mignarde—"good, but hard to move."

Beside each was her water-jar.

Out of the tunnel came the ox-driver's dog, barking with joy, and then turned to wait for his master.

The oxen were not yet out. The two cousins rose. Each put her water-jar on her head.

"He is too good for you!" I heard Veronica say, distinctly.

The oxen appeared—massive, stalwart fellows, with the peculiar cloth or blanket used in those parts. Jacquemin was goading them on.

Again I turned to look at the girls.

Veronica stood as before, with her jar aloft; but Mignarde's had yielded. Hers was held in her hand!

Not a word was said; but Jacquemin tossed up his hat, and with unclouded brow went on. The two girls remained talking, and I hurried back to announce the result to the two mothers.

On their invitation, I went to the village. Jacquemin's mother insisted on my staying till her son came home.

He came, with his two heavy wains, each drawn by three pair of oxen, all with gay branches tied to their horns, while a bunch of ribbons fluttered from his hat.

I witnessed the asking for Mignarde's hand, was at the engagement supper, and left them next day under a solemn promise to be back at the wedding.

And this is how I came to see the natural tunnel at Langon, and lost a day in my journey.

THE SOAP MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

The rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura County, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally dislodged some that fell into water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rocks dissolve, he gave it his attention, found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public.

It is accessible only through a cañon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage-road passes the mouth of this cañon three miles below the mine. This cañon, or ravine, penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost "lost cause" in Summer, but in Winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of this ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, traveled only by the safe pack-mule and hardy miner.

The rock resembles chalk or lime. At the southern extremity is an exhaustive deposit, veined, marbled, and particolored, resembling castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet, to an unknown depth. The lode is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and turned completely on edge. In its vicinity is a mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge; indeed, the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time having lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain-tops can be found nearly perfect sea-shells and various specimens of marine matter.

MUSIC IN SPEECH.

There is no faculty with which mankind is gifted more capable of being tuned to the expression of feelings and sentiments than the power of speech. The human voice resembles in its structure the musical instruments wrought by the hands of man. And the tones it is capable of producing are marvelous in their effects upon the mind and heart. As they express, so do they awaken every emotion of which the soul is capable.

"There are keynotes in the human voice," writes Lord Lytton, "which, simply uttered, can heat the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, strike into dust the thrones of guarded monarchs, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artificial chorus or the deftest quill." This is true; but all nations do not seem to feel it.

There is no country in the world where men speak more in public than America, but more than half of the force of their language is neutralized by their inability to vary their tones.

An ordinary orator, who has studied to adapt his voice to his subject, will exercise a far more potent influence than the man who is master in logic and fluency of language.

The Greeks and the Romans, and in modern times the English, largely availed themselves in their harangues of modulation. From the days of Cicero to those of Burke and Sheridan, audiences have been more moved by the musical cadences of the voice, varied according to circumstances, than by the arguments and illustrations employed to command "the applause of listening senates." The cause of liberty, the sufferings of the oppressed, the interests of religion and virtue, the welfare of the human race in every civilized community, are under the weightiest obligations to the orator, the preacher, and the lecturer, who has found and employed the key to the human heart.

A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.

BY A RECENT TRAVELER.

Don Montero having invited me to a humming-bird hunt, in which his daughters at once proposed to join, I could not resist the attraction of such game and such field companions.

A ride, difficult from the ground rather than its length, brought us to the mountain-woods. Could man penetrate the maze? There it stood waving in the morning breeze, gigantic trees filling the whole horizon. It was a confusion of verdure. The sea alone can give an idea of the picture. As the mountain-breeze swept over, you had nothing but billows of foliage. Ferns of monstrous size, palms, cactuses of every form and dimension here replaced the brush and brambles of less favored lands.

After pausing to admire the scene, we descended a slope, and entered a narrow path, beaten by the wild beasts, and leading through the maze.

After following a trail for a time, Don Montero halted and said:

"Take my daughters with you, put them a hundred paces apart, load your sarbacane, and look out. The Indians will strike into the woods to rouse up the birds."

I followed my instructions. I emptied half a glass of water into my sarbacane; I primed it by blowing gently inside, and was ready for the strange sport.

The silence was profound; there was but the slightest rustle of air. A shrill cry burst forth. Another answered. This was the Indians imitating the cry of nocturnal birds. The falcons answered. Then I could follow the chase by sound. It moved through the wood promptly and suddenly, but came steadily toward us. Don Montero motioned me to be on the alert. For another second the green verdure of the cactus alone met my eye. Then, suddenly, with lightning celerity, a ruby and sapphire appeared in the air, as sparkling and radiant as two sparks. Before I could use my weapon, my neighbor—one of the young ladies—had blown her tube, and the Chinese picked up the two insensible birds, and placed them in a cage, to die.

I had not recovered from my first surprise, when little groups of two, three, and five humming-birds began to cross the path. I began to blow my tube, and kept filling and emptying it, the Chinese bringing in the captives. Suddenly the cries became more shrill. A perfect cloud of humming-birds obscured the air. I shall never forget the prodigious spectacle; it was phosphorus, diamonds, flowers, rays confounded in one dazzling mass; it was the mines of Golconda, the treasures of the "Arabian Nights," taking life and wings under some fairy impulse. I stood motionless at the sight.

A cry of alarm recalled me. It was uttered by the tapir who attended us—a fine, large specimen—bearing in his ears

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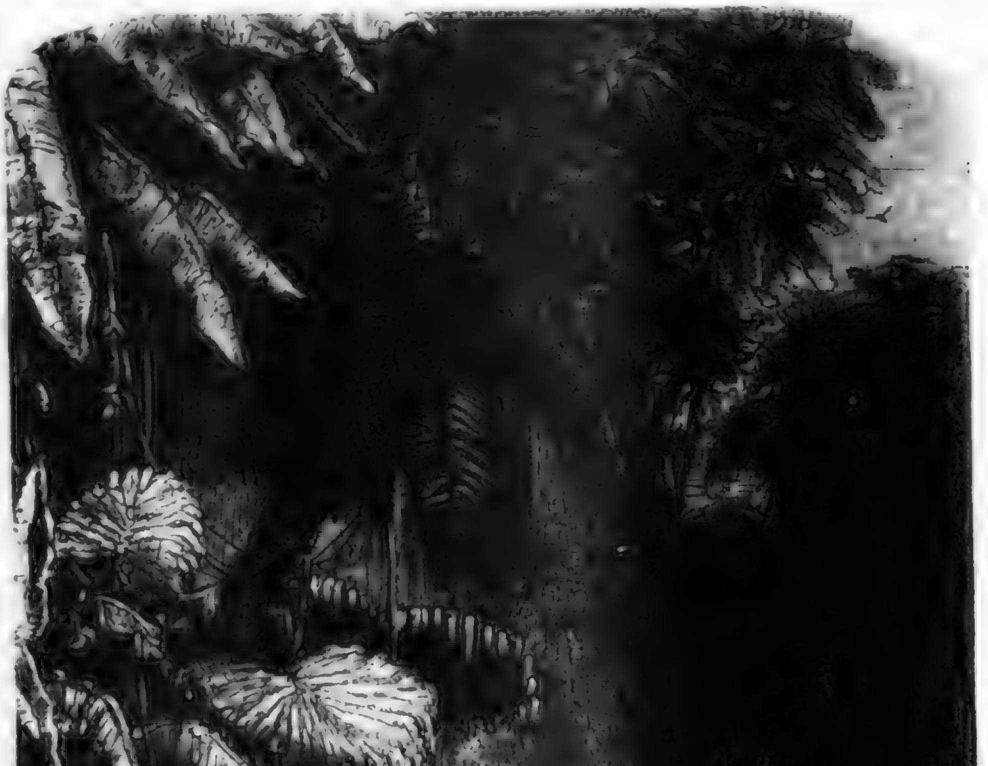
rings at least three inches in diameter, glittering plates flashing with glass ornaments, a reward for former exploits. His flexible and delicate trunk was made a deadly weapon by a steel tube with sharp points, and his body covered with a sort of blanket, with bells attached. I was now to see why this strange companion had attended us.



A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.—"FERNS OF MONSTROUS SIZE, PALMS, CACTUSES OF EVERY FORM AND DIMENSION, HERE REPLACED THE BRUSH AND BRAMBLES OF LESS FAVORED LANDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

While the tapir showed every sign of anger, the enormous ferns moved and swayed as if something was slowly crawling through. It paused at times, and all was still. The tapir stood fiercely on the alert, and I was in a quiver of excitement.

Suddenly the flattened head of a serpent appeared. An enormous bluish-black serpent, speckled with yellow, about eight feet long, glided into the path, while I stood rooted with horror.

Seeing the tapir, the snake half reared itself to spring, waving its head, as if in cadence, darting forth its forked tongue; then it bounded like an arrow. But the tapir had foreseen the shock, for with an activity not to be expected in so unwieldy a creature, it leaped aside, and, with its strong weapon, struck the reptile in the neck.

The hummingbirds were still flying overhead. The air was filled with the most graceful of God's creatures; on the earth, the most repulsive. It was the contrast of day and night—primeval innocence and Satanic malice.

A fearful hissing told the extent of the wound, and the serpent, circling round, endeavored to reach its foe. But the tapir sprang upon it, and again its steel was reddened with the serpent's blood. But this time the snake succeeded in enveloping the tapir in its sinewy folds. I seized a club, and was about to rush to the rescue, but our Chinese held me back. I looked again. Amid a cloud of dust, all that you could see and hear was a dark mass rolling, leaves and branches flying, fearful hisses and furious snorts.

This desperate contest lasted, perhaps, a minute. It seemed an age. Then all grew calm. Cry and combat ceased. The tapir stood in an attitude of victory over the body of the serpent, whose head still hung defiant, clinging to the body by a strip of skin, soiled with blood and mire.

The heavens, till then a transparent blue, became veiled with a reddish vapor, giving all objects a strange, copper hue. A sulphurous odor, pungent with perfumes, pervaded the air; the mountain-tops were wrapped in mist; the tree-tops bent beneath sudden gusts; the earth heaved, and as it shook I could scarcely keep my feet, though the young ladies laughed at the bewilderment into which this rapid succession of strange sights and sounds and emotions had thrown me.

It was a passing earthquake—a mere trifle in that land.

The birds were now placed in cages; the Chinese called in his falcons, the snake was thrown into the wagon, for the tapir's dinner, we mounted our mules, and the young ladies their horses, riding, according to the custom of that part of the world, in the same style as gentlemen. We reached the house, after a smart gallop, before the coming storm.

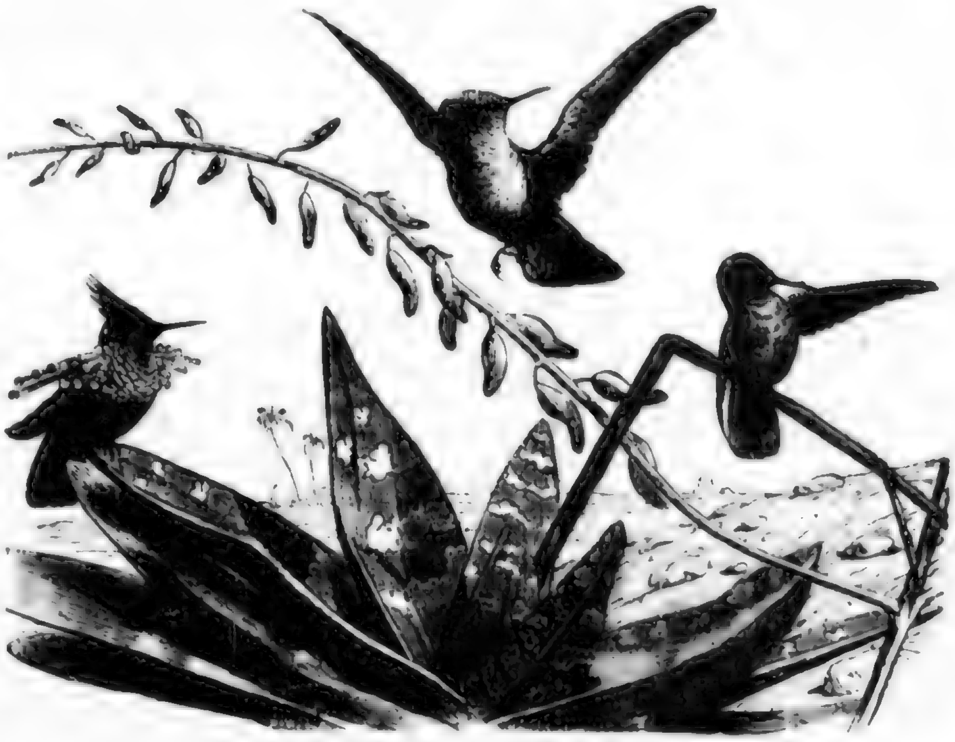
The humming-bird will not live caged. Why hunt it, then? The dress of the young ladies that evening would tell you, as they danced beneath the orange-trees, their white muslin dresses embroidered with arabesques made of the delicate feathers, while the opaline wings formed the large and more brilliant figures.

A SOUTHERN HEROINE.

ANNA ELLIOTT.

ANNA, the wife of Charles Elliott, was a patriot by inheritance, being the daughter of Thomas Ferguson, one of the bravest and most zealous among the friends of liberty. It was said of her that she "appeared to consecrate every thought and every hour of existence to the interest of America."

She received under her hospitable roof the sick and wounded, and gave them her personal attention and sympathy; she divided of her substance among those who needed aid; she was the advocate and friend of such as were unjustly persecuted. The prisoners she visited at regular intervals received hope and strength from her presence, and were beguiled into forgetfulness of their sufferings by her conversation. To the afflicted she was indeed an angel of blessing; and even the enemies of her country were influenced by the remarkable power of fascination she possessed, which few, even the most harsh and unbending, could resist. This was acknowledged in the most satisfactory way—the granting of privileges and favors by many British officers. What she would not have condescended to ask for herself, she solicited for the benefit of her countrymen.


HUMMING-BIRDS.—SEE PAGE 563.

Major Garden says: "I do not know an officer who did not owe to her some essential increase of comfort."

Yet her efforts in the cause of justice and clemency were not always successful. She is said to have drawn up the petition addressed to Lord Rawdon, and signed by the ladies of Charleston, in behalf of the gallant and unfortunate Colonel Isaac Hayne. The following anecdote of Mrs. Elliott has been mentioned:

A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE CENTRE OF THE EQUATOR.—"BY THIS TIME THE SNAKE SUCCEEDED IN ENVELOPING THE TAPIR IN ITS SINEWY FOLDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

An officer of the royal army, noted for his cruelty and relentless persecution of those opposed to his political views, was one day walking with her in a garden where was a great variety of flowers.

"What is this, madame?" he asked, pointing to the chamomile.

"The rebel flower," she replied.

"And why is it called the rebel flower?" asked the officer.

"Because," answered Mrs. Elliott, "it always flourishes most when trampled upon."

One day an officer, in the house of Mrs. Elliott, in Charleston, pointed out to her a young French officer of the legion of Pulaski, passing by.

"There, Mrs. Elliott," he cried, "is one of your illustrious allies! He has a fine form and martial appearance. What a pity the hero is minus his *sword!*"

She answered promptly, and with spirit:

"Had two thousand such men been here to aid in the defense of our city, I should not at this moment, sir, have been subjected to the insolence of your observation."

Her impulsive and feeling nature is shown by another anecdote. When her father was arrested and put on board a transport ship to be sent into exile, Mrs. Elliott, who had received the intelligence in the country, hastened to Charleston and solicited permission to bid him farewell. Her request was granted. She went on board the vessel in which he was a prisoner, but had scarcely entered the cabin, when, oppressed with grief, she fainted, and was laid upon a couch. The captain, in alarm, recommended a variety of remedies, and at last said:

"A cordial would revive her; we have some fine French liqueur."

On hearing this, Mrs. Elliott sprang from her couch in sudden excitement.

"The French!" she exclaimed; "who speaks of the French? God bless the nation!"

Then turning to her father, she strove by her touching eloquence to sustain him under his misfortunes, and inspire him with hope for the future. "Let not oppression shake your fortitude," she said, "nor the hope of gentler treatment cause you for a moment to swerve from strict duty. Better times are in store for us; the bravery of the Americans and the friendly aid of France will yet achieve the deliverance of our country from oppression. We shall meet again, my father, and meet with joy."

THE SECRET CRIME.

Chapter I.

WHO would have thought it of Mr. Danforth? so punctual at church, so exemplary a man!"—the world in general took up the cry—"to think of his disappearing with some fifty thousand dollars! Who can be trusted, if Mr. Danforth could not? What could have led to such a fall?"

In her chamber, the deserted wife sat and wept, with her worse than orphaned little daughter at her knee, her heart bowed like a reed before the agony of the shock. What should they do? how should she get bread for her little ones?

She had never been strong, and her grief bore heavily upon her fragile frame, bringing on a second attack of the long, slow fever, from which she had just recovered. Life held but little for her now. It is not to be wondered at that she should begin to feel its pulses day by day run lower without murmur; but one thought pressed upon her—her child—what would become of her?

It was just before her decease, a few days only intervening, that this question was settled by the appearance of Mrs. Hawley, the wife of the gentleman who had been her husband's late partner.

The sick woman was too low to feel much agitated at the unexpected visit, though a painful blush did stain her hollow cheek as she murmured a few words of welcome, while the lady took the vacant chair at her bedside.

This was their first meeting since the discovery of Mr. Danforth's disappearance.

Mrs. Hawley was the first to break the pause: glancing at the little three years old girl, who was taking a quiet nap on the cushions of the lounge opposite her mother's bed, she said:

"You have a beautiful child, Mrs. Danforth."

The visitor's voice was moved; the picture of sickness and death made her silent to those commonplaces which come up naturally in most sick chambers.

Mrs. Danforth sighed as her eyes followed to the picture—the full, round face, rosy in sleep, the bright masses of brown hair, the red, smiling mouth, and daintily molded features.

"My poor little Constance," she murmured, half aloud, "it is a great trial to me, Mrs. Hawley, to leave her to the coldness of strangers."

"Let me take her," said the lady, her features warming, "if you should not recover."

"You! What would Mr. Hawley say?"

The sick woman half raised herself on her elbow—a feverish glow shot over her face.

"It was at his desire, Mrs. Danforth, that I came here today; my errand indeed was at his suggestion."

How very kind! How noble! Why was it that Mrs. Danforth's heart froze with a sudden chill at the generous offer? that the fresh words of denial started involuntarily to her lips? She forced them back. Why should she dislike the man because her husband had wronged him? Tears started to her eyes.

"This is too kind of you, Mrs. Hawley!" she exclaimed.

"No, Mrs. Danforth; I have no little one of my own, as you know, to divide my care. You need not fear but that I will prove a kind friend to her."

The woman of fashion spoke for once with sincerity; however coldly she had come, at her husband's command, upon her errand, her heart was touched by the scene before her; the pallid face on the pillows appealed to the sympathies which lay somewhere hidden in it.

This was not just the teacher Mary Danforth would have chosen for her little Constance; she had a vague idea of it, but she let the thought go.

"I thank you," she said, reaching for the warm hand which, glistening with rings, lay over the arm of the chair; "God will reward you for your charity."

"I do not need thanks," said Mrs. Hawley, rising and drawing her furs around her. "We will consider, then, that the subject is settled. I shall come to see you again—perhaps to-morrow."

She bent over her, touched her lips with a gentle pressure to her forehead, threw a thoughtful glance at the sleeping child, and glided noiselessly out.

A great load should have been lifted from Mrs. Danforth's heart; but, strange to say, it remained with an increased pressure.

She thought of her child's father, as her hot tears wet her pillow; her cruelly deserting husband—how could he abandon his feeble wife and helpless child, and quit them without a word? She thought of the unusual fervency of his kiss at their last parting; the still Autumn night, the roses outside the window, the heavy thoughts which seemed to hang upon the hearts of both; and how she had passed to the window to catch the last glimpse of his tall figure as he disappeared down the winding street. Not one jarring word had passed between them in the four years of their wedded life. Oh, how could he leave her thus?

Nearly a week passed before Mrs. Hawley repeated her call; and then it was at an earnest summons, which brought her husband with her to the sick-chamber.

Mr. Hawley came unwillingly—perhaps it was natural, under the circumstances; but no denial could be framed to the earnest prayer for his presence.

Mrs. Danforth lay dying; a strange light beamed from her eyes; her voice came with a harsh distinctness as she greeted them.

"I have one more favor to ask of you, sir," she said, addressing Mr. Hawley, while she feebly pressed his wife's hand.

Mrs. Hawley, by a womanly instinct, had approached closer to her pillow.

"You have promised to adopt my child—let her bear your name, and be brought up to regard you both as her real parents."

Mr. Hawley hesitated, He had grown very pale since he had stepped over the threshold. His emotion, in the eyes of the old nurse standing by, did honor to his feelings.

"It is hard for me to frame such a wish," replied Mrs.

Danforth; but I do not want my child's first years clouded by a knowledge of her orphan condition. When she comes of age, or marries, if she lives to attain womanhood, let her know the whole story, but not earlier."

Mrs. Hawley looked at her husband—she had no objections to offer.

"We will do as you ask," said Mr. Hawley, still preserving his strange distance from the deathbed, which an invisible hand seemed to hold him from approaching.

"She is so young," resumed Mrs. Danforth, a glow of satisfaction breaking rapidly over her whitening face, "she will soon forget. God bless and prosper you both for your kindness to me."

What dark picture was it which, swinging suddenly out of the past, made the blessing sound upon the ear of one of the listeners like the hollow murmur of a curse?

"If Edward comes," muttered the dying woman, turning her eyes, with their fast-failing sight, toward the friend who still grasped her hand, "tell him I left him my love."

There was a little pause, a faintly drawn breath, too gentle for a sigh; the eyes closed as if under the soft pressure of invisible fingers.

"She is gone!" said the nurse, stooping over the pillow. "How easy she passed away—like an infant! But, ma'am, what an expression! How beautiful!"

Mr. Hawley turned involuntarily toward the bed from which his eyes had been averted; an angelic beauty seemed to rest over the dead face, an expression of joy as if some sudden discovery had dawned upon the departing spirit.

What had she seen?

He felt faint, and staggered down into a chair by the window. The nurse came round and threw open the sash; a few cold snow-flakes drifted in, for a Winter storm raged outside. Mrs. Hawley turned from the bed with wet eyes.

"Where is the child?" she asked. "We will take it away with us."

"Downstairs, ma'am; Mrs. Danforth sent her out of the room this morning."

"I will go down. Come, John, you will feel better out in the air.

She had hardly looked at her husband—the words seemed to come out mechanically at sight of his paleness, her own frame shivered from head to foot. It was natural—death was new to her.

She put her hand upon his arm with a gesture for support as they went downstairs.

The little girl was playing on the parlor carpet by herself, her doll hugged in her little arms, her cheeks red with the freshest of roses, her blue eyes beaming wonder on the gentleman and lady who stopped on the threshold.

"Come, Conie," said Mrs. Hawley, holding out her hand, "you are going home with me. Can you tell me where I can find your hood and cloak?"

"Up in mamma's closet," said the little one, starting up at the strange face, and plainly not making up her mind to be attracted. "Does mamma know?"

"Yes; and you may take dolly, too; it will be a nice ride. Do you see how the pretty flakes are falling out of doors?"

The child sprang up eagerly, won by the promised pleasure.

Mrs. Hawley turned to a woman who stepped out of the opposite room at the moment, in the act of descending the stairs, and addressed to her some request. She went up, and came back in a few moments with the hood and cloak.

Constance allowed herself to be wrapped in them, and held out one of her hands with a shy smile to Mrs. Hawley as her new friend took the other.

The gentleman drew back without appearing to notice it, and hurried out to loosen his horse from the post, at which he stood stamping impatiently in the frozen ice and snow.

"I forgot to bid mamma good-by," said the little one, struggling in Mrs. Hawley's lap as Mr. Hawley gathered up the reins.

"It is just as well," said her new mother, gently. "When I came out your mamma was asleep."

Chapter II.

What vision was it which sent over the face of the dying woman that glow of ineffable joy? Did the cruelly deserting, the criminal husband, for whom her tears had flown so bitterly, meet her on the threshold of that new life as true as when they parted with such heavy forebodings on that Autumn eve, three months before?

Hawley believed so; no wonder that his brain—strong man as he was—should stagger under the pressure of such a scene; he alone knew that the reputed "fraudulent absentee" lay in a bloody grave, in the cellar under his own counting-room.

It was a terrible secret to carry about in a guilty bosom! No wonder that the last few weeks had seen his brown locks begin to thread with silver, and new lines graven on his still youthful brow.

He had excuses to offer to himself, efficient and strong as any man can well have who on the spur of the moment lifts a murderous hand against his brother. Hawley had unhappily conceived an attachment to and married out of his own sphere of life a gay, extravagant girl, a distant relative of a rich family, in which she had been adopted to fill the place of a daughter.

Her friends had opposed the match, but the mutual affection of the lovers persevered; and when Hawley received the offer of a partnership in a promising firm, no further objections could be offered.

Here his first step was a most unwise one; he purchased and fitted up an elegant establishment, which swallowed up the whole of the bride's portion, and, besides, drew heavily on his own credit.

A round of costly entertainments followed; the young wife was wholly ignorant of the extent of her husband's resources; she was even unaware of the fact that he had had no money of his own to bring into the newly-settled firm, but had been received by his partner solely on account of his acknowledged business capacity.

She had brought him a dower which Hawley, in his understanding of women, well knew that it looked larger in her eyes than its nominal value; and he shrank from the mortifying explanation, which might be received in a passion of tears, and lead in the end to recriminations and dislikes.

He weakly chose rather to take advantage of his partner's confidence by a series of false entries in his ledger, trusting to Mr. Danforth's general carelessness in business matters to escape detection, and was favored in this scheme by a prolonged and unavoidable absence of his head clerk. Perhaps he overrated his partner's carelessness or his trust in himself, one or the two; for Mr. Danforth, one day at the close of their labors, desired him to give him a few moments privately in their counting-room. His heart failed him at the sudden request, but his quick, upward glance could detect no unusual emotion on his partner's smooth face.

No one had heard the appointment, for they were alone. He went out, moodily, unable in his excitement to trace his steps fowards his home, where his wife was waiting his appearance.

It was a lonely walk, down by the wharves, that Hawley took; and as he looked off on the smooth sheet of water, he thought what a chill shroud it would make. It was long past the hour fixed for their meeting when he came back, and touching the door, which yielded freely to his hand, he, guided by the light which glimmered across the floor, stepped over to the little room which he had never crossed before with such a beating heart.

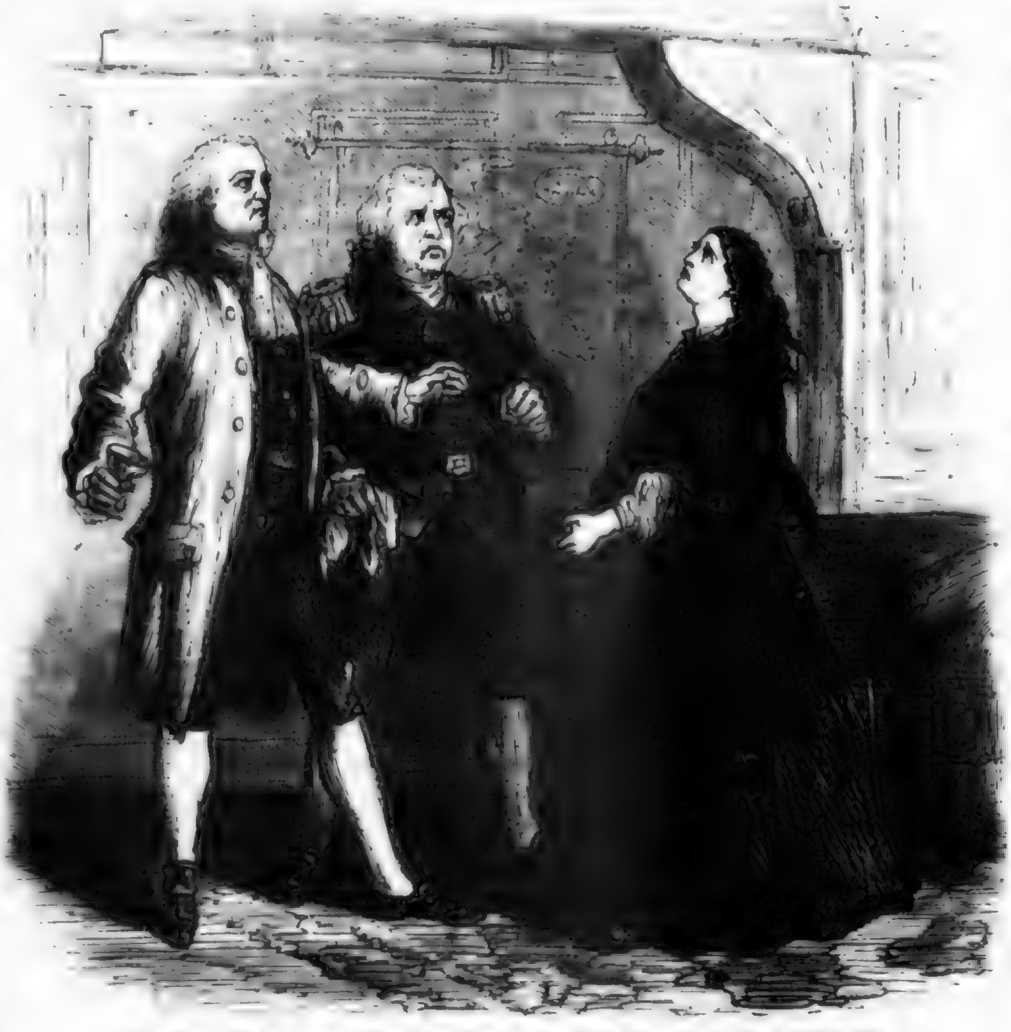
His partner and friend—in whom his first glance now detected an enemy—sat at the desk, the ledger lying open before him; his eyes turned expectantly to the door.

Both were men of high passions, and a stormy interview naturally came about. Hawley was reckless with the certainty of his ruin, and in an uncontrolled moment, stung by some bitter taunt of ingratitude, whose point lay in its truth, aimed a blow at the excited man before him, which fell with stunning weight upon his temples.

He fell forward upon the desk before which he still stood, extinguishing the light, which on going out left all the room in darkness.

Hawley never remembered how he came out of the stupor which followed that awful moment; his first insane thought was to rush out and call a policeman; his second, that it was possible his victim was only stunned. His last thought led him to rekindle the light, and then after an examination of the lifeless body, he sat down to consider.

He thought of his young wife, of his own blighted character, and all that must follow if his crime should come to light; by-and-by it nerved him to concealment, and he set himself with many a shudder to the execution of his bitter task.



A SOUTHERN HEROINE.—ANNA ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 565.

There was more to follow; a plausible story must be framed of his victim's disappearance, and by-and-by a false account given of his stock in the partnership. In all this, as we have seen, he had succeeded—succeeded beyond his hopes. Not a suspicion of the truth crossed the mind of the murdered man's widow; she accepted the story, and even received in silence the announcement, which of course must follow the circumstances, that nothing was due her from her husband's part of the funds invested in the firm.

Hawley had managed this with his usual adroitness; he had discovered first that she knew actually nothing of her late husband's business matters, and if he had made assertions to others as to the amount of property in the partnership, of what worth was the word of a felon, where no one felt interested to search out the case?

"I cannot do otherwise," he said to his own conscience, "to escape suspicion. But I will be a kind friend to the poor woman; she and her orphan child shall want for nothing; I will give them freely out of their own."

How did he know that his own strong life might not be cut off in the very first hour of this public restitution?

Mrs. Danforth was dying; it was well for the poor heart-broken wife; but friends asked, with murmurs of pity, what would become of her little orphan child? A hard struggle followed in Mr. Hawley's mind; but it was over at length—he would accept this opportunity of restitution which a benignant Providence seemed to have placed in his way—he would adopt the child, win over his wife to his purpose, and she should hold the same place in his home and kindness as if she had been his own. This last plan, the first sight of her innocent face showed him it would be out of his power to fulfill; the living likeness of her dead father to his eyes, sight and contact thrilled him with a vague repulsion which he was powerless to resist.

"Heaven would not accept this kind of atonement," he thought, "but at least she shall find in me a kind friend."

What peace does that man ever know who bears in secret the red brand of Cain, though outward honors, the hollow homage of the world, and troops of friends surround him?

From the day of his partner's disappearance, a great change came over Mr. Hawley. The frank smile quitted his lips, his clear blue eyes shunned those of his fellow-men, and carried in their depths doubt and suspicion; even in his own home he forgot to lay aside his cold exterior, and his wife felt that a barrier, against which all her patience and tenderness were powerless, had suddenly come between them.

"I had no idea Marion had married so well," said an intimate friend of the young wife's family in conversation with her adopted mother. "I had supposed Mr. Hawley was a struggling young man of small means."

"Oh, no!" said the gratified parent. "Marion was always our own child by affection, and we should never have allowed her to marry beneath her station. Mr. Hawley is a man of fine business talents, as well as some property, and promises already to become one of our merchant princes."

The prophecy proved true; everything which the young merchant's hand touched seemed to prosper. Fortune showered her rich gifts upon him with a liberal hand. Ten years from the date of his marriage-day he occupied a palatial mansion, and Mrs. Hawley filled with grace and ease her place in the highest circles of fashionable life.

Not one child of the first three born to them in the first years of their union lived to bless their marriage; but the mother's heart, at least, gave to the adopted daughter, who knew them only as her real parents, a wealth of affection little short of what she would have bestowed on her own. True, she had nothing besides to love; her husband, in the first short year of their marriage, had grown strangely cold and indifferent, and she was one of those whose affections are too warm to be absorbed wholly in fashion and admiration. She had a vague idea, deep hidden in her own heart, that this little child, whom she had so solemnly taken at her mother's death-bed, had more than once saved her, like some interposing angel, from that dark path into which so many thoughtless and unguarded women turn.

CHAPTER III.

"MAMMA, Mr. Herkimer wishes to see papa this evening."

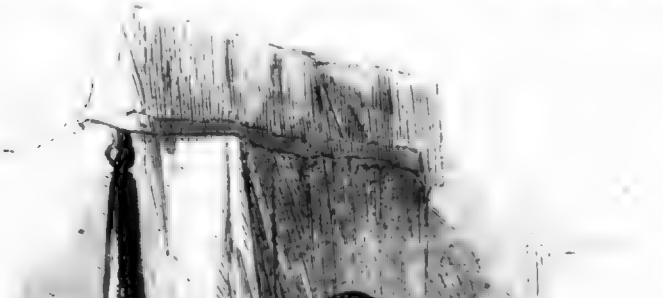
They were in Mrs. Hawley's dressing-room, when Constance, with many blushes, had whispered her first girlish secret, and now clung with fond arms around the neck of the kind friend who bent upon her such loving and thoughtful glances.

"I hoped to have kept you with me longer, my dear," said Mrs. Hawley, speaking in a voice of some emotion. "This is new to me, too. Are you sure, my child, that this fancy is not a little sudden on your part?"

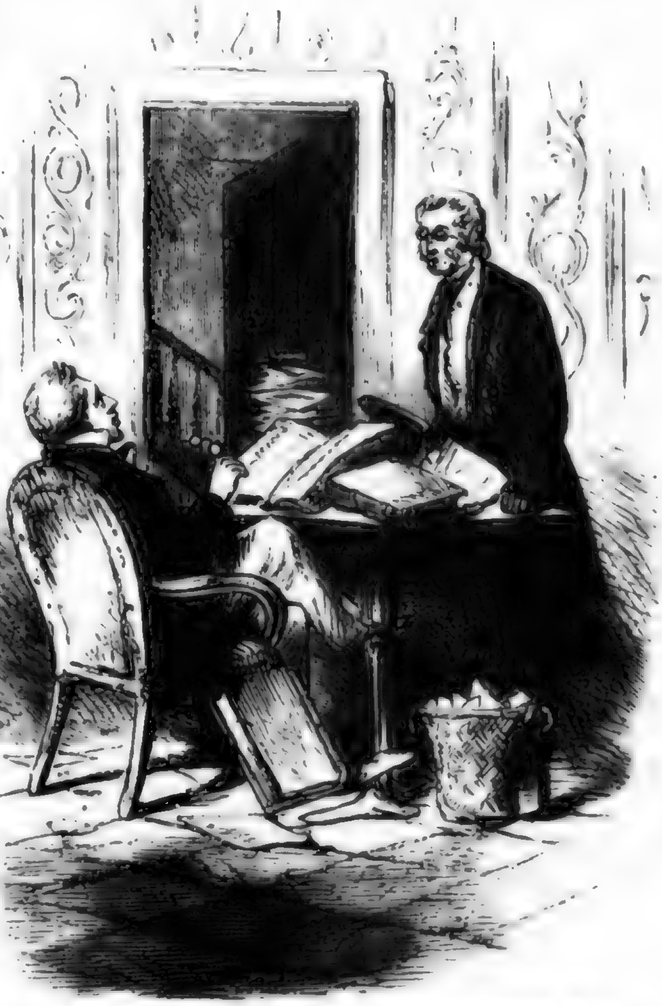
Constance hung her head. "I only know, mamma, that I prefer him to all the rest of the world."

Mrs. Hawley sighed. Perhaps she thought of her own love-match, which had turned out to be very little of a love-match after all.

"I suppose Mr. Herkimer to be a gentleman of good prospects," she said, gravely, after a pause. "He is well received in society. No doubt he has opened to you his circumstances?"



THE SECRET CRIME.—IN HER CHAMBER THE DESERTED WIFE AND DAUGHTER WEPT.—SEE PAGE 566.



THE SECRET CRIME.—THE FATAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PARTNERS.—SEE PAGE 566.

"No," said Constance, softly, "he will talk with papa."

Mrs. Hawley sighed again, this time with a fresh recollection. The story of Constance's birth must be told on the eve of her marriage—would it diminish anything of her love for herself?

It was a selfish question, but it came up naturally enough.

"She is only eighteen," she mused; "I might have hoped to have kept her with me a year or two longer; but if the young man is deserving, I must not wish to cross her happiness."

The bell rang for visitors; Constance broke away from her mother's embrace, and the servant came up presently to summon the lady to the drawing-room. The visitors proved to be family connections, whose stay was prolonged through the day, and she had no opportunity to obtain a few moments' conversation with her husband.

It might prove twice as well, she thought—the lover might introduce the subject more skillfully than herself, and she much doubted if his errand would prove as unwelcome to Mr. Hawley as its announcement had to her.

As Mr. Hawley had never evinced much fondness for his adopted daughter, even in her pretty childhood, it was not to be expected that he would feel any very strong regrets at this mutual parting.

The bell rang; Mr. Hawley was told that a gentleman begged a few moments' conference with him; the gentleman's card was handed to him, and he got up to go into his library.

Constance was at the piano in the midst of a difficult piece of music. She played on resolutely, but the chords ceased to send out any harmony. Her mother bent over her, and turned to a lively Scotch song; both recalled the incident afterward, trifling as it seemed.

"Try this, my love," she said, in a voice designed to cover the young girl's agitation. "You have struck a false note, and that deep Italian melody sounds like a dirge."

A tall, handsome young man rose up from his chair opposite the glowing fire as Mr. Hawley stepped into the library.

The first look made him pause upon the threshold with a painful start. Recovering from that, he came forward, and greeted his visitor with a formal bow. What a fool he was to catch in every new face a likeness to poor Danforth!

"Your name, sir, I think, is Mr. Herkimer?" he said, politely consulting his card.

Mr. Herkimer bowed. "I am a stranger to you, sir," he said, stammering, "but I can furnish you with the best possible references of character. I have begged this interview on an important errand. I come to lay before you my proposal for the hand of your daughter, Miss Constance."

Now that he had come to the purpose of his mission, his voice lost its confusion and sounded clear and musically distinct.

Hawley shook with a quick, nervous shudder; where had he heard those tones before? Certainly the man seated before him bore a terrible likeness, in face, voice, and bearing, to Edward Danforth. He controlled the nervous emotion, and leaned his head upon his hand, "Constance is young," he said—"too youngfor such thoughts at present."

"Time flies," said the young man with a scarcely perceptible smile, "to you, sir, immersed in your business cares, more unconsciously than to us."

"You have her approval of your suit?" asked her father, absently; "perhaps you are already engaged?"

"I spoke with her yesterday, sir," said the young man, flushing; "I came here with her permission."

"Had the matter gone so far?" Mr. Hawley felt as if he had little to add.

"You have not spoken of your prospects, Mr. Herkimer," he said, for the first time directly facing his visitor. "Constance, as you are supposed to know, will not be portionless, and I cannot consent to her marrying short of a fortune."

The young man's eyes fell. "I am not rich, sir; I fear not sufficiently to meet your expectations; I have some property which was left to me by my mother on condition of my assuming her maiden name, and besides my father has a good property invested in some mines, to which I may expect to be heir, but nothing to equal the wealth of a millionaire."

"You have a profession, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, that of the law."

"What is your father's name, permit me to ask?"

"William Danforth, sir."

"It was well that Mr. Herkimer's eyes were cast down, or he might have been startled by the sudden paleness which mantled his host's face, leaving him for a moment ghastly white.

"I cannot consent to your marriage with Constance," he said rising, and speaking in a changed voice; "I am sensible of the honor you seek to do us in this connection, but I must desire all further steps to be cut short. If you please, we will consider the matter ended."

"But the young lady?" said Mr. Herkimer, aghast at the unexpected conclusion.

"Pooh! she will soon get over her fancy, and you, young gentleman, will do the same. I have company waiting in the drawing-room. Will you join us?"

Herkimer declined the invitation, which seemed put in mockery, and rose to go.

He heard Constance's clear voice at the piano as he stepped out into the hall. A bitter sigh rose up with a choking sensation in his throat. Poor Constance, how little she dreamed of the blow about to fall on her.

He stepped out into the fast falling snow of a Winter night. His heart was heavy, oppressed with a numbing pain; an hour ago he had exulted in his new happiness as he breasted the storm—now!

He found his father at his hotel; he had arrived in town the day before, and had been trusted with his son's confidence. The latter's depressed appearance revealed at first sight the secret of his refusal. Mr. Danforth, listened with sympathetic attention to the particulars; if his pride was wounded at the cavalier treatment his son had received, he had the prudence to keep down the feeling.

"We will not give the matter up at once, my boy," he said, cheerfully. "I will see Mr. Hawley myself to-morrow; you did not state your position plainly enough; you should have come out with the facts, when he invited the relation of your circumstances; an income of a thousand a year, with a profession promising to be lucrative by-and-by, are no trifles; and I should not mind settling the heirship of the mines upon you to help to bring about the marriage. Cheer up, Edward; I see no reason for desponding. The old gentleman at first sight has taken you for an adventurer."

The young man smiled, a little sorrowfully.

"You do not know, sir, you did not hear him speak. Constance will never marry against her father's wishes, neither ought I to ask her."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. DANFORTH did call upon Mr. Hawley on the morrow, a most painful and unlooked-for meeting to one at least. Mr. Hawley was in his counting-room immersed in business when the gentleman walked into his office. The pen he held had slipped from his fingers, leaving a long dark stain on the paper before him, and his change of color was too sudden to escape observation.

"We have certainly met before," said Mr. Danforth, grasping his unwilling hand. "Why, bless me! Mr. Hawley, my poor brother Edward's partner! I never thought of greeting in you an old friend, though I remembered the name."

He stopped; the associations suddenly called up were not of the most agreeable character.

"Take a chair, Danforth," said Hawley, recovering himself. "May I ask your errand this morning? You see I am surrounded with business."

His manner was cold; Danforth took the designated seat in silence. He had thought to find his task an easy one; but this recognition sent a singular chill over his spirits. The aged and changed appearance of the man before him struck him disagreeably.

"I called on my son's business," he began abruptly. "Edward saw you last night. From what I gathered from him, he seems to have blundered in his explanation."

"I gave him his answer," said Mr. Hawley, rustling the papers beneath his hand uneasily; "it is not my wish that Constance should think of marriage at present; she is still young."

"Edward," observed his father, "misunderstood you; he supposed the objection to arise on the score of property."

"That was also considered," observed Mr. Hawley, coldly; "Constance has too large a fortune in prospective, not to lay her suitors open to the suspicion of being adventurers—unless their own income were too ample to admit of such a doubt.

"Edward will have a good estate at my decease," said Mr. Danforth; "at present he has a thousand a year and a profession."

"Next to nothing, sir," suggested his companion, "when needed to support a wife brought up with Constance's expensive habits. A thousand a year would not fill her jewel-case."

"We were both young once," said Mr. Danforth, smiling; "you yourself married into a wealthy family while yet a comparatively poor man. I venture to believe that Mrs. Hawley never regretted her choice. Edward has entered upon a lucrative profession; why should he not be as fortunate?"

The same waxen paleness that had shot over Hawley's face at the entrance of his visitor mantled it again. "I do not know," he said, sharply, "but I am little accustomed to leave anything to chance."

"In a word, then, you have really set your heart against the match?"

"I am sorry to say so, sir; sorry to decline the honor."

Mr. Danforth rose; the reply was too pointed to admit of further negotiation.

"I am sorry for both the young people," he said. "I confess, Mr. Hawley, I cannot see the reasonableness of this resolution."

"You look only on your own side of the matter," said the gentleman, blandly. "If I had other daughters to dispose of in marriage, I might be more lenient."

"How Hawley has changed!" thought Mr. Danforth, as he went out; "I did not seem to breathe freely in his presence. Well, my errand was indeed hopeless; poor Edward! I must take him away from here. I wonder if my brother's wife is still living; strange that none of my letters to her have received an answer; I may as well go to C——— at once; the change will be a slight difference to Edward. How the sight of Hawley brought up those old, old days—my poor brother! Who would have thought such a thing of him!—he was always so honest, so true in the smallest things. I wonder if he is living still, traveling the hard path of crime; it must have been a frightful temptation to throw him from his course. Poor, poor Edward! it all seems like a dream. How can a man be so blind as to dash out all his prospects in life by one throw?"

Mr. Danforth's kind plan on his son's part was defeated by that young gentleman's engagement in a lawsuit just coming on, and he found himself obliged to take up his projected journey alone.

It was but a short journey to C———, some forty miles, the whole distance being traversed by railway—a very great change from the days of his youth, when the slow stagecoach had rattled on day after day over the turnpike roads.

Everything wore a changed aspect as he got out at the station; new buildings met his eyes; the new wall of a towering steam factory, with its long smoke-chimney; crowds of strange faces; but the last he was prepared for.

It seemed like a dream, that this far-off boyhood and the first eventful years of his manhood had been passed in this then quiet spot.

The short Winter day was near its close, and he proceeded at once to the nearest hotel, which proved to be only a few yards distant from the station. Somewhat to his surprise, and much to his satisfaction, he recalled an old friend in the landlord's ruddy face, and saw at once that the objects of his visit might be speedily fulfilled.

Mr. Scranton failed to recognize him until he had made his self-introduction, and then his greeting was cordial and hearty.

"Where have you been all these long years, sir?" he inquired. "I thought you were dead long ago!"

"Seeking my fortune for the last ten years."

"And prospered, I suppose? come back a rich man?"

"A tolerable competence," returned Danforth, modestly; "money never kept very long in my hands, as you know. I was quite unlike poor Edward; but that brings me to the object of my coming here, to make some inquiries for his wife and family, if he has any."

"His wife—bless me! Don't you know she has been dead these dozen years? She didn't live six months after he ran off—excuse me—his little daughter found a good home with his partner, Mr. Hawley. A strange freak that!"

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed Mr. Danforth, in his turn astonished. "Can Constance, then, be my brother's child? I remember that was her mother's name, and Edward wrote that he had given it to his baby!"

"They have no other child, I believe," said the landlord, rather curiously. "I heard from them a year ago through one of our town's people. He went into Mr. Hawley's office, but the gentleman could not remember him. They are at the top of fortune—the Hawleys—and vain of their good luck, too."

"It is very singular," said Mr. Danforth, aloud, "this adoption. What were the circumstances in which Mary was left the time of her husband's disappearance?"

"Utter poverty, I believe. There was nothing coming to her from the firm, of course."

"What could have led poor Edward into such a step? a gambling affair? anything of that sort?"

"I never heard anything of that kind. Something was said about his getting involved, but nobody knew where the story came from."

"A bad affair," said Danforth, sighing. "Edward was the last man I should have picked out of the world to fall into ruin; there never was a better brother or friend."

A call came for the landlord; Scranton went out, and Danforth drew his chair up to the fire, and fell into a fit of meditation. Slowly out of the glowing coals before him a singular picture began to shape itself—a long procession, at the end of which stood a gallows, on the scaffold the outline of a man kneeling, with his face covered in his hands. The profile was distinct; it bore a singular likeness to some one he had seen but the day before.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I may as well go to my chamber and try to sleep off this hallucination. I feel as though just escaping from the grasp of a nightmare."

But sleep was not to be wooed for his pillow that night; his thoughts rested intently on the discovery of the evening—Constance's adoption, coupled with the singular agitation of his brother's former partner. He rose in the morning unrefreshed, and thought he would take a short walk before breakfast, after which he decided to leave in the noon train.

New streets had been built—a broad piece of waste land turned into a green square, fenced by a neat iron railing, and bordered by fast-growing elms; the house where his own short, unquiet days of married life had passed still stood, the old evergreens shading the entrance, the snow lying thick over what had been the garden; it struck him as the only place left unchanged by the wear of twenty years.

Several workmen were busy with their spades in enlarging a cellar for some new building, as he retraced his steps by an opposite way to that from which he had come. Just as he neared them, one of the number dropped his pickax, with a loud exclamation, and the others stood as if transfixed.

"A skeleton, Marks, and no mistake! There's been some foul work here!"

Danforth stepped up and looked over. It was the head of a skeleton, which the removal of the brown mold had uncovered.

"What building stood here?" he asked, breathlessly.

"An office, sir. It has just been torn down."

CHAPTER V.

MR. HERKIMER sat in his office reading over his brief for the morrow. The old cheerful look of a mind at peace with its surroundings and happy in itself had quite gone out of the young man's face, leaving in its stead the painful lines of suffering and a gloom which might not soon pass away.

At his elbow, thrust away under a heap of lawyer-like parchments, lay a daintily-written note, which bore Mrs. Hawley's signature. Constance had received his letter, but it was the last which must pass between them; her husband had given his orders to that effect, and she felt sure that Mr. Herkimer would respect their mutual wishes, and see that the matter was at an end.

It was very cruel, he felt so with his whole heart; they loved each other, and there was no real obstacle of a grain's weight to come between them.

The law is a slow profession—save in the rarest cases—but Herkimer had never realized the fact until this night.

A rap came at his door, a late visitor, and he got up, but not in time to give admission to his father.

"Why, father!" he exclaimed, arrested by his pallid appearance, "what has happened? Are you ill? You have just come from C——— ?"

"I have just left the station," said Mr. Danforth, trying to speak in his natural tone, but his voice had the brokenness of agitation. "I have made a most terrible discovery; it relates to Hawley."

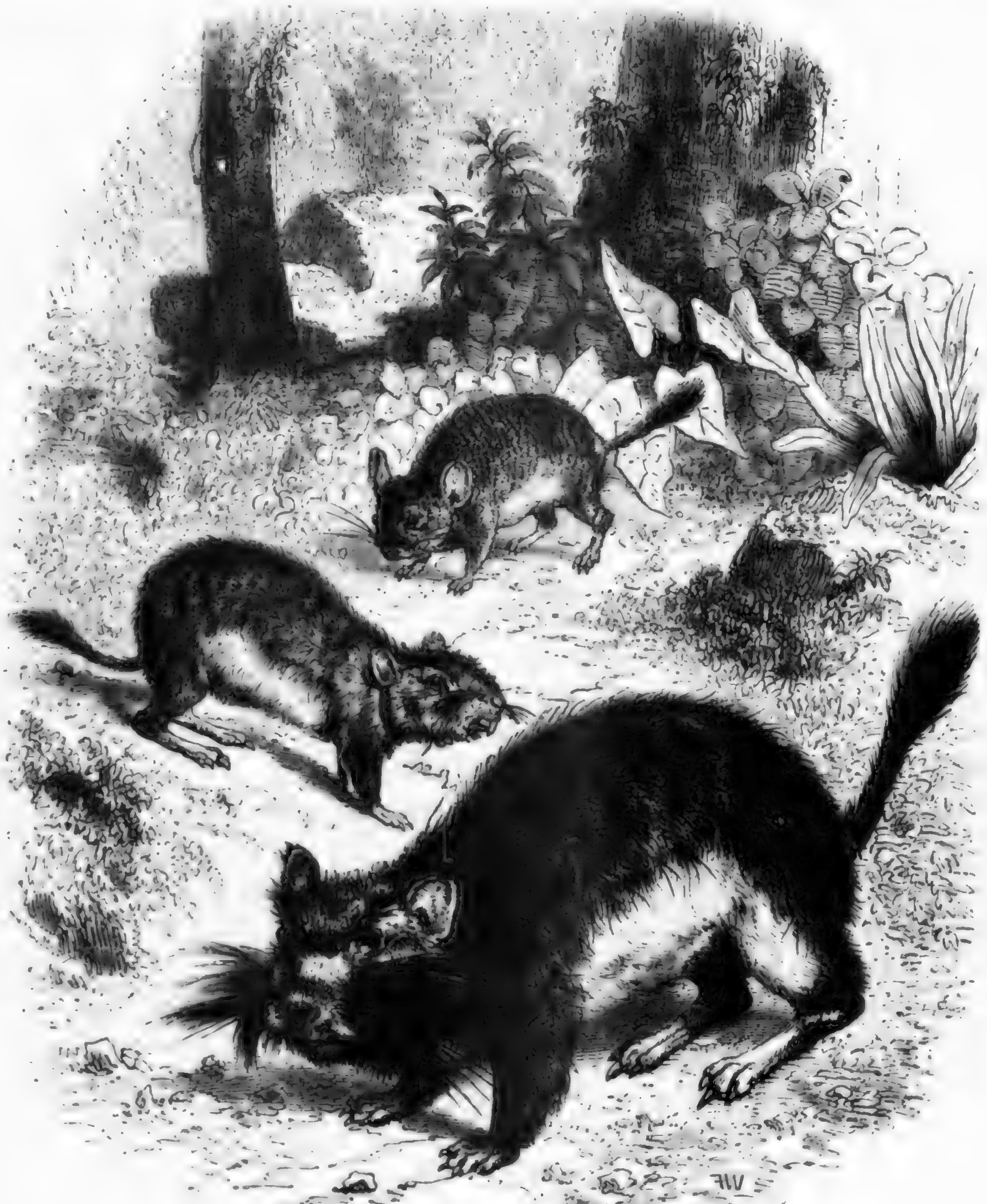
Herkimer dropped the brief he had held in his hand, and looked earnestly at his father.

"I have told you of your uncle's disappearance; of the fraud he was said to have perpetrated—it turns out that he was murdered!"

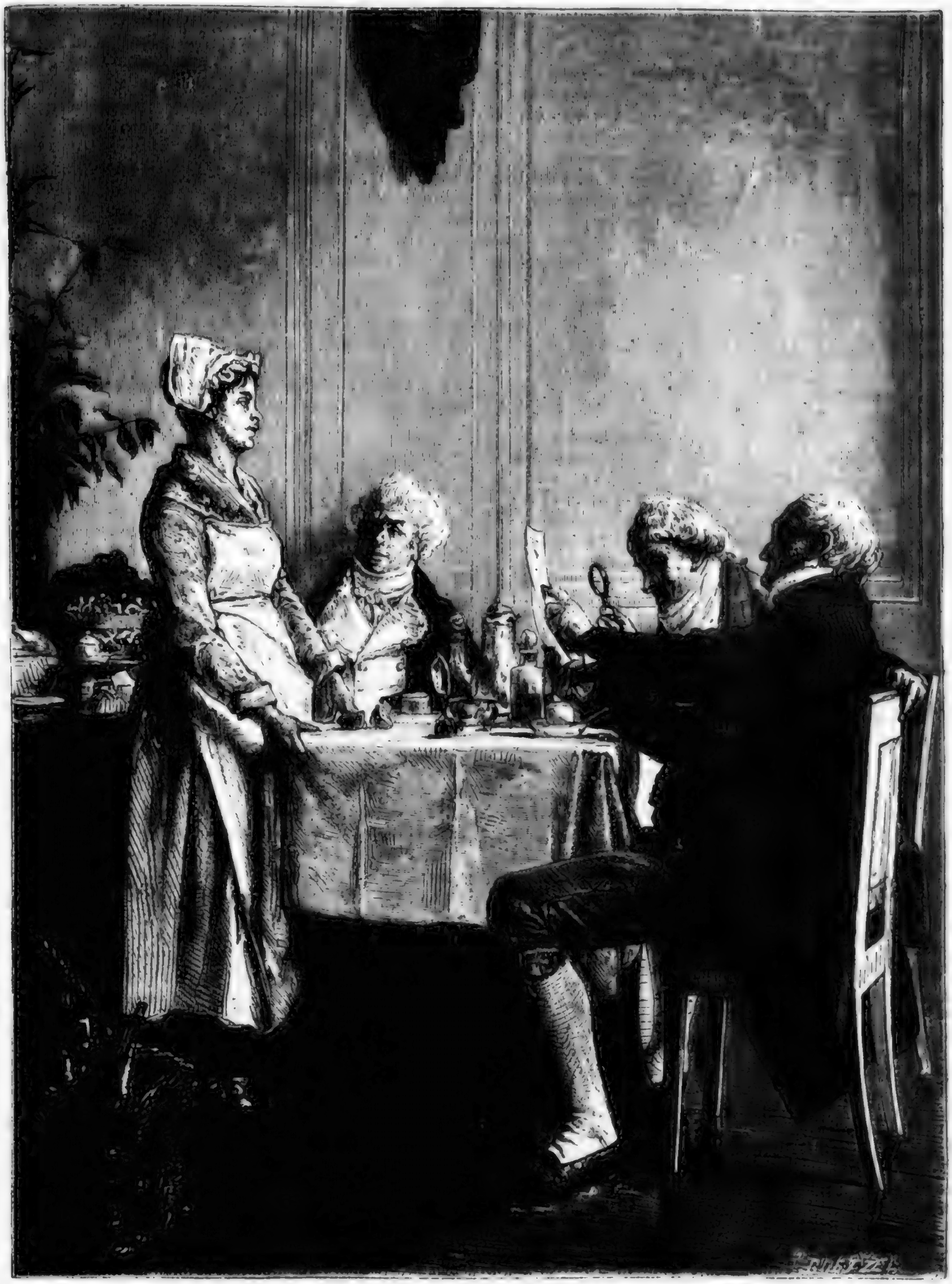
The young man turned white, and sat down, leaning his face upon his hand.

His father took the chair opposite, and went on, in a lower voice:

"In my visit to Mr. Hawley I recognized him at first



THE CHINCHILLA.—SEE PAGE 574.



THE BILL OF FARE.

sight as my brother's former partner; his agitation on seeing me was singular and unaccountable."

He paused.

"On my visit to C——, I learned that this young lady to whom you have been paying your attentions is only his daughter by adoption, and her real name Constance Danforth."

At any other time this announcement would have excited extreme surprise, but now the young man held his breath in suspense for the terrible finale which was approaching.

"This morning, in my walk through C——, I came upon some workmen enlarging a cellar in preparation for a new building; before my eyes they unearthed a skeleton. It was your uncle's former warehouse which covered this spot, the threshold of which he crossed, and, according to my belief, was never again seen in life."

"The proofs!" said Edward, huskily; "it may be the remains of some other man, and how do you know that this person was murdered?"

"The marks of violence above the temple show the manner in which he met his death. Your uncle, I discover upon investigation, at the time of his death was not a poor man, yet nothing remains to show his right to property, or the faintest proof that he had taken to vicious courses. Had I been here at the time, these discoveries would have been made in the week following his disappearance, but there was none interested save his sick wife and unconscious infant. I shall have him arrested," said Danforth, savagely; "the picture I saw in the coals last night was a supernatural vision; it shall come true!"

"No!" exclaimed his son, starting; "hear me, my dear father, for Constance's sake—God avenges the deepest wrongs in his own time; let Hawley know of your discovery, but do not visit vengeance on his innocent family on account of his guilt."

Danforth shook his head.

"What! let him go on in his prosperity after he has taken my brother's life? Edward, I never thought this of you."

"What good will it do, sir, to bring him to the bar? I have seen the man. He never premeditated that crime. It was done under the influence of passion. If we could read his heart, I believe we would see he has never known a moment's peace since. That, though, is the confession of all criminals."

Danforth sat silent.

The haggard, wretched face of the guilty man rose up before him. No wonder at its restlessness, with such a secret gnawing beneath!

"You argue well, Edward," he said, after a lengthened pause; "but where is the clearing of your uncle's good name?"

"That, sir, is of less value than the peace of the living," answered Edward.

Mr. Danforth had not yet decided, but wavered; and finally resolved that circumstances should settle his course.

Early in the morning he presented himself, now accompanied by his son, at Mr. Hawley's counting-house. The gentleman was not in, and the clerk said he was at home, seriously ill.

Thither Mr. Danforth proceeded, and pitilessly presented himself, sending in with his card a message that his business was urgent, and would admit of no delay. He was ushered into the sick-chamber, where Mr. Hawley, in bed, received him with anxiety and suspicion.

What followed in that long interview those two alone knew; but when Mrs. Hawley entered, upon the strange visitor's departure, she found her husband exhausted, and able to articulate with difficulty.

"I have revoked my decision in regard to Mr. Herkimer," he said to her in a whisper, as she still sat by his pillow an hour later; "when I recover, we shall have the marriage take place."

"When he recovered"—Mrs. Hawley soon saw that was not to be. He never rose from his sick-bed; soon his mind began to wander, and he murmured of strange things. Mrs. Hawley wept; by-and-by a new light began to dawn upon her; she sent out the nurse, and chose to take the weary watching and attendance upon herself. Even Constance was denied her share, but that might be because her presence seemed to arouse the invalid into a state of almost nervous frenzy. Then came a few moments of peace before he passed away; and then he uttered words—plain to one, but strange to the other who wept by his deathbed.

"God has led me by a hard path, but He has been merciful, very merciful at the last."

"Poor papa!" said Constance, "how I wish he would let us love him and make his life happier."

She did not dream, poor innocent child, that his one secret crime had closed his life to every avenue of happiness. A year from that sorrowful day she became Mr. Herkimer's wife, and on her marriage morning was tenderly told all that her mother had desired her to know.

"No mother could be dearer," was her fond reply, encircling the friend of her girlhood in a warm embrace; "but for mamma's desire, I should never have wished to know this. And that was why papa never loved me! Poor papa!"

It was well that the murderer's secret slept with him.

There was some curiosity expressed, when, a few months later, a white slab rose beside that which marked the grave of the deserted wife in the graveyard at C——, with the simple inscription, "Edward Danforth;" but the interest soon died away, and no one dreamed that a handful of dust and a heap of moldering bones were all which had been reverently laid in the quiet spot.

THE CHINCHILLA.

The earliest account of this valuable little animal is to be found in a translation published in London, England, in 1604, of Father Joseph Acosta's "Natural and Moral History of the East and West Indies." This interesting work was originally published in Spanish, in 1591, at Barcelona, and says:

"The chinchilla is another kind of small beast like squirrels; they have a wonderfully smooth and soft skin, which the natives wear as a healthful thing to comfort the stomach and these parts that have need of a moderate heat."

Sir John Hawkins thus mentions this curious animal: "Among others, they have little beasts like unto a squirrel, but that he is gray. His skin is the most delicate, soft, and curious fur that I have seen, and has much estimation, as is reason, in Peru. Few of them come into Spain, because difficult to be come by, for that the princes and nobles lay in wait for them. They call this beast chinchilla, and of them they have great abundance."

Molina states that it lives in burrows under ground in the open country of the northern part of Chili, and is very fond of being in company with others of its own species. It feeds upon the roots of various bulbous plants, which grow abundantly in those parts, and produces twice a year five or six young ones. It is so docile and mild in temper, that it neither bites nor tries to escape, but seems to take a pleasure in being caressed,

The length of the body of this beautiful little creature is nine inches, and the tail nearly five inches. Its proportions are close set, and its limbs rather short, the posterior being considerably longer than the anterior. The fur is long, thick, close, woolly, somewhat crisped and entangled together, grayish or ash-colored above, and paler beneath. The form of the head resembles that of the rabbit—the eyes are full, large, and black, and the ears broad, naked, rounded at the tips, and nearly as long as the head. The mustaches are plentiful and very long, the longest being twice the length of the head, some of them black, some white. The tail is about half the length of the body, and covered with long, bushy hairs.

Although an extensive trade has been long carried on in the skins of this animal, it is only lately that they have been brought alive to England, where some are now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. We are not aware that any have ever yet been seen alive in America.

MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.

The classic school, so popular in Europe in the last century, drew its inspiration from the exciting annals of Grecian and Roman history. Scenes familiar to our thoughts from boyhood, but which never lose their majestic grandeur—never become trivial—are indeed well suited to the sphere of art.

The principal scene in this illustration is from a work of the French painter, Drousis, and depicts the scene between Marius and the Cimbric soldier.

Caius Marius, a Roman general and statesman, of plebeian origin, won distinction as a soldier under the second Scipio Africanus; and, 119, B. C., was chosen tribune of the people. Other offices soon fell to the aspiring commoner, and, marrying Julia, aunt of Julius Cæsar, he obtained family influence.

While lieutenant under Metellus, in the Jugurthine war, he was elected consul, 107 B. C. He put an end to that war, defeated the Teutones and Ambrones, German tribes, at Aix, and on the 30th of July, 101, annihilated the Cimbri, at Vercelli. Though repeatedly re-elected consul, his popularity declined, and Sylla became his rival, and he was at last forced to fly from Rome.

To escape immediate pursuit, he and his company were forced to swim to two merchant galleys, the crews of which, with a spirit characteristic of sailors, refused to give them up, but afterward made them land at the mouth of the Liris. Here, while concealed in a marsh, Marius was surrounded and captured. A Cimbric soldier was ordered to dispatch him, but lost courage, so affected was he by the majesty of the old man's appearance and language, and declared that he could not kill Caius Marius.

This is the moment seized upon by the artist to produce the effective picture.

Behind it are shown two other fine classical paintings, "The Oath of the Horatii," by David, and an "Offering to Esculapius," by Guerin.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

The splendid remains of this once vast monastery are quite sufficient to show the scale of grandeur on which it was built. They have lately been restored, and promise to last as long as they have hitherto stood.

The site of this magnificent building is at the southeast angle of the city of Canterbury, in the county of Kent, famous in history for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, and in poetry by Chaucer's celebrated poem of the "Canterbury Tales."

The earliest record of St. Augustine is that it was designed by King Ethelbert as a royal cemetery, and for that purpose he assisted that famous saint in building it. At its first opening it was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. In the year 978, when it had been enlarged, St. Dunstan dedicated it afresh, not only to St. Peter and St. Paul, but to St. Augustine.

So splendid was this place, that at the Reformation Henry VIII. appropriated it as a royal palace. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth, making a tour of her kingdom, kept her court here. Fire and vandalism have, however, much reduced the ancient dimensions of this magnificent superstructure, and even the antiquary cannot trace with certainty the wide circuit of its original walls. In several places they have been knocked down to admit the view of modern buildings; in other places they have been cleared away to make room for houses.

In 1655, when Dugdale's "Monasticon" was published, the apartments were of a truly regal magnificence, and the area covered sixteen acres of land. But the most rapid decline of this splendid relic of the past has taken place during the last hundred years; and so far had the desecration been carried at the commencement of the century, that part of the building was converted into a brewery and a dependent public-house.

The great room over the archway of the principal gate was a cockpit, another ancient room was a taproom, and the sound of skittle-playing, quoits, and jolly songs were heard where once rose the joyous swell of *Jubilate* and the mournful cadence of the *Miserere*.

But a change was destined to come over the shadow of this disgraceful dream, and eighty years ago Mr. Hope, father of Anastasius Hope, restored the great gateway, and built within the walls a college for the education of Church of England missionaries.

The profanities of brewery, public-house, fives-courts, and skittles were swept away, and the destroyed monastery was restored, and an image of past magnificence rose on the site of the old original.

The gate looks now as well as it did in its pristine splendor, and the quadrangle, into which you enter on passing through the gate, is exceedingly fine, as, indeed, are chapel, hall, and library. The cloisters are eminently picturesque and gloomy, and carry the spectator into the feudal times as if by a stroke of magic.

The corridors are lined and roofed throughout with solid oak, narrow and very long, which has a most powerful and romantic effect. In the chapel, the hall—indeed, in every part, the greatest attention has been paid to detail, and the sculptured ornaments will bear a comparison with the greatest triumphs of the Middle Ages.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

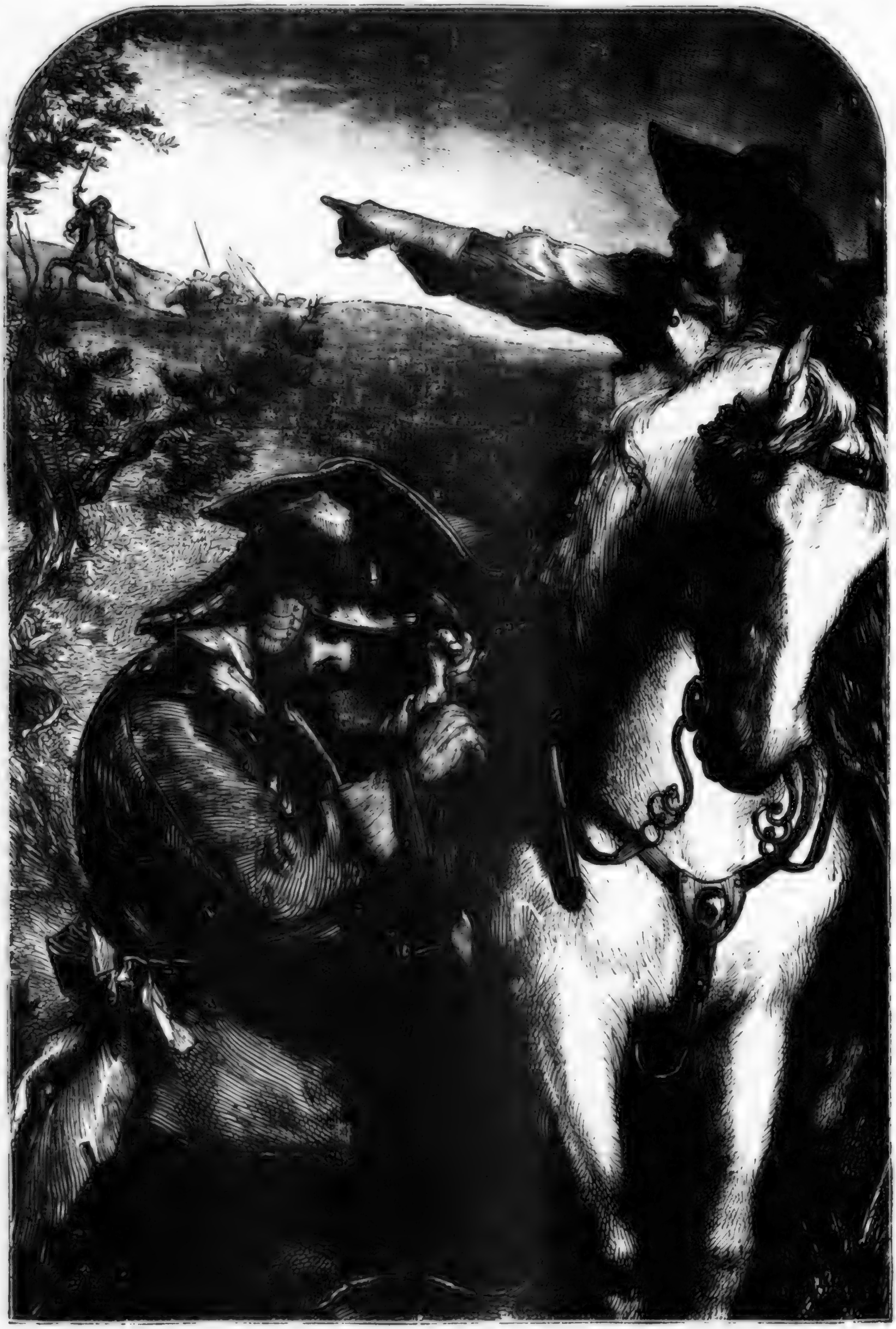
The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

The French entered the city, September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his Winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared as a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000.

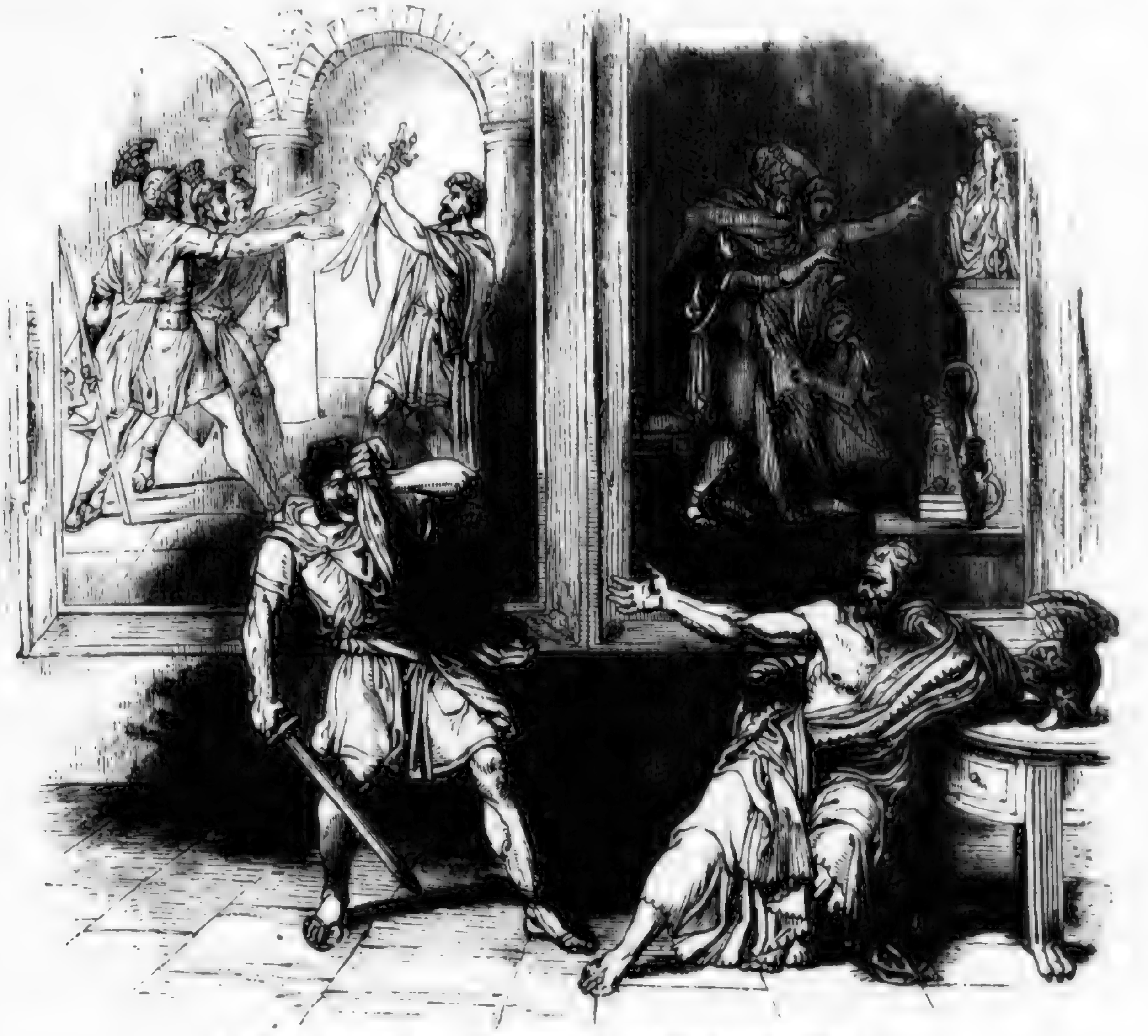
The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the order of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the order of the Governor, Rostoptchin, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the Governor would venture such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the Winter. Ample preparations had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city.

In burning the French out of their proposed Winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000, and beyond this it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of Winter, and the almost complete annihilation, of the great French army.



THE BROKEN STRAP.—DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.



MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.—FROM A PAINTING BY DROUSIS. SEE PAGE 575.

REST AFTER SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGDALEN'S LEGACY," "COULD AUGHT ATONE?" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT is gathering; the flowers are closing their petals; the birds are seeking their nests; a sweet calm, as of the Sabbath, rests over all.

It is growing dusk in Castleford Parsonage. Through the small oriel windows of the study, with their narrow bordering panes of rich stained glass, the fading light of day comes but dimly—so dimly that a gentleman who has been reading there, without interruption, for hours, closes his book, and, rising from his seat, walks toward the window overlooking the quaint, old-fashioned garden.

He stands there for a time, in evident enjoyment of the evening and the scene his eyes rest upon; for the garden is pleasant, though it is old-fashioned. A broad alley runs straight through it. On each side grow pear and apple trees with great, gnarled, moss-covered trunks, and mistletoe growing amidst the arching boughs. Rose-trees are planted between, and nearer the house there is a smooth lawn dotted with beds of gay, fragrant flowers. The light grows dimmer, yet still the man retains his position. The early June day has been hot and oppressive, and the cool breeze that has sprung up with the twilight is refreshing and grateful.

The man's form is tall and strongly built, yet not devoid of a certain air of grace and refinement, which extends itself to his face—a face that is pleasant to look upon, every feature being firm and reliable, telling of earnestness and nobility of character. The hair is chestnut; the eyes, appearing almost black at times, are, in reality, dark blue.

Calm and sweet and still is the evening, with a stillness that has in it something of solemnity; but by-and-by the room is filled with the sound of softly-pealing bells borne on the breeze from the little church hard by.

The Castleford bells have chimed the hours of five and eight from time immemorial. The sound disturbs the man from the reverie into which he has fallen.

"Eight o'clock," he murmurs, half aloud, half to himself—"eight o'clock, and Pearl has not been yet."

Then he walks away slowly to the other window, the one commanding the principal approach to the parsonage. Not so pleasant is the lookout from this window as from the other. A broad gravel-path leading down to a gate, a narrow strip of lawn interspersed with flower-beds, a narrow belting of shrubbery, and a few tall elm-trees, shutting in the house from the road—that is all.

The door opens slowly, and a lady looks in; even in the dim light may be traced the strong likeness she bears to the occupant of the room. They are brother and sister, beyond a doubt. There is the same tall form, hers, however, being slighter and suppler; there is the same broad, white forehead, crowned with rippling chestnut hair; there are the same dark-blue eyes, out of the depths of which look purity and truth; the same lips, the curves of which speak of firmness and sweetness of disposition admirably blended; and over all is the same air of dignity and refinement.

"Christian," she says, still standing in the doorway, "may I come in? Have you done with your books for this evening?"

"Come in, Nell," he tells her, with a pleasant smile of welcome. "The light is too dim for me to see to read any longer."

They are pleasant voices, both of them—refined and cultivated.

"Shall I ring for lights?" the lady asks, coming farther into the room.

"Not unless you desire them for yourself, Nellie. The gloaming is too pleasant to be lost."

But it is evident the lady does not desire them, for she moves across to where her brother stands, and links her arm within his.

"You have had a very easy day, Christian?"

"Very, Nellie," he replies.

"You have not been out even for a walk, Christian."

"There are but few sick people just now in Castleford," he says, avoiding a direct answer; "and you know, Nell, how averse I am to visiting just for the sake of visiting."

A little cloud passed over Nellie Graham's face; it may be seen even in the shadowy room.

"Don't you think, Christian"—Nellie speaks with more than her usual gentleness—"that there is just a bare possibility of your carrying that prejudice too far?"

"No, Nellie."

He speaks with prompt decision. But it is a matter that has troubled Nellie Graham for many a day; she will pursue the subject now it has once been broached.

"You know best, of course, Christian; but I cannot help thinking that, if you would tear yourself from your beloved books, and go out amongst your parishioners a little more frequently, it would be better for yourself, and would afford them greater satisfaction."

"I trust no one charges me with neglect of duty, Nellie?"

There is something akin to wounded feeling in the tones. Nell detects it in the slightly quickened utterance.

"No one could do that, Christian."

"A breach of politeness and common kindliness—is that it?"

But the girl is some minutes before she replies, and even then her words seem to bear but little direct reference to the question her brother has asked.

"I have been out for such a pleasant walk," she begins, with some little hesitation, and lingering over the words, "through the Banner Cross Woods, Christian. The trees are all out in full leaf now, you know."

"Well?" the brother interrogates, as the girl again pauses.

"On coming back through Banner Cross Park, I met the whole party from the House."

"Pearl—was Pearl with them, Nell?"

"Pearl and Mr. Frith and a gentleman whom I have never seen before—a gentleman whom at the first glance one might be tempted to think a foreigner."

"And young Woodford and Squire Reynolds and the usual set of ladies—were they all there, Nell?"

"There were more than usual, Christian. They were laughing and chatting, and seeming very gay."

"Pearl has not been to-day, Nell. The fresh shoal of visitors accounts for it."

"I often wonder how she keeps up the habit of coming at all, Christian, and wonder still more often now, amidst the gayety and fast life of the House, she still retains her childish simplicity and innocence."

"She is just like her mother was, Nell. I remember, when I was a boy, how she used to come in the same manner every day."

"The love between her and our mother was rare, Christian."

"As rare as it was warm and tender. I have seen our mother restless, and almost unhappy—she could never be quite that, you know—if Mrs. Frith did not come all day. It is seldom that school-girls' friendship outlasts marriage, but theirs never wavered—it was true and steadfast."

"It must have been a comfort to Mrs. Frith, Christian; her life must have been an unhappy one, with a husband so unsympathetic."

"Most unhappy. If ever a woman died of a broken heart it was little Pearl's mother."

"And yet Mr. Frith is so fond of Pearl; only see how he indulges her in everything!"

"Yes; he is fond of her with a selfish fondness. I do not think that his love would stand the test of opposition to his wishes."

"Shall I ring for lights now, Christian?"

"No, Nell, not yet."

In the little study the shadows have gathered thickly; with the exception of the two figures standing together, no object can be plainly discerned therein; yet still the gentleman manifests a strange reluctance to leave the window.

"Watch the stars lighting in the sky, Nell—how beautiful it is! Presently the moon will come sailing in the calm blue heavens. Who is it, dear, that says, 'Never one star shines alone; there is always another to keep it company'?"

"I do not remember."

"And so the party whom you met in the park were very gay, Nell—Pearl amongst the rest?"

"Pearl amongst the rest, Christian. Why should she not be—young and rich and beautiful?"

"Ay—why not, indeed?"

"Christian"—and again the slow hesitation as before is perceptible in the lady's voice and manner—"I have not yet delivered the message Mr. Frith bade me deliver to you."

"A message to me, Nell! What is it?"

"He asked me, Christian"—the words came with still greater deliberation and gentleness—"how it was that they never saw you at Banner Cross, and told me to ask if it was part of a minister's duty to ignore his chief parishioners because their mode of living was a little more gay than his own."

"And you, Nell—what did you say?"

"That your poorer parishioners took up so much of your time, and that they had few to pay them any little attention; while he had so many always ready and anxious to serve him. I gave him, in addition, your own reason, that you disliked visiting merely for the sake of paying a visit."

"What followed, Nell?"

"He laughed at me, good-humoredly enough, but said that it was a poor, paltry excuse. 'Tell him,' he cried, 'that it's pride that keeps him away. He's poor and proud! The Castleford people say that he makes as much fuss of himself as though he were a king!'"

The lady's cheeks are burning fiercely before she has completed her sentence.

"He never sent such a message as that," Christian Graham begins, hotly; then he pauses, and presently adds, with a slight laugh, "But I don't know why anything he said should astonish me."

"I did not know that Mr. Frith deemed us poor, Christian."

"It matters little in what estimation he holds us, Nell. I know that I count myself rich indeed in comparison with Mr. Frith. Did Pearl hear the precious message?"

"She took no notice of it, if she did; but I saw the bright color flush her face, and she gave the short, gay laugh she always gives when anything annoys her."

"Christian," the lady says again, presently, after a silence of some minutes, "I really wish that you would go out a little more than you do."

"Why, Nell?"

"It would be good for you, and——"

"And," her brother interposes, "your sisterly pride and affection take alarm when the good people of Castleford tax me with undue pride."

But as he speaks there comes the sound of an opening gate, then quick, light footsteps pass up the walk and through the hall, and then a sweet, winsome face peeps into the room, and a fresh, girlish voice calls out:

"May I come in?"

"Pearl!" Christian Graham cries, pleasurable eagerness very perceptible in his tones. "How late you are!"

"We had given over expecting you," Nellie says, taking both the girl's hands in her own; "it is growing quite late, dear child."

"It is not yet nine, Nell; your rooms are dimly lighted. I am not too late to be welcome, I hope?"

"As though that could ever be!" Nell tells her.

"Nellie knew that you had company at the House," Christian says, "and we concluded that that would keep you away."

"We have not had a quiet day by any means. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and the Woodfords came this morning, but they went away nearly an hour ago. Since then papa has honored me by taking me into his confidence. Did you notice the gentleman walking with papa," the girl continues, some of the freshness fading out of her tones—"the one who was so very dark, Nell?"

"I did, Pearl. I wondered who he could be; I have not seen him before."

"No; you have never seen him before, Nell. He is the eldest son of my father's only brother. Deighton Frith is his name. He is the heir-apparent to Banner Cross."

"Heir-apparent to Banner Cross!" Nell repeats, wonderingly.

"Have you forgotten, Nellie? Banner Cross is strictly entailed upon male heirs—and papa has no son. You cannot have forgotten, Christian?"

"No," he replies; "but I rarely give a thought to the matter. You have not been upon very intimate terms with this young man, Pearl."

"No. There had been some unpleasantness between papa and uncle for many years before my uncle's death, and there never was a reconciliation; but last Winter, while we were in London, we met Deighton, and papa took quite a fancy to him. Where are you going?" she adds, abruptly, as Nellie Graham rises from her chair.

"Only to ring for lights."

"Then don't do it yet," she begs. "This quiet room, with its 'dim, religious light'—is that a correct quotation, Christian?—is a relief after the glare and gayety of the day. And, besides, I am come to tell you something which I think will be better 'told by the moonlight alone' than by any artificial light—and we shall have a splendid moon presently."

She seats herself upon a low ottoman at Nellie's feet, and rests her head upon Nellie's lap. Rarely lovely she must be, seen by the full light of day; even in the shadowy room her beauty is apparent. Her hair and eyes must be black, and, if her face is not perfect, and almost devoid of color, it appears so now."

"I often think," she begins, dreamily, "what a comfort it must have been to my mother to know that she was always welcome to come here, when she could escape from the constant noise and gayety of her own home. It was no greater comfort and blessing, though, to her than it has been to her daughter."

"Christian has just been saying," Nell puts in softly, "that the comfort was mutual in the case of our mothers. I know that it is in the case of their children."

"Did Nellie deliver the message papa gave her for you?" the girl asks, turning her face to Christian, but repaying Nellie's speech with a little gentle hand-pressure.

"About my neglect in visiting him? Yes, she did."

"It pained me to hear him, Christian. But what could I say? To think of sending such a message to you, and by your own sister!"

"It hurt neither Nellie nor me, Pearl."

"He speaks so of everybody who adopts a profession, Christian; you know that he does. Oh, I wish that he would not!"

"I always esteem myself fortunate in having such a profession—in being thought worthy to succeed my father, not only in his home, but in his church. Your father's words cannot take from me my sense of pride and satisfaction, Pearl."

"But you said that you had something to tell us," Nell interposes, gently. "Suppose, dear, that you let us hear what it is."

Nellie Graham feels a shiver run through Pearl Frith's slight form. She looks down upon the face lying in her lap; the moon has just sailed into the dark blue heavens, and the beams fall upon the young girl's features. Nell Graham fancies that their expression is sad and weary, and that they are paler than they are wont to be.

"What is it, Pearl?" she asks, with quick sympathy.

"This afternoon papa called you poor," the girl says, very quietly; "but he forgot to add that his only child is very little better than a beggar."

Neither brother nor sister speaks—both utterly fail to comprehend the girl's meaning.

"He called me into the library, after they had all gone away—all except Cousin Deighton—his visit will doubtless extend over an indefinite period," Pearl continues—"and while there he told me that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state, and that if he died to-morrow I should be left penniless."

"But your mother's fortune—that was large? I have heard mine say so many times. Surely he can settle that upon you?"

"It all went, Christian, long ago. I have known that for some time past. Just for one minute consider the gay life and reckless extravagance that have always been the rule at Banner Cross."

"It is shameful! And you, his only child!" Nellie cries, indignantly, "to leave your future wholly unprovided for!"

"But he has provided for it," she observes, with quiet bitterness. "I am to become my cousin's wife; he is good enough to say that he will take me, portionless though I am."

"Pearl!"

"Oh, it's quite true, Nell! Papa read me quite a homily upon the gratitude I ought to feel toward him, and taxed me with all the cardinal sins—stupidity being the predominant one—because I manifested some little reluctance and hesitation to accept at once the future he has marked out for me."

"But, my dear child, what will you do?"

"I do not know what I shall do. I have asked for a few days to consider the matter."

"And, if you refuse?" interrogated Miss Graham.

"As if I dared, Nell! No, there is but one course open to me."

"And that?"

"Is, of course, to make a martyr of myself—a martyr not greatly to be commiserated, many would think."

"Do you think you can love him in time? I judge you do not now, from your manner."

It is Christian who speaks; but his tones have lost their pleasantness—they are hard and forced. Involuntarily Pearl lifts her head from Nellie's lap, and turns toward him, striving to peer through the gloom and shadows. But the moonbeams are friendly. They play at his feet; they kiss

XUM

Pearl's cheeks and braided tresses, and rich evening dress: they pour a stream of refulgent light upon Nellie's pure, earnest face; but they serve only to throw Christian more entirely into the darkness—they tell no tales of eyes that reflect great mental pain, of cheeks from which every vestige of color has departed, of firmly closed lips, and hands tightly clenched within each other.

"What did you ask, Christian?"

"This man, Pearl, whom your father elects for your future husband—do you love him?"

"Love him!" she echoes. "What an old-fashioned question! What an old-fashioned thing to talk about!"

"Nevertheless marriage cannot be happy without it."

"And who will care if I am happy or wretched?" the girl cries, with a sudden outburst of passion. "I shall marry this man, and become in due course the mistress of Banner Cross, and my father will be more than satisfied; he will never ask if I love or am loved. I shall be rich, and my friends will deem it a fortunate thing for me that my cousin condescended from his high estate to marry a portionless girl, and think that, if I am not more than content, I must indeed be hard to please."

"Hush, hush, dear!" Nellie says, touching the girl's hair with gentle caressing fingers. "Christian and I always care for your happiness."

"I am unjust to-night, I think," the girl responds, falling back upon her old quietness, "tired, and a little out of spirits too. It seems just at first a little hard to be so summarily disposed of, without one's tastes or inclinations being once consulted; but doubtless it is all for the best. If I were left to exercise my own plebeian tastes and pigmy judgment, I might elope with one of the servants, or do some other thing equally commendable."

"That is a new mood that possesses you to-night," Nell says; "I have never heard you talk so recklessly before, dear child."

"No!" Pearl cries, half indifferently, half interrogatively.

"I scarcely seem to recognize my little Pearl."

"Good-night," Pearl responds, starting up suddenly, away from Nell's caressing fingers—"Good-night, Nell."

"Must you go, dear? Then I shall come with you to the park gates."

"Thanks. Good-night, Christian."

The gentleman takes the extended hand in his own, and retains it for a few moments in a close, lingering clasp. He notes that it is hot and feverish; he can see by the moonbeams that the expression the girl's face wears is one of pain and careless defiance strangely mingled.

"Good-night," he says; and then he adds, an irresistible impulse seeming to urge him on, "Do not marry this man if you do not love him, Pearl."

"What?" she exclaims, even more reckless than before. "A minister counselling disobedience to parents! I never expected it from you, Christian."

Her tone jars upon his ear, her light, bantering manner wounds him, yet he shows no sign that such is the case.

"But you do not love him?"

"What a persistent questioner you are, Christian. Good-night. Come, Nellie."

The gentleman rises from his seat, and stands by the window to watch the receding figures; then the moonbeams show his face very plainly. It is pale still, but a look of hopeful decision struggles with the pain that it wore but a few moments back.

"My poor little wounded darling!" he murmurs, and into his face comes an expression of infinite tenderness. "How can her father treat her like a piece of merchandise? Either she must marry the man whom he has selected, or her future will be entirely unprovided for. If I only knew! If I could only read what is in her heart?"

Chapter II.

ALONG the road, and through the great meadows fragrant with clover, the two girls walk in silence. The lodge at the entrance to the park is reached, and yet no word has been spoken. Nellie halts here.

"I must go back now, Pearl," she says; "you do not fear to go the rest of the way alone?"

"Afraid!" Pearl returns. "Why should I be afraid? No one will harm me. I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross."

She tries to give a little, short, gay laugh, but she fails utterly; there comes instead a passionate burst of tears.

They startle Nellie Graham, but she does not speak—does not attempt to check them. Silently she leads the girl on within the park, and seats her upon one of the many seats placed under the grand oaks and elm-trees; then she draws the hot, aching head on to her shoulder, and takes in her own the burning, feverish hands.

"What is it, Pearl?"

"I am so wretched, Nell! I declare that many a time I have wished that I were dead! And now comes this fresh addition to the burden I have to bear. Not that it grieves me to know that I am penniless—that knowledge could not give me a moment's sorrow—it is the cool way in which papa disposes of me that pains me.'

"You evaded replying to Christian's question, Pearl; but you will answer me. I do not, of course, suppose that you love your cousin now, but do you imagine it possible that you may in time?"

"Never, Nell! I disliked him from the first moment I saw him—I shall dislike him as long as I live."

"Then do not marry him, Pearl."

"Easy advice, Nell; but you don't know papa. I dare not oppose him—he will have his way whether I will or not."

Yes, Mr. Frith will brook no opposition to his wishes; Nellie Graham knows that, and the knowledge keeps her silent.

"If papa had ever loved me as some parents love their children," the girl cries again, the sobs shaking her slight form, "and he had asked me to do this thing for his sake, I think I could have assented cheerfully; but to be treated as though I had neither sense nor feeling—Nell, it drives me nearly wild when I think of it!"

A little closer pressure of the hand, the sudden laying of Nell Graham's face upon her own, assures the girl of her listener's sympathy.

"And then I wonder how it will all end," she continues—"wonder if I shall develop gradually into one of those dashing, heartless, flirting women papa admires so much, but at whom I shudder—or shall I be like my mother, and die beneath the hardening process? Nell, sometimes I think I could be content to live lacking every luxury, so that my life were spent with some one who would love and care for me."

"My poor child!"

"Who cares for me beside yourself, Nell? Even Christian this evening—how cool and indifferent he was to my pain and sorrow! What shall I do in the years to come, when I am for away, and cannot see your face or hear your voice? For I am very sure that Deighton Frith will never allow his wife to choose her own associates. What shall I do then? I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, whose father has been gay and improvident, and altogether disreputable, and no one cares to say to his daughter, 'I love you.' They may admire her—they may not object to a little flirtation—

but no good, true, honest man would ever say to her, 'Will you be my honored, cherished wife?' or, I tell you, Nell, I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance and to regard his authority lightly. But no, I shall marry Deighton Frith, and my future fate—Heaven only knows what that will be?"

Nell Graham longs with an intense longing to find fitting words with which to comfort the girl she has known and loved from earliest childhood; but she can find none—she can only hold her in a yet closer embrace, and kiss the flushed face and quivering lips.

Presently the barking of a dog reaches them, the sound drawing each moment nearer and nearer.

"That is papa and Lion," Pearl says, starting to her feet; "Deighton too, in all probability. We shall just have time to avoid meeting them, Nell. For my sake you must not expose yourself to further insult. Good-night, dear."

In another moment she has darted down into a narrow path branching off from the main one, sheltered from observation for some distance by thick trees, and Nell Graham is retracing her steps homeward.

"If ever my heart ached for another's sorrow, it has to-night for that poor child," Nell says, a few minutes later, as she rejoins her brother in the quiet study. "Can we do nothing for her, Christian?"

"What can we do, Nell?" he returns, answering her question with another. "Any attempt at interference from us she might consider impertinent."

"I shall never forget her face and voice as I have seen and heard them to-night, Christian—the wistful, longing face, the yearning, sorrowing voice. 'I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, but no true, good man will ever come to me and say, "I love you; I would have and hold you forever as my honored, my cherished wife," or I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance.' She spoke some such words as those, and her look and tone conveyed more than her lips gave utterance to. Dear, had you seen and heard her, you could not speak so coldly. But I am sometimes tempted to think that you do not give Pearl full credit for the loving, clinging, sensitive nature she possesses."

Speak coldly! Why, the man's pulses are throbbing wildly, and the blood bounds through his veins with accelerated speed as he listens!

Speak coldly! Why, every quick heart-beat, every tender, passionate thought, is because of her or for her! His poor, sorrowing darling, longing for honest affection, and he eager to pour at her feet, a free-will offering, all the strong, deep love of his earnest nature! His sister's words are as new life to him.

"I believe her to be everything that is pure and womanly," he says, rather hurriedly.

"But—pardon me, Christian—your manner does not express your belief. Only this evening it was cold, constrained, and unsympathetic. I am sure Pearl was pained by it. I feel sure that some words of yours wounded and grieved her."

"I will be more careful in future," Christian Graham says; but he feels no sorrow as he listens to his sister's words—rather does a new, tender, bewildering, delicious joy take possession of him. "but I did not think, Nell," he explains, "that Pearl cared enough for any words of mine to feel either pain or pleasure at them."

"As though she cared half as much for the words of anybody else!" Nell cries, reproachfully. "Do not let your manner be cold and your words unsympathetic again, Christian. Pearl is sensitive and affectionate in the extreme; and she has no one to care for her save you and me."

"It shall never occur again, Nell."

"Never again! Never again!" Christian Graham mentally repeats many times, as he tosses restlessly upon his sleep-deserted pillow. "My manner cold and unsympathetic, wounding the girl for whom I would gladly lay down my life, if laying it down would insure her happiness! Values my words! I will save her from the fate which she regards with dread and aversion. She shall not be tied for life to a drinking, swearing, dissipated fop—as no doubt this cousin is. Her young, bright life shall not be fretted into the grave. I will go to her father, and tell him how unhappy the prospect of this marriage makes her; and then I will tell him how I love her. He must listen—he must, at last, yield. He cannot be so destitute of love for his only child that he would willingly consign her to a life-long misery, for the sole reason that he objects that any other woman but the one who calls him 'father' shall call Banner Cross 'home.' Then I will go to her, and I will woo her so gently, so tenderly, that she needs must lend a gracious ear. My little, shy, beautiful, dainty love, whose life should be cloudless, unbroken sunshine! She may not love me now, but I will win her; and some bright, golden day she will steal softly to me, and, laying her head upon my breast, she will sweetly whisper, 'Christian, my husband, I love you!' Is the dream but a fond delusion—the hope too bright ever to be realized? Little Pearl—my love, my queen, my darling!—shall I ever hold you close to my beating heart, and call you by that sweetest of all sweet names—wife?"

The morning light flushes the eastern sky with purple and rosy streaks of dawn before Christian Graham's eyes closed in sleep, before he sinks into dreamy slumber; and then golden, halcyon visions gladden his loving heart, and bright dreams of days to come crowd thickly upon him.

And at the great house at Banner Cross the young girl, Pearl Frith, sits beside one of the windows of a grand, lonely chamber, with tear-laden eyes that see nothing of the fair scene without—the terraced flower-gardens lying bathed in the silvery, shimmering radiance of the moonbeams, or the rippling waters of the lake, or the blossom-decked orchards and meadows beyond, skirted by the thick dark woods—sits with tiny hands clenched almost to pain, and with a face from which the joyousness of youth and its sweet hopefulness seem to have faded away—to have died out.

"It is all over," she thinks, with bitter sadness, the pale light of the moon shining upon the quivering lips; "I can never deceive myself with that dream again. How could I ever have imagined that he loved me—me, whom he must hold as light, and vain, and frivolous, and worldly? But I did think it; and the thought was infinitely sweet. Oh, if it had been so—if the dream had been not all a dream, but a living reality—I would gladly have borne the loss of fortune—I would willingly have set at naught papa's wishes and commands! But of what avail would it be now? Poor and friendless, where could I go? What could I do? And this will be the end—I shall obey papa and marry Deighton Frith, and settle down to a life of splendid misery; and perhaps some day, before I grow very old, Heaven will be kind, and send Death to release me from the burden of an unloved, unloving wedded life."

Chapter III.

Through the fragrant clover-meadows, and through the park, with its great, grand shadowy elms and oaks and sycamores, along the very path which Pearl, Frith, and Nell Graham had taken the evening before, walks Christian. There is a hopeful look in his eyes, and the happy dreaminess of his face is very pleasant to look upon. The southerly breezes play amidst his crisp chestnut curls, and bring to his cheek a bright, soft color; a smile plays about his lips; the blood bounds through his veins with strong,

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glad life; his heart thrills and throbs as it has never thrilled and throbbed before. He is going to Banner Cross to try his fate, and, although not a vain man, he does not doubt of success.

"She will come to gladden my home and glorify my life," he tells himself.

"I will win her, my love, my queen!"

Christian Graham will never during his life forget his walk on this morning, nor the hopes that keep him such sweet company—it is a bright, glowing, gladsome, June morning, and the fond, precious hopes which fill his breast are even more bright and glowing and gladsome. And he dreams his brilliant dreams and rears his splendid, unsubstantial castles in the air even as he follows the pompous footman through the hall and up the grand staircase of Banner Cross House, until he stands in the presence of the man whom his love calls by the name of "father."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," that gentleman says, lazily stretching out his hand in greeting; "but I suppose your sister delivered the message I gave her. By Jove, Graham, what a deucedly fine girl she is! I had no idea that she had grown so handsome. It was so long since I had seen her."

"She has not been away from Castleford," Christian observes, pleasantly, looking upon the man before him, with his coarse, handsome, sensual face, and thinking how little—how very little—his daughter resembles him in appearance. And, ah, how glad he is to remember that she resembles him quite as little in mind and manners!

"You two people hold yourself so much aloof from our worldly set—make yourself so confoundedly scarce—that I never get a sight of you. Afraid of contamination, I suppose—eh?"

"You are so often away from Banner Cross yourself, Mr. Frith," Christian responds, gently, evading a direct reply.

"Well, I am. The old place is dull at the best. There is no place in the world like London, Graham, to my mind."

"Miss Frith is attached to Banner Cross, I think," Christian remarks, his cheeks flushing at the mention of her name.

"I think she is," allows Mr. Frith; "she is young and sentimental. I hate sentiment; but time will cure her of that, and give her common sense in its place. She dotes on flowers and trees and birds, and all the rest of such stuff. She is fond of horses, too; but that I can tolerate. I like to see a woman who knows how to ride; and, by Jove, sir, there is not one in the whole county can sit a horse as my daughter can!"

"She certainly rides admirably," Christian says, with a little smile, which he cannot repress, at Mr. Frith's burst of enthusiasm.

"It seems to me, Graham," Mr. Frith goes on to remark, "that you must see a great deal of my little girl. She appears to have adopted her mother's custom of walking over to Castleford Parsonage every day when she is at home."

"The days on which we do not see her are dull ones both to Nell and myself, Mr. Frith."

"Oh, I don't object to her coming, by any means! It keeps her out of mischief, if nothing else."

Then there ensues a silence between the two men who have not one taste or thought in common—a silence which Mr. Frith improves by whistling over some bars of a hunting song, and Christian Graham by considering how he can best broach the object of his visit.

"Awfully hot!" Mr. Frith remarks at last.

"Very," Christian coincides, with a thoughtful lingering over the word.

"Good for haymaking, I should suppose," Mr. Frith pursues, resolutely.

"Excellent!"

"I wonder where Deighton can be?" says Mr. Frith, rising from his seat. "You don't know him, I think?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"Then you shall have it. There are worse fellows in the world than Deighton Frith, Graham. He will be master of Banner Cross after me, you know. Confounded shame that I have no son, and that my daughter cannot inherit, isn't it, now?"

"It would certainly be more agreeable to you, Mr. Frith."

"My nephew Deighton is a fine, handsome fellow enough, and he will marry Pearl, although I have no fortune to give her. The young gypsy ought to be thankful. I dare say they are together now somewhere. I will send for them."

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, rising and laying a detaining hand upon the gentleman's arm, "grant me a few moments, I have something to say to you."

"Oh, very well!" Mr. Frith responds, good-humoredly, resuming his chair. "What is it, Graham?"

Christian Graham stands before the man whose daughter is so dear to him. His heart beats so quick and loud that its pulsations, he fancies, must be heard in the still room; his breath comes thick and fast. But there is no shadow of embarrassment upon the earnest face—he is as brave and noble a gentleman as ever the sunlight streamed upon. And as he stands there comes faintly to them the sound of a voice—a girl's voice, ringing and clear:

"Cease, fond heart, no longer grieve thee;
Why this oft-repeated sigh?
Let not hope forever leave thee,
Or 'twere better far to die!"

There comes the sound of light footsteps running down the stairs and crossing the hall, and then the two gentlemen hear the opening and closing of a room-door. The soft crimson flush rises again to Christian Graham's face as he listens.

"That is Pearl, I believe," Mr. Frith remarks.

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, his voice grave and earnest, "your daughter is inexpressibly dear to me. I never thought to love a woman as I love her. I have come to Banner Cross this morning to beg that you will permit me to try to win her for my dear, my cherished wife."

Surprise is the predominant expression upon Mr. Frith's face. For a moment it keeps him silent—but only for a moment.

"Win Pearl for your wife!" he cries. "What do you mean, Graham?"

"The very words you have just spoken, Mr. Frith. Permit me to try to win Pearl."

"You must be mad, or dreaming, or both!" Mr. Frith breaks out, angrily. "You have just heard me say that she is to marry her cousin."

"But—pardon me—Pearl does not love him. Surely you would not wish your only child to become the wife of a man whom she regards with aversion?"

"Who says she regards him with aversion? Who says so, Mr. Graham?"

"Herself. She told my sister so."

"She did? The impudent baggage! Who, I should like to know, cares for her likes or dislikes?"

"But, Mr. Frith, you would not force her into a loveless marriage? You would never——"

"Loveless marriage!" cries the father of the girl, anger in his tones, anger flashing from his eyes. "Who talks of love in these days? Not people of sense or position. Her mother never made any pretension of love for me, and yet there never was a more dutiful wife or a better one in all England. We jogged on as comfortably as most people. I declare, Graham," he adds, more quietly, "you have made me quite angry with your nonsense. Go home to your quiet, prosy parsonage, and marry Miss Lucas, the solicitor's pretty, brown-eyed daughter, or Miss Smith, the blonde sister of the young doctor; but, for heaven's sake, man, get over your infatuation for my girl! Even if this marriage were not arranged, Miss Frith, of Banner Cross House, could never be joined to a poor country parson!"

There is no change in the expression of Christian Graham's face. A little spot of deep red burns upon either cheek, there is a little firmer compression of the lips, but his voice, as he makes reply, is as calm as it was before.

"I am not poor," he says, very quietly; "and even you, sir, must acknowledge my family to be in no respect—except, perhaps, in that of presumed wealth—inferior to your own."

"That makes no difference," Mr. Frith returns, doggedly. "My daughter Pearl will marry her cousin Deighton, and no other man."

"But her happiness, Mr. Frith? Surely——"

"She will be happy enough, I warrant," Mr. Frith interrupts, with angry impatience. "By marrying her cousin she will secure wealth and position—everything to which she has been accustomed. And permit me to tell you, Mr. Graham, that wealth and some amount of state, and unlimited gayety and admiration, are things essential to her. Pearl Frith was not born to be buried alive in a country parsonage."

The crimson spots upon Christian Graham's cheeks glow with a yet deeper color, the lips are even more firmly compressed, but he gives no words in return for the coarse, taunting ones dealt out to him.

And Mr. Frith, in evident perturbation, rises hastily from his chair and paces backward and forward, his muffled footsteps the only sound that breaks the stillness of the gladsome June morning.

Presently his face clears a little, and bright gleams of crafty intelligence spring to his eyes.

"Look here, Graham," he says at length, standing directly before the man whom he addresses, "this is a confoundedly unpleasant piece of business. I'm sorry for you—'pon my honor I am! But what's a fellow to do? If Pearl does not marry Deighton Frith, there's nothing but trouble before the pair of us; for—I don't mind telling you—I am under considerable obligations to Deighton Frith. He has set his mind upon marrying Pearl—and he is not one to be easily diverted from his purpose. You have not spoken to Pearl, I suppose?"

"No; I would not do so until I had your permission."

"Then don't for another week. I will depend upon you. But how came you to imagine that she would care for you?"

Christian Graham hesitates. How can he tell this man of the new-born hope which has sprung up within him, and for which he cannot account—the subtle instinct which, without word or look of encouragement from Pearl, whispers to him that, if she does not love, his wooing would yet not be distasteful to her? How can he tell this? It is there, nestling in his heart, this blessed hope—living and breathing; but he cannot find words to explain why, how, or by what agency it blossomed into joyous, glorious life.

"You say she does not like her cousin," Mr. Frith pursues; "very likely you may share the same fate. She appears a little capricious."

A smile comes to Christian's lips. The hope has taken root; it is strong and enduring; the winds of doubt and distrust cannot chill or shake it; it will neither droop nor die, though exposed to the storms of opposition.

"My love longs for tender, protecting affection," his heart keeps repeating—and he is glad indeed to listen to its whisperings. "She will listen to me; I will win her; I shall win her!"

But before he can make any reply the room-door suddenly opens and a gentleman enters.

"I beg pardon if I am intruding," he says, easily, "but I am in want of a pocket-book, which I believe I left here last night."

"Come in," Mr. Frith cries, with an expression of relief; "I should like you to make the acquaintance of Mr. Graham, Vicar of Castleford. You saw his sister in the park yesterday."

"Yes, and you never introduced me—too bad, 'pon my word! How in the world do you contrive to exist in this out-of-the-way place, Mr. Graham?"

The gentleman is slight and dark, and in height is rather under the average. Nell Graham has described him as foreign-looking, and her description is an accurate one. Before he hears Mr. Frith's words of introduction, Christian Graham instinctively knows that this is the man whom Pearl's father has destined to call her "wife"—knows it, and can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought. Pearl, in the freshness and pure beauty of her young life, to be given into the keeping of Deighton Frith, with the cold, hard, glittering eyes, the cruelly resolute, firm mouth, and the sensual chin! Why, the whole face tells tales of a life of recklessness and dissipation.

"What is Pearl doing with herself this morning, I wonder?" Mr. Deighton Frith grumbles. "I have never caught sight of her."

"She went singing across the hall a few minutes since," his uncle replies. "I thought, of course, that you had been together. Are you going?" he adds, as Christian rises. "Take my advice—dismiss all such impracticable nonsense from your mind."

"I cannot promise to follow your advice, Mr. Frith."

Christian's voice is low and grave, but there is no wavering or shadow of change of purpose. His face, too, is grave, but it is firm and resolute.

"You can at least give me your promise to say nothing for another week upon the subject we have discussed—or until you have seen me again, Graham."

"You may depend upon me so far," Christian assures him.

Mr. Frith's conduct puzzles the vicar not a little, as he retraces his steps homeward. He can form no idea as to whether the father will ultimately be brought over to give Pearl to him. To say the least, the interview has been decidedly unsatisfactory. But Love is strong, and Hope whispers a flattering tale to Christian Graham; and through the long Summer evening he sits in the shadowy room looking on to the old-fashioned garden, picturing to himself visions of the future.

No writer, however ready with his pen, has ever depicted scenes so glowing as those his dreamy brain conjures up; no poet has ever imagined and put into burning words an idyl so sweet, so tender as the one his fancy portrays.

Chapter IV.

"You appear to have had some weighty matter under discussion with Mr. Graham this morning," Mr. Deighton Frith remarks, when the door closes behind Christian.

"Weighty enough," his uncle responds.

"I thought the gentleman seemed terribly grave. Has he been preaching you a sermon upon your shortcomings, uncle?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then he has been begging heavy subscriptions from you toward defraying the expenses of the Dorcas Society, or toward founding a benevolent society in aid of superannuated washerwomen, or he has requested you to take the chair at the next tea-fight."

"What stuff!" Mr. Frith cries, angrily. "Well, Pearl," he adds, more loudly still, as a slight, girlish figure passes slowly along by the door, which stands a little ajar, "where are you off to now?"

"Only to the Parsonage, papa," the girl's fresh, clear voice responds. "I promised Nell Graham that I would go this morning."

"Wonderfully attractive place this Parsonage must be," Deighton Frith says, with a very perceptible sneer. "Suppose I accompany you, Pearl?"

"I prefer to go alone," the girl tells him, with great resolution; "the charm of the walk and of the calm rooms would vanish if a stranger shared it."

"Then you shall not go!" her father cries, with sudden anger. "I do not choose that my daughter should be tramping down to that confounded Parsonage on every possible occasion."

"But, papa," the girl begins, "Nellie will be expecting me."

"Then I say you shall not go, though all Castleford expects you!" he roars.

Pearl regards her father with some surprise. Hard and exacting she has known him to be, given to sudden outbursts of passion; but this appears so entirely uncalled for. However, she will not remonstrate.

"It must be that Deighton objects to my going without him," she thinks, as she turns slowly away. "Papa has never interfered with my going before; and this is only the beginning of the life of bondage which must be mine, of the daily round of mortified desires which await me as Deighton Frith's wife. Well, I can bear it—human hearts don't break in these days. Perhaps even the time may come when I shall look back and wonder with a smile at the pain I experienced because I was denied a walk along a gravel path under some great old trees, and through a few stupid clover meadows, and along a dusty, vulgar high-road, leading to a quaint, prim country-house, set in an old-time garden. Perhaps I may even grow hardened and callous enough to ridicule the true, fond hearts that always greet me with such sweet words of welcome, and regard them as unfashionable and antiquated in their views. Who can say what change may come to me if I am to be cut off from the influence which alone has kept me a little different from the ladies papa delights to gather around him? Well!"

But it is a bitter "Well!" ending in a dreary, yearning, longing sigh, and almost choked by a dry, hard sob.

"Pearl was evidently disappointed," Deighton Frith remarks. "This forbidding her visits to her friends at the Parsonage appears a new idea with you."

"I do not intend that she shall go again," Mr. Frith says, with more coolness than he has displayed to Pearl; "she has been there too much."

"Ah!" Mr. Deighton Frith ejaculates, with languid indifference.

"The fact is, Deighton, Graham has fallen in love with Pearl."

"In love with Pearl!" Deighton repeats, his affected languor suddenly vanishing.

"He came here to tell me so this morning, Deighton."

"How dared he, the insolent, priggish parson! Why did you not have him turned out?"

"He is a gentleman, Deighton. His family is as good as our own," replies the elder man.

"But what did you say? What did you tell him?"

"That Pearl's future was settled—that she was your promised wife."

"Well?" interrogates Deighton Frith, restlessly.

"It appears that Pearl has been telling Miss Graham, his sister, that the arrangement is not altogether agreeable to her."

"Well, why don't you go on?" Deighton cries, as his uncle pauses. The speaker's voice is impatient and hoarse, as though with restrained anger, and his face is clouded with black sullen gloom.

"I told him that the arrangement would be carried out, even if Pearl did not like it."

"And you did right!" Deighton interposes. "I am determined that Pearl shall become my wife—not because I entertain for her a ridiculously sentimental passion, but because I have set my mind upon it. There will be few women in England more lovely than Pearl in two or three years. Her beauty is of a rare, exquisite order, her manner graceful and charming; she will look well either in a drawing-room, or at the head of a table, or scouring the country on horseback. I desire a wife who will be admired and copied and sought after—and Pearl will be all that. The arrangement suits both you and me, and, if her capricious ladyship makes me a good wife, I shall be to her a good husband—but that she shall become Mrs. Deighton Frith I am determined."

"I told Graham that you were—I did, upon my honor!"

"But I remember that you told him to come again in a week; what did you mean by that?" Deighton cries, passionately. "As I live, if I thought for one moment that you gave him the least encouragement, I would beggar you! You know that I could do it!"

"Don't be so excitable," Mr. Frith pleads, quietly. "You go flying off into a towering passion and never give one time to explain. Graham came to me, like an honorable man, without saying a word to Pearl, and——"

"How do you know that he has not spoken to Pearl?" Deighton interrupts.

"Because he said so—and I can believe him. He has heard, he told me, of the understood relationship between Pearl and yourself."

"And yet he tries to win her for himself—very honorable conduct truly!"

"He spoke of her aversion to the arrangement, urged that the very thought made her unhappy, and——"

"He did?" Deighton cries, furiously. "And I have shaken hands with him! The canting, mean hypocrite, I only wish that he were standing before me now!"

"I could not decide upon what to say to him, Deighton. It would not do to deliberately insult him—ring for a servant to show him out, and so forth."

"Why not? I would have done it had I known."

"It would have been bad policy."

"How so?" demands the younger man.

"It would certainly have reached Pearl; and then—— The fact is, Deighton, I have been making a great mistake all these years in allowing the intimacy; but I never dreamt of danger in that quarter. By temporizing I have obtained his promise—and I can rely upon him—not to attempt to interfere with Pearl for a week. It would be a pity if we could not devise some effectual means of keeping them apart in a week."

The cloud clears from Deighton Frith's face, and a gleam of intelligence sparkles in his eyes.

"I begin to understand you," he says, drawing nearer to his uncle.

"Then sit down, and reason the matter over quietly," proposes Mr. Frith.

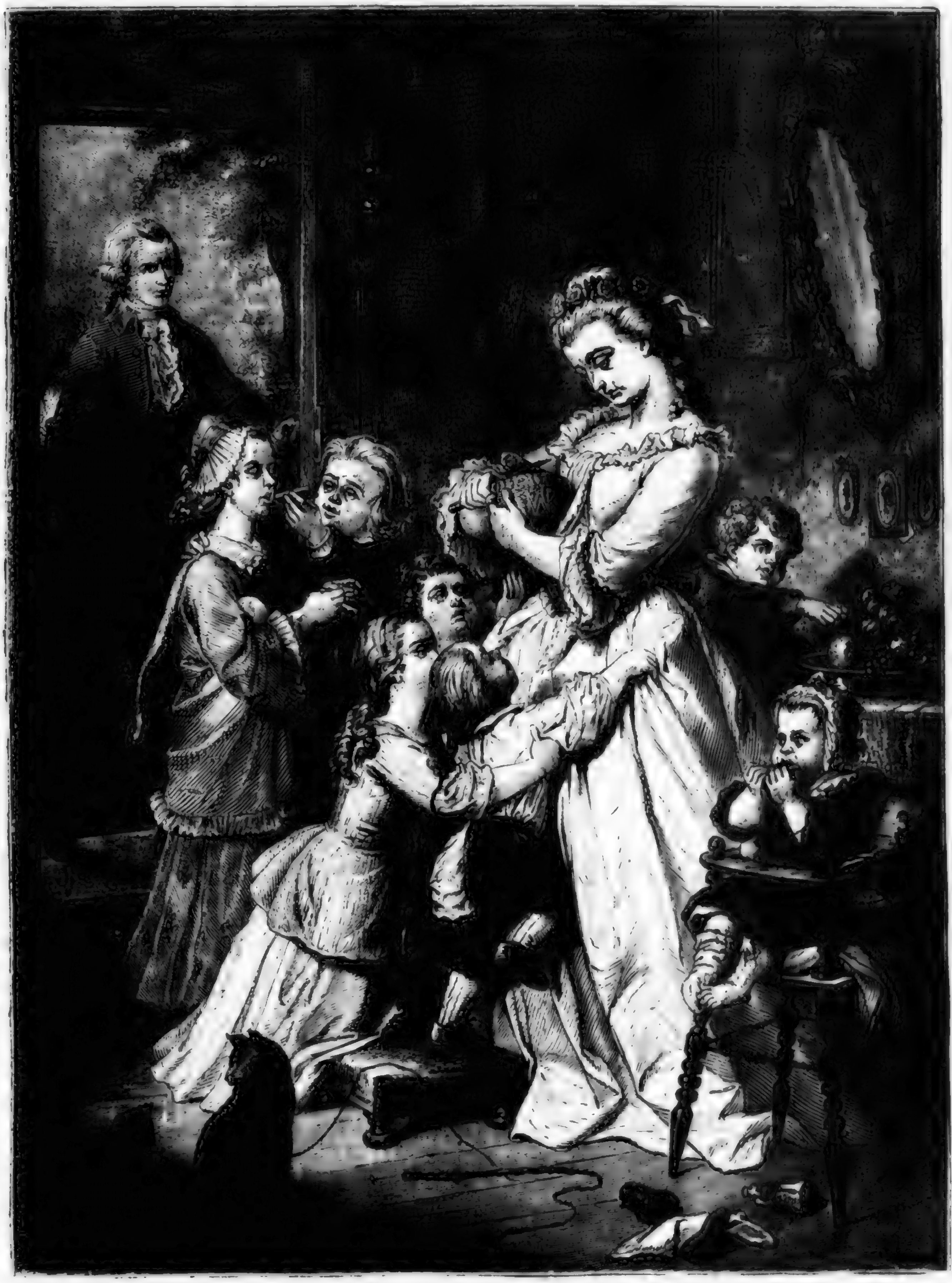
CHAPTER V.

THE days and hours drag slowly along to Christian Graham—slowly, but not unhappily, not drearily; sweet thoughts keep him company, glad hopes nestle in his breast. Oh, what hope could be more gladsome, what thought more sweet, than that of one day calling Pearl "wife"?

He has not seen her since the night when she sat in the moonlight and told of the future her father had marked out for her; he has never once looked upon the dainty, fragile form, and the exquisite, rare pale face of his love; but the thought gives him not a moment's uneasiness.

Nell went from home, in obedience to a sudden summons from a friend a few miles away, on the very day of his interview with Mr. Frith; and doubtless Pearl knows of the meeting.

The week of probation is nearly at an end; and then once more he will try his fate. He will go to his darling, and tell his story, and pour all his love at her feet. If she will listen, oh, the blessed happiness that her gracious listening will confer upon him! If she should turn away—— Well, that cannot change him or alienate his love from her. Love with him will be life-long; having once loved her, he must love her to the end! Better, far better, to have had the joy of seeing and loving her, even though it should be to him, for all time, but a source of pain, than never to have seen—never to have loved.



GOETHE'S CHARLOTTE.—FROM A PICTURE BY KAULBACH.

It is the evening of the sixth day, and Christian Graham is slowly wending his way homeward from visiting a sick parishioner. Looking upon the grave, earnest face, with its expression of calm restfulness, no one would imagine how every pulse is tingling and throbbing with the thought of what the morrow may bring, how his heart is thrilling and bounding with the dreams his busy imagination pictures. "Only a few hours more," hope whispers, "and then—and then——"

Very slowly he passed through the gate and up the path leading to the house—very slowly he passes through the hall and enters his study. From the room on the other side proceed the clatter of china and the aroma of tea; but he does not turn his steps in that direction; for a few minutes more he will enjoy the sweet, cheering thoughts that have been with him on his homeward walk, uninterrupted by voice or words of others.

He lays aside his hat, and moves across the room to the open window looking over the garden, the slanting beams of the setting sun bathing it with golden light—not more golden they than the hopes which are so infinitely precious. The birds are singing their final thanksgiving before they seek repose in their mossy, leafy homes for the night. Very gladsome are their notes, but not more gladsome than the changes that go ringing through his heart. "To-morrow—to-morrow!"

Oh, how beautiful it is, this golden, radiant, gladsome June evening! Was ever breath of Summer-flowers so fragrant, or were ever breezes so balmy? Why, even in the low of cattle in the fields hard by, and the drowsy hum of insects, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of the grasshopper, Christian Graham discovers music!

A quiet rap at the door passes all unheeded; and presently a voice breaks upon the stillness.

"I do wish, Mr. Christian, that you would have your tea; it's been served this quarter of an hour, and is almost cold."

He turns then with a little flush upon his cheeks, and such a light in his eyes that the woman who has spoken bursts into an involuntary exclamation of pleasure.

"How well you do look, Mr. Christian! I never saw you look so well in all your life."

She is a favored servant—one who has tended and cared for Christian from his cradle upwards, suffering no other, even now, to attend to his wants but herself, and almost inclined to regard his sister with a jealous eye, from fear that the day may come when she may be preferred before her.

"I am well, Judith," Christian says, with a smile that gladdens the woman's heart; "and I am quite ready for my tea. Suppose you come and pour out for me this evening."

He knows how much Judith's pride will be gratified by this invitation.

"When does Miss Nell return?" the woman asks, as she pours out the fragrant tea. "There is a letter from her this morning, I saw."

"In a few days, Judith."

"Hope she'll think you've been well looked after. Try one of these queen cakes, Mr. Christian; they were made only this morning—and I pride myself upon making queen cakes as well as anybody. Miss Nell could never have made them like she does if I hadn't taught her."

A smile quivers upon Christian Graham's lips, and the old servant continues gossiping while he takes his tea.

"Has Sarah brought any news back with her?" Christian inquires, with the object of changing the current of conversation.

Full of the news of the neighborhood, Judith informs him that the housemaid has returned with some tale about the Friths having gone away on the day preceding.

"The Friths gone away from Banner Cross!" Christian ejaculates, almost unconsciously.

"It seems from what Sarah said—but I did not pay much attention—that Mr. Frith made up his mind in a great hurry like, never saying a word to anybody, and that they started for some foreign place—I forget the name—yesterday evening; Mr. Frith and Miss Pearl and that young man whom people do say Miss Pearl is to marry. It seems a sudden move. Have you heard anything about it, Mr. Christian?"

But there comes no response from Christian. He sits outwardly calm and unmoved; but surely no barbed arrow, aimed by a true, unfaltering hand, ever wounded more cruelly, ever inflicted a more poignant pang.

Gone away—gone abroad! Ah, there must be some mistake! To-morrow he has to meet Mr. Frith; to-morrow he is to be absolved from the promise that gentleman extorted from him; to-morrow he is to tell the story of his love to Pearl. Ah, yes, it is all wrong! Judith must have misunderstood the housemaid's words. The momentary pain dies out; he is once more hopeful.

"A good riddance, I should say, only for Miss Pearl," Judith continues, presently, finding that her question remains unanswered. "Castleford can well afford to spare Mr. Frith and the gay, rackety set he seems to delight in having about him. He is over head and ears in debt all over the town, I am told. Promises in plenty the tradesmen can get, but a settlement of the accounts he owes them never. But Miss Pearl's just like her poor dear mother—as nice a young lady as ever lived. We shall miss her sweet young face peeping in at the doors and windows, sha'n't we, Mr. Christian? Many's the time that the sight has been like a gleam of sunshine to me."

Like a gleam of sunshine to the old servant! Then what has it been to him? Miss her! Miss her! Why, the man feels as if the burden of life would be intolerable to him, cut off from all chance of communion with her—deprived of the joy of her gracious presence. But there must be some mistake.

"Are you sure, Judith, that you are correct?"

He puts the question eagerly, wistfully. Wistfully and eagerly he awaits Judith's reply.

"I only know what Sarah said, Mr. Christian. The gardener told her that the family had gone in a great hurry—quite unexpected—and the servants had no idea when they might be expected back. It seems queer, though, if it is the truth, that Miss Pearl never came to bid you good-by. But she knew Miss Nell was away—perhaps that was the reason," the woman concludes, looking up into the face from which every vestige of color has faded.

But her failing sight does not perceive this, nor the lips so firmly compressed, nor the expression of pain in the dark-blue eyes. But she notices that the cup of tea she has just handed him, and a new cake he has taken, remain untouched when he rises abruptly from the table, and moves away in the direction of the door.

"You have not finished your tea, Mr. Christian, surely?" she exclaims.

"I do not want any more," he tells her, his manner abrupt, his tones so stern that Judith looks after his retreating figure in dismay.

Christian walks hastily into the study and snatches up his hat. Across the hall, along the graveled path, through the gate out on the dusty high-road, through the clover meadows, on he goes, hastily, eagerly, until he stands in sight of the gate of Banner Cross Park. He cannot breathe in the quiet calm of the Parsonage—he cannot rest or sleep until he has ascertained beyond doubt or question whether the report which has reached him is true.

A man and woman stand just within the porch of the pretty lodge. The man holds in his arms a fat, fair, rosy baby, clad in a little white nightdress. The gloaming is coming on apace, but baby will take no harm, although so thinly arrayed, for the air is dry and warm. The twilight shadows are gathering, but the light is bright enough to enable Christian to discern the happy eyes of the mother as she watches the father playing with his little child, as she listens to the cooing, crowing sounds that reward each fond caress. It is sweet rest after the burden and heat of the day. In the bright, glowing, golden fancies of the past week Christian has fondly imagined a similar scene, wherein Pearl and he have been principal actors.

So, some day, has he hoped to hold in his arms and fondle with eager kisses a little child to whom he and Pearl would have an equal right; so has he hoped to have standing beside him, with the glad, shy love-light shining in the depths of her dark eyes, with the same expression of restful, joyful contentment upon her sweet face, Pearl, his love, his queen, the light of his life, his honored, cherished, idolized wife.

The remembrance of the thoughts which have cheered and gladdened his heart the week through, comes to him now with a rush of bitter feeling. What if they should all prove so barren, so vain, so delusive, so idle, as he fears? He checks his hasty steps, and stops to speak to the young couple before passing through into the park.

"Baby grows a fine, stout little fellow, Mrs. Allen," he says, gently. "You will soon have him running about by your side."

"He does get on, that's certain," the proud, happy mother responds; "and he's wonderfully forward on his feet."

"That's well," Christian remarks, with kind, cordial sympathy; "I hope he will grow up to be a comfort to you."

"Thank you, sir," both parents exclaim simultaneously.

"I am a late visitor," Christian says, still maintaining the same kindliness of manner and voice, "but I have rather urgent business with Mr. Frith."

Husband and wife look at each other in mute surprise for a moment, and then the man speaks to Christian.

"Didn't you know, sir, that they went away yesterday morning?"

"I have heard it," Christian replies, growing white in his mental pain, but still speaking out clearly and frankly, "but I hoped there was some mistake. Mr. Frith made an appointment with me which I was desirous should be kept."

"They're gone, sir, sure enough. Master must have made up his mind in a great hurry like, for they took scarce nothing with them. Wilson, the valet, and Miss Pearl's maid have followed with the luggage this afternoon—and a fine scuffle they've had to get through with the packing. They set sail to-morrow morning from Liverpool, for some foreign place with a precious queer name, I'm told; and Thurston, the coachman, did say that he'd heard the master intends staying abroad for a good while—a year or more."

It is all too true then—the story told him by Judith. With difficulty Christian commands himself sufficiently to reply to the man in his usual manner—ever kind and courteous to his humbler parishioners—and then he turns away hastily, and his voice is husky and a little unsteady as he bids the young happy couple good-night.

The stars are beginning to peep out one by one; a pale, fair moon sails into the calm, unbroken blue of the darkening skies; and the faint, sparkling light of the one and the pure, silvery, shimmering radiance of the other, shines down upon a strong man in mental pain amounting almost to agony.

Christian Graham will never forget his homeward walk on that night—all his bright hopes and gladsome fancies vanished and fled away forever, all his fair, noble castles lying in ruins around him, crumbling and falling into premature decay, destroyed by one fell, cruel, sudden blow.

Life can never again press to his lips a draught more bitter; never again can come to him an hour more fraught with anguish of soul. And mingling with the pain comes a strong stinging sense of humiliation. Surely never has man, trusting to the honor of another, been more befooled and duped!

"I might have known that he would not keep faith with me," he thinks, bitterly, "that he was only laughing at me, and mocking me. There never yet was a Frith who kept a promise. I am glad Nell is away," he tells himself. "I could not quite hide my pain from her keen eyes. If I had only gone to my darling and told her of my love, and she had gently, quietly, and regretfully answered that hers could never gladden me in return, I could have borne it. But to be deprived by fraud and crafty deceit of a chance of knowing if she would listen graciously to my words, to be shut out from the hope of pleading my own cause, to know that before I can see her again she may be induced to enter into a marriage utterly repugnant to her—a union unholy because loveless—this seems more than I can bear!"

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"You have had a bad, restless night, Mr. Christian," Judith exclaims, as her master descends to the room where breakfast waits. "I heard you walking backwards and forwards in your room every now and then. Bless me, Mr. Christian, how white you are, and how black and heavy you do look about the eyes! You've got one of your bad headaches, I feel sure. Take a strong cup of tea."

Ay, white face, heavy eyes, aching, throbbing head, truly—but all this is as nothing in comparison with the aching, throbbing pain and heaviness at Christian Graham's heart. But he greets the old woman pleasantly. What right has he to trouble others with any of the sorrow welling within him? Why should they have to bear the burden laid upon him?

"Are there any letters?" he asks, as he takes his seat at the breakfast-table.

"Only one, and a newspaper," favored, faithful Judith replies.

He holds out his hand listlessly for them. He satisfies himself that the letter is not from Nell, and then he looks at the writing upon the newspaper. The hand which has addressed the letter has addressed the paper also; the writing on both is strange, but the fact awakens no curiosity within his mind. He lays them down quietly for a time; he can feel no interest in any earthly thing this morning.

But soon he pushes aside his almost untasted breakfast, and takes up the letter again. Human hearts may suffer and break, but the round of daily toil must still go on. There are the sick to visit, the aged to be ministered to, the broken-hearted to comfort; and Christian Graham is not the man to flinch from the performance of his duty, even though his own heart be bleeding—although he himself stand in special need of sympathy and comfort.

Carelessly, listlessly, he breaks the seal of the letter, and runs his eyes hastily over the contents. Then there comes to his face an expression of dazed, bewildered pain, and he turns once more to the commencement, and slowly and deliberately reads the letter through again to the end. Every vestige of color fades from his face and from his lips. Nothing can be more painful to behold than the utter hopelessness that settles upon his face and looks out from his dark eyes. The letter runs:

"DEAR SIR—Respecting what you asked me, I promised, I believe, to see you again in the course of a week. I am unable to grant you an interview, but what I have to say will be perhaps quite as well communicated by letter. My daughter Pearl was married this morning to her cousin, Deighton Frith, with my full consent and approval; and I believe she will be as happy as most women.

"To-morrow we start for a foreign tour; and probably we shall not return for a year or more. I hope soon to hear that you have got over your fancied attachment to Pearl, and that you have taken to yourself a wife more suited for you. With best wishes, I am yours truly, MARK E. FRITH.

"P.S.—With great difficulty I managed to get an announcement in an evening paper, and have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy."

It lies before Christian Graham—the taunting, cruel letter, in which every word is a deadly insult. Its every syllable stands out before him as though traced in characters of living fire. Oh, the intense suffering of that moment—the fierce, stinging, raging distress!

He turns to the newspaper, and his shaking, burning fingers tear aside the wrapper. The pages are scanned with breathless, impatient haste—with a haste which seeks assurance, even though the assurance bring deadly sorrow. Ah, there it is! Two little crosses point out the names he seeks; and he reads, every word wounding the faithful, loving heart:

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, Deighton Marmaduke Frith, Esq., of Landsowne Towers, to Esmeralda Frith, only child of Mark E. Frith, Esq., of Banner Cross, Deanshire."

CHAPTER VI.

THE great fruit-trees have yielded their fruit five times; the Summer-roses have blossomed and died through five seasons; the birds have warbled their songs of gladsome joyfulness in their leafy bowers; and the nightingale has told out, year after year, his sweet, plaintive lay of love. Five years have passed since that June day on which Christian took up his burden of pain and sorrow. The five years have not passed without bringing some changes; but the changes have been greater at the Parsonage than at the great house of Banner Cross.

Christian has lost Nell. A little more than four years prior, a neighboring Squire, young and brave, stalwart and handsome, wooed her so ardently, so lovingly, that he won from her her heart, and soon he bore her away from the quiet Parsonage, which had been so peaceful, so restful a home to her from infancy—bore her away to bless him with her calm sweet face and gentle dignity.

A prime favorite with Christian is Frank Verny, Nellie's proud, handsome, loving husband—not a greater favorite with him, though, than with Judith. But even he is eclipsed in that good woman's estimation by the fat, smiling, rosy baby-faced girl, who came to bless the young couple a year after their marriage.

Only six months back there came to Castleford the news that Mark Elton Frith was dead—that he had died suddenly of fever abroad, and was buried there. It gave some little food for gossip to the good people of Castleford. Mark Elton Frith was the first who bore the name to find a foreign resting-place.

Then it was hoped that "Miss Pearl" and her husband would take up their residence at Banner Cross; but the hope died out as the week passed by and there came no sign of their return. Reports sometimes reached the quiet old town of the gay life led by the two in the cities where Deighton Frith delighted to sojourn. London and Paris and Vienna, it was said, had each in turn acknowledged Pearl as the queen of beautiful women; but it was added in hushed whispers, though how the report arose none could say, that the beautiful girl who had been reared among them was most unhappy. Nell Verny had heard it spoken many times, as had Christian Graham.

Is it of this he thinks as he sits one dreary November evening looking dreamily into the bright blazing fire? Is he recalling the days long vanished, and the hopes that made them appear so joyous and gladsome? Is he picturing the sweet face that of yore, glancing into the quiet rooms, filled them as with a gleam of blessed golden sunlight? His head is bent forward upon his breast, and the fire-glow playing upon it shows amid the chestnut curls many a silver thread—shows lines of patient, quiescent suffering about the firm lips, with the curves betokening sensitiveness as acute as in a woman; shows the expression of pain and longing only half subdued in the deep blue eyes. He has sat so for some time—ever since the shadows of the short Winter day began to gather, never moving. He has thought the old pain conquered, the old love subdued, the idol dethroned from its pedestal; ever since the morning when he read that Pearl had gone into the keeping of another he has turned resolutely away from every longing thought, every fond memory. Yes; Christian ever tries to act aright both in thought and deed.

But this evening the battle which he has thought ended has to be fought all over again. This evening memory will return with an infinite longing to the olden days, and the warfare rages fiercely.

"What manner of man am I that I should covet another man's wife? I despise myself. But, oh, my little lost love, whom I lost through fraud and deceit, you are unhappy, and I sorrow for your fate!"

With a mournful, dreary sough the wind goes whistling around the house, and the rain beats fitfully against the window-panes, and the shadows fall deeper and deeper.

There is the sound of carriage-wheels in the distance; they draw nearer and nearer, but the man sitting there in his pain never moves. They stop at the Parsonage gate, but Christian never heeds them.

"Here's the coachman from Mr. Verny's, Mr. Christian," Judith says, entering the room. "I thought you were asleep, sir. I knocked twice, and you never spoke."

"The coachman from Mr. Verny's?" Christian repeats, rousing himself and exhibiting some little surprise.

"He has brought a note for you," Judith continues, handing Christian a dainty little envelope, fragrant with some sweet subtle perfume, "and he said that he expected you'd be going back with him."

In mute wonderment Christian breaks the seal of the letter; his wonderment increases as he reads.

"I wish you would return with Willis," Nell writes; "I cannot come to you, and I cannot in a letter enter into any explanation as to why I am so desirous that you should come. I can only say that I am in urgent need of your presence and advice."

A few moments given to preparations for his journey, and then Christian Graham is being driven along the road, through the gloomy, gusty, dismal November evening, toward Birchfields, the residence of his sister.

It puzzles him not a little as he goes along, this hurried, peremptory summons from Nell. What can it mean? If there were illness—but he has assured himself on that point by questioning Willis; so he must wait patiently a few minutes longer.

Birchfields at last! Outwardly the house is cheerful and goodly to behold; and there, coming into the warm, cozy hall at the sound of carriage-wheels, is Nellie.

One quick, searching glance, and Christian is reassured, his fears are quieted. In its sweet gravity, Nell's face may be a little more serious and thoughtful than is customary; but there is nothing of troubled pain in its expression. She greets her brother with quiet pleasantness, deep underlying affection showing itself in every earnest word and look and tone; and then she leads him into the room that she vacated a few moments before.

"You must feel no small amount of curiosity to know why I have sent for you so suddenly," she says.

"I feared that you were ill—or Frank," he states, noticing that they were alone.

"Frank has business in Hallam which called him away early this morning; something connected with a forthcoming grand agricultural and cattle show which his tenants express a strong desire that he should attend; I do not expect him home for some hours. He is very well, Christian."

And then the two, brother and sister, lapse into temporary silence, gazing steadfastly at the crackling, glowing fire. Without the rain falls and the wind shakes the branches of the great trees; but the occupants of the luxurious room hear the dismal sounds but very dimly.

"Christian," Nell says, drawing nearer to him, and speaking in hushed tones, as though fearful any other save himself should hear, "I sent for you because I do not know what to do or how to act. Pearl Frith is here!"

CHAPTER VII.

"PEARL FRITH here!"

Christian Graham echoes his sister's words, in a wonderment that can find no expression in any of his own. Over his face, as he utters them, passes a flash of joy, great and unmistakable, and his eyes light up eagerly. And to Nell Verny there comes as a revelation, in that brief moment, the knowledge that her brother has loved—still loves—Pearl Frith. But the light dies out of his eyes, the joy fades from his face, leaving only surprise and amazement.

"Pearl," he repeats with a slow, lingering on the familiar name—"Pearl Frith here!"

"She came just at mid-day," Nell tells him, with a heart beating more quickly than is its wont, with great, pitying throbs, as she ponders her newly-acquired knowledge, and reflects upon what has occasioned her brother's lonely life. "She came on foot, through the beating rain and piercing wind, with no other protection than a long dark cloak."

"But why, Nell? Why did she come here, and in such a manner?" inquires Christian, surprised.

"I cannot clearly understand. She seems to be laboring under some great mental distress, and talks rather incoherently. From what I can gather, she must be most unhappy."

"Then the reports that have been in circulation were true," Christian cries, a strange mingling of pain and passion in his tones. "Poor little dove!" he moans.

Terms of fanciful endearment are rare indeed from Christian; as these fall from his lips with indescribable pathos, Nell's loving sympathy deepens—"Poor little dove!"

"She appears to be actuated by some strong fear that her child will be removed from her keeping. All the time her cry is "Do not let them rob me of my child.'"

"Her child, Nell! Is there a child?"

"A boy, just a few months younger than my own darling—such a small, delicate, pretty child, Christian. She brought him hidden beneath her cloak. It is strange that we have never heard of his birth."

"How did she come? Did she walk?"

"Yes, from Hallam," replies Nell Verny. "She says that she had no money to bring her farther."

"Walked from Hallam in the pouring rain!" cries Christian. "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

"She was drenched. Her determination to come here must have been taken suddenly, for when I removed her bonnet and cloak, I saw that she was in full evening dress."

"Is it possible?"

"I was standing by the window, and saw a female figure coming up the drive," Nell pursues, ignoring Christian's ejaculatory question. "I could see that, although coming in such a manner and such a plight, she was a lady; and there was something, too, provokingly familiar in her air and bearing. I could not see her face—it was concealed by a thick black vail."

"Well?" Christian interrogates with impatient eagerness, as Nell pauses for a moment.

"Some strange impulse, for which I should have found it difficult to account, seemed to impel me, and I went into the hall, and opened the door myself, before she had had time to ring. She came in," Nellie continues, her soft dark eyes brimming over with tears, "the water dropping from her cloak as she moved; and then suddenly her strength seemed to give way, and she sank on to a chair. I removed the veil from her face, and then I saw who it was. 'Pearl!' I cried; and in my surprised bewilderment I could not utter another word. She put out one hand from amidst the folds of her cloak. Even in that painful moment I noticed that it glittered with valuable rings, and that on her arm was a costly bracelet. Her trembling, burning fingers grasped mine with a convulsive clutch; her black eyes looked at me with a world of yearning misery in their depths. 'They wanted to take my boy from me!' she whispered; and her voice was so hoarse and strained that it seemed to me that another—not the rich, sweet-voiced Pearl of old—must be speaking. 'I could bear it no longer, and so I came to you.' I could find no words in which to express my deep, shocked sympathy—the love I must ever entertain for her. I could only silently weep over and caress her, and endeavor to relieve her of her dripping outer garments. And then I saw the rich dress, so strangely incongruous, and the child tightly pressed to her breast. I started when I saw that; for although she had spoken of her boy, I did not expect to find him there; indeed I had utterly failed to comprehend the full meaning of her words. But I took the little one from her arms, and drew her gently into the room I had left a few moments before. 'Do not let them have my baby!' she kept repeating. 'I shall die if I lose him!'"

"Did any of the servants recognize her?" Christian asks, as Nell pauses for a minute.

"No one saw her come in; but I summoned Royce—I can rely upon her, you know—to assist me in getting her undressed and into bed."

"Royce is no gossip."

"No; and she knew Pearl in the old days, Christian, when sorrow was a thing unknown to her. We gave her brandy, and she soon sank into a peaceful, restful sleep, her baby beside her. She appears thoroughly exhausted. And then, dear, I sent for you," concludes Nell.

"Is she still sleeping?" asks her brother.

"She was a few minutes ago. It would not be well to awake her, I think."

"By no means," he agrees, and then reiterates, "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

Then the brother and sister relapse into thoughtful, subdued silence, which is broken presently, however, by a gentle rap, followed by the opening of the room-door.

A staid, respectable woman of middle age advances. It is Royce, half maid to Nell Verny, half upper nurse to the pride and darling of the household.

"Well, Royce?" Nell says, interrogatively.

"The lady is awake," Royce replies, speaking carefully, "and has been asking for you."

"How does she seem now?" Christian asks.

"As though her sleep had done her good, sir. She seems rested, and does not talk in such a rambling manner."

"I will go to her," Nell says. "Christian, I shall tell her that you are here; I will come to you again, presently."

It appears an interval of hours to Christian before Nell makes her reappearance. He recalls every word she has told him. Pearl, whom he has loved from his earliest days, and will love through all time—Pearl Frith in sorrow and distress seeking her old friends for protection from some threatened evil! Pearl near to him—soon to be met by him face to face! The minutes lag and appear very long to Christian; and yet in reality but a very brief interval elapses before Nell returns.

"Come," she says, "she is expecting you." And without speaking a word he follows her into a cosy dressing-room.

An easy-chair is drawn up close to a bright fire. Seated in it and wrapped in a comfortable scarlet dressing-gown of Nell's is a woman—Pearl Frith.

A blindness seizes Christian—a mist gathers before his eyes, obscuring his vision; the rebellious heart which he had thought subdued beats and throbs wildly—the old longing arises. But his agitation passes away. He walks up to the loved, remembered figure, half hidden amidst the luxurious cushions; he bends over her and takes her hand in his own; but all in vain does he strive to utter a sound—words fail him.

"Christian," a sweet low voice says, "dear old Christian! I am so glad to see you."

The dear familiar tones, soft and mellow as in the days of yore, not harsh and strained, as Nell has described, move Christian strangely.

"I am so glad to see you," they repeat.

Glad! But the eyes are fixed and smile not, the face is blank and hopeless, the smile that quivers over the lips is very faint. And still the man cannot find one single word of greeting; he can only mutely regard the sad, weary face, and clasp the delicate hand a little more closely.

"Look at my boy," Pearl says, once again breaking the silence. "Nell tells me that you never knew I possessed such a treasure."

He turns then and notices, playing upon the hearthrug with Nell's little girl, a boy, small and delicate, with Pearl's black eyes and hair, and Pearl's pure white complexion and slight form.

"He is not a fine child, I suppose; but to me it seems as though the world never before contained one half so precious. Very likely Nell thinks the same of her little one. Only observe what friends the two are already."

Christian bends over the two children. He kisses softly the innocent baby-faces of both, upraised to him so trustfully; but Pearl's boy he raises in his arms, and holds him so for a few moments, greatly to the indignation of Nell's baby-girl. It is Pearl's baby, with hair and eyes like the mother.

"We never heard that you had a child," he says, speaking at last in the calm, grave, kindly tones Pearl remembers so well. "I am rather surprised that we did not. Your boy resembles you greatly."

"I think he does," assents Pearl.

The mother-love chases away some of the hopelessness from Pearl's face; something akin to pleasure flashes into the dark, sad eyes. Christian tenderly replaces the boy upon the rug beside his young companion. "It is Pearl's child, and that man's; but Heaven bless him with fullest blessings forever!" he utters inwardly.

"It is quite time those little articles were in bed," Nell puts in, striving, but vainly, to speak in a light careless fashion. "Royce, suppose you take them away."

Into Pearl's great sad eyes there creeps an expression of fear. Nell is quick to perceive it.

"Your little Elton will be quite safe," she says, soothingly; "no harm can possibly happen to him. Still, if you wish it, he shall remain with you."

"No—oh, no!" Pearl exclaims. "I am nervous and tired; but I am sure Royce will take care of my boy."

"That she will," Nell tells her, reassuringly; and Royce carries away the children.

Chapter VIII.

I SENT for Christian," Nell commences, as soon as they were alone, "because I knew that it would be late when Frank—my husband, dear—would return, and because I feared that you were going to be very ill, and I did not know how to act."

"How to act?" With vague wonderment Pearl repeats Nell Verny's words.

"I did not know, dear, if it would be right to send to Banner Cross," Nell tells her, gently.

"To Banner Cross!" Pearl cries, starting up as in affright, a look of terror in her eyes. "To Banner Cross! Oh, Nell, surely you would not betray me?"

The momentary strength passes away, and she sinks again into the chair in an agony of weeping.

"Pearl," Christian says, bending over her and speaking with gentle authority, "why are you here?"

"Because they would have taken my little child from me. Ah, Christian, I have borne so much, but I could not bear that!"

"But why, dear?" Nellie interposes, kneeling beside her, and softly caressing the delicate hands. "And who could be so cruel and heartless?"

"Who? Why, Deighton Frith—the man who has marred my life—the man whom English law compels me to call 'husband' and to acknowledge as 'master'! Why? Ah, Nell, that is a very long story."

"Not too long, dear, for us to hear, if the telling will not weary you," returns Nell.

"It will do me good. Even to look upon your face soothes and rests me. Ah me, Nell, in the long, weary years, how I have yearned for a sight of it, if only a brief, passing glimpse!"

Pearl's eyes are not the only ones brimming over with tears now.

"And now not only to see you, but to be near you, and hear your voice speaking to me!" Pearl continues. "Ah, Nell, I fear that I am only dreaming, and that presently I shall awaken to the old life of misery and wretchedness."

"You are not dreaming," Nell whispers. "Dear, I too have feared that I should never see you again."

"I saw the announcement of your marriage in the papers—they could not keep that from me. I was glad for your sake, Nell. In the old happy days I knew Frank Verny—knew him, and always liked him. Nell cannot fail to be happy, I thought. I am sure now—your face tells its own tale."

Yes, Nell's face tells its own tale. Through the tears the glad love-light shines, through the sorrow she feels for Pearl the expression of happiness upon her face is very visible—calm, restful, abiding happiness.

"But your own tale, dear," she says, softly—"tell us that."

"Ah, yes! I will be as brief as I can. You remember how suddenly we went away—papa, Deighton and I. Papa had forbidden me to come to you at the Parsonage, and, as he merely said we were going to London for a day or two, I did not write. 'When I come back I may see Nell,' I thought, 'and then I can explain.' Besides, I had received a note from you, saying that you, too, were going from home."

"I remember," Nell puts in. "One of my cousin Grace Moore's children died, and I went to Hallam to stay with her, until the first keen edge of her sorrow had worn itself away."

"Papa made some excuse for leaving my maid behind," resumed Pearl. "I soon discovered the real reason, although I have always been a little puzzled why matters should have been so hurried at the last. The very day after our arrival in London I was married to Deighton. You know how much I disliked the idea of becoming his wife, Nell. I begged, I entreated, I implored, but all in vain. It appears that papa had borrowed immense sums of money from Deighton, who threatened him with complete ruin if I did not immediately comply with his wishes. Papa would not allow any opposition. He raved and threatened, he even swore at me; still, I would have borne all that and more if I could have seen in the distance a faint glimmer of hope. But there was none. Ah, Nell," she breaks off to say to her friend, "I know what you would say—that your love was true and steadfast! But, dear, let me go on to the end without interruption. Save for yourself, I was friendless and lonely. None loved me or gave me a kind word or sympathising look; sometimes even I fancied that Christian wearied of seeing so much of me—his manner was often very cold and constrained.

"I was very young when my mother died," Pearl continues—"too young to prize her and appreciate her at her full worth; but one memory of her has ever been very present with me. One evening she knelt beside my little cot and prayed that, if it pleased Heaven to spare me to woman's estate, it would bless me with the love of a good, true, faithful heart—one upon whom I could surely rely, whether the days were sunny or cloudy. She thought me asleep, but I heard every word. I wondered at them then, but, oh, how many times, since I have been of an age to understand the full meaning of the words, have I echoed her prayer! But, as was my mother's fate, so has been mine—the fate of an unloving, unloved wife; only my temperament is different from hers. She was meek and patient, bearing all things, enduring and forgiving every wrong. I have given back taunt for taunt, scorn and disdain for ill-treatment.

"Well, I married Deighton Frith, and had the solitary satisfaction of knowing that papa's mind was at rest. Then we went abroad. I could not write to you, Nell; both papa and Deighton forbade it—and nothing I said or did escaped Deighton's keen eyes. We led a gay life, I assure you. None was more admired or sought after than I. If admiration and flattery could content a woman, I, above all others, ought to have been most happy. But, oh, Nell, the misery of those years! Papa gambled and drank, and so did Deighton; the days and weeks went by in a constant round of gayety and dissipation. Then"—and Pearl's face loses the hardness it has worn while she has been speaking, and her tones fall low and soft upon the ears of her listeners—"my baby was born; and it seemed as though Heaven had looked upon my sorrow, and sent an angel to comfort me."

She sits for some moments in dreamy silence; a silence which neither brother nor sister attempts to break.

"I often wonder why Deighton Frith was so determined upon making me his wife. Perhaps it was because he could not and would not brook at any time or from any person the slightest opposition to his wishes. Certain it is that he never loved me; he has told me so many times. 'I wanted a wife who could take her place in society as a leader second to none, and you promised to become a fine handsome woman,' he would tell me. 'You had a deuce of a temper, too, and I determined to break it. There were many other reasons also, but this one is sufficient for you, that the first moment I looked upon you I resolved that I would marry you.' Papa was proud of the boy, and we named him Mark Elton; but Deighton, I verily believe, hated him—his own child. He would never look at him. I have thought that, although he did not love me, he yet was jealous of the love and tenderness I gave my baby. Many a time I have seen him scowl darkly as I kissed the innocent face; many a time have I heard him mutter a curse between his teeth, and wish that the child was old enough to be sent away to school. He tried hard to induce me to give him up to be nursed by some strange woman here in England. Country air and a good English nurse, he said, would be better for the little fellow than my care. As though any care could be so tender, so watchful as a mother's! But I never would yield, and papa, too, always sided with me. Then papa died, and I was left entirely at Deighton's mercy. Christian," Pearl breaks off from the theme of her own sorrow to inquire, "did poor papa ever do you any wrong?"

Did Mark Elton Frith ever work him any wrong? How the passionate cry goes from Christian's heart, "He robbed my heart of all its joy and hopes; the love which I might have won for my own, he by fraud and stratagem removed far away out of my reach; he took from my life its golden crown of happiness. What wrong could be greater?" But honor seals his lips; not a word of this must he utter. Pearl is another man's wife; he must not forget that. But the question, so direct, for a moment staggers him. Nell innocently comes to the rescue.

"Your father do Christian any wrong?" she says. "No, dear; how came you to imagine such a thing?"

"While he was delirious with fever he was constantly saying that he had used him badly."

"He must have fancied it, dear. There is no notice to be taken of the ravings of the fever-stricken."

"Poor papa! I like to remember how much more kind and gentle than he had ever been before he grew toward me after my baby was born. I missed him sadly, Nell; for after his death Deighton became more cruel than ever, my life daily more miserable and hard to endure. Night after night he used to come home tipsy, and then he was like a madman. Many a time have I fallen on my knees before him, and begged that he would let me take my baby and go away from him, never asking help, only that he would let me go in quietness; and, Nellie, he has answered me with cruel words and cowardly blows."

"Blows! The wretched man!"

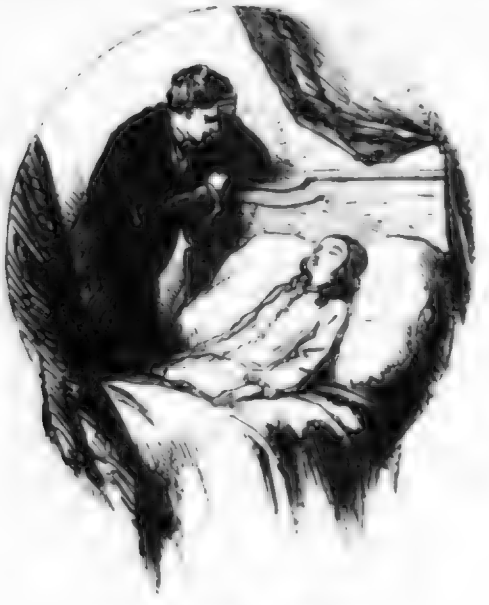
The exclamation comes from Christian. The faithful, waiting, longing heart beats angrily; for a moment the hands—the firm, well-shaped hands—are clenched convulsively, as though the impulse to give battle were strong within him.

(To be continued.)

THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb argus, fire-backed and ocellated pheasants of those islands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Northern India.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great argus-pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for him, he told Wallace that although he had been for twenty years shooting in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest part of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors, and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and my informant, though he had shot none, had snared plenty.



THE LAST SCENE

By William Winter.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
  Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is very still,
  And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
  She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed,
  Will not wake her—therefore, weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
  Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
  What is false, and what is true.

THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

The market-crosses are one of the most beautiful class of monuments bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Rich with all the fancy which inspired Gothic architecture, they tower in the squares of most European cities, and with their niches and statues, often of exquisite design and execution, compel the Nineteenth Century to respect and preserve them, utilitarian as it is.

The Cathedral of Freiburg is noted as one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany, and this cross attests the taste and skill of the master builders of the place.

Freiburg, with its university dating back to 1454, and its library of one hundred thousand volumes, is a small but beautiful city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, lying on the Dreisam. It has a population of only sixteen thousand souls, but is, nevertheless, a place of no little importance.

The town was repeatedly captured by the French in the wars between France and Germany, and in 1744 the invaders destroyed the fortifications of Freiburg im Breisgau, and agreeable public walks and smiling vineyards now occupy their place. The streets are open and well built, and the city in these later times has become the seat of a Catholic archbishop.

THE ABBOT OF READING.

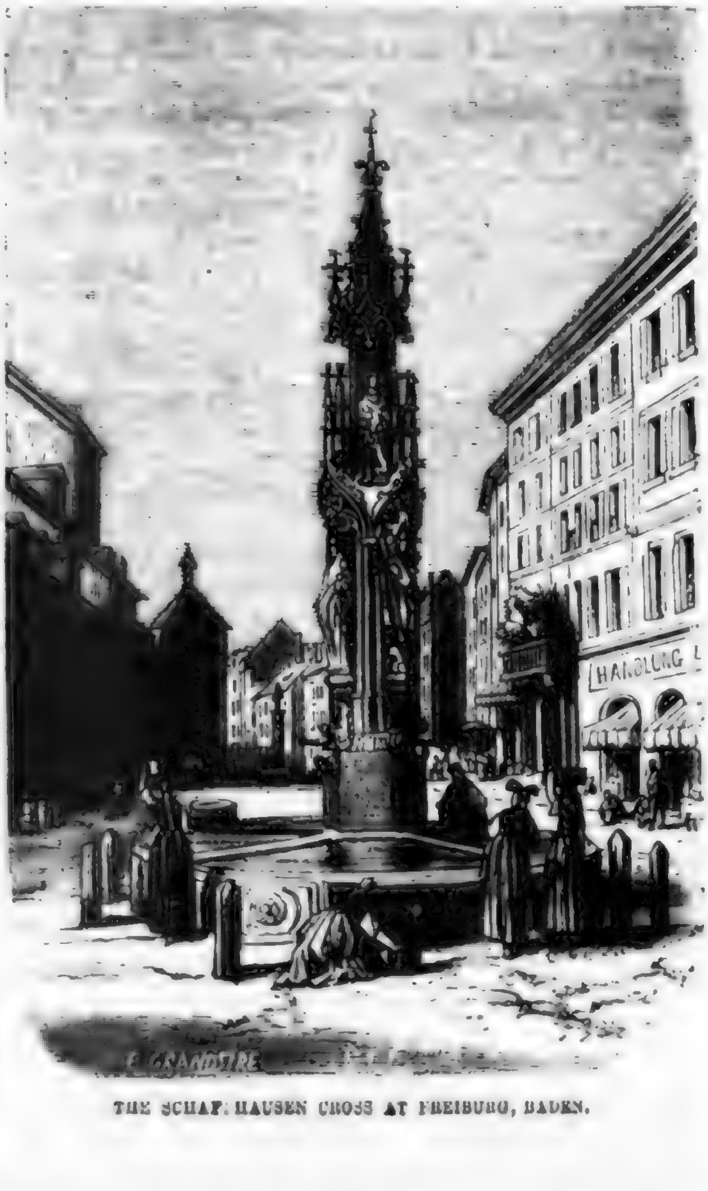
King Henry VIII., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost or (more probably) willfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry); on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace, your master. I would give an hundred pounds, on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken."

The king pleasantly pledged him, heartily thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure.

At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior.

"My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same."

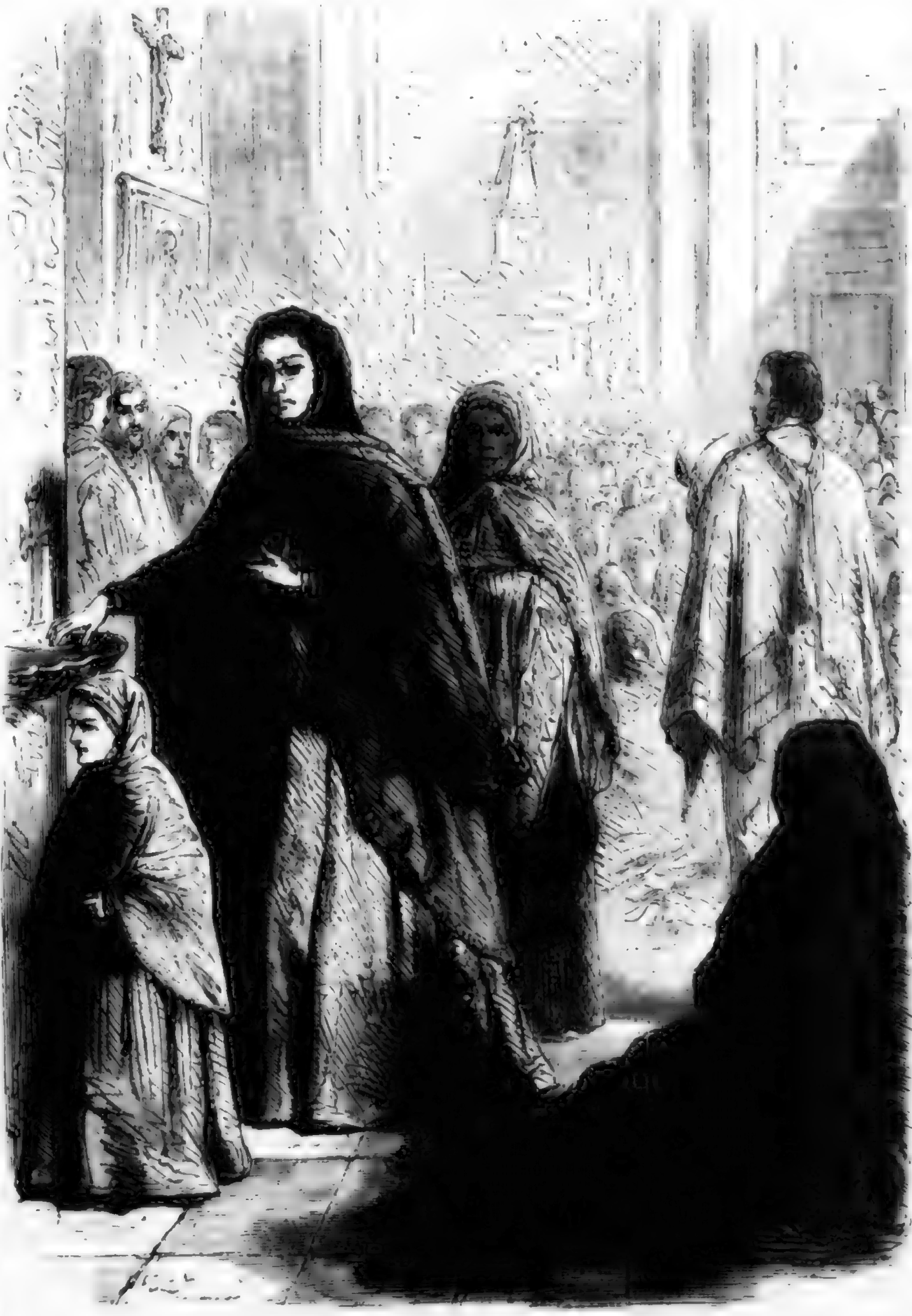
The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence.



THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

CHILI.

THE free and independent Republic of Chili—it dearly loves the title which records its hard-won triumph over the grim, grasping, grudging Spaniards who held and hated it so long—is fifty years old. The situation of the Republic of Chili is perhaps the most romantic and picturesque of those which the great condor, poised in the pure air about the Andes' heights, surveys from a point where the vision has a range of 10,000 square miles over which to rove. From the stern barrier of Mount Moreno to the stormy point of Horn stretches, along a coast-line of 2,000 miles, a broad valley, whose bounds are set landwards by the most extensive range of mountains in the world, and almost the loftiest, and seawards by the vastest of all the oceans.



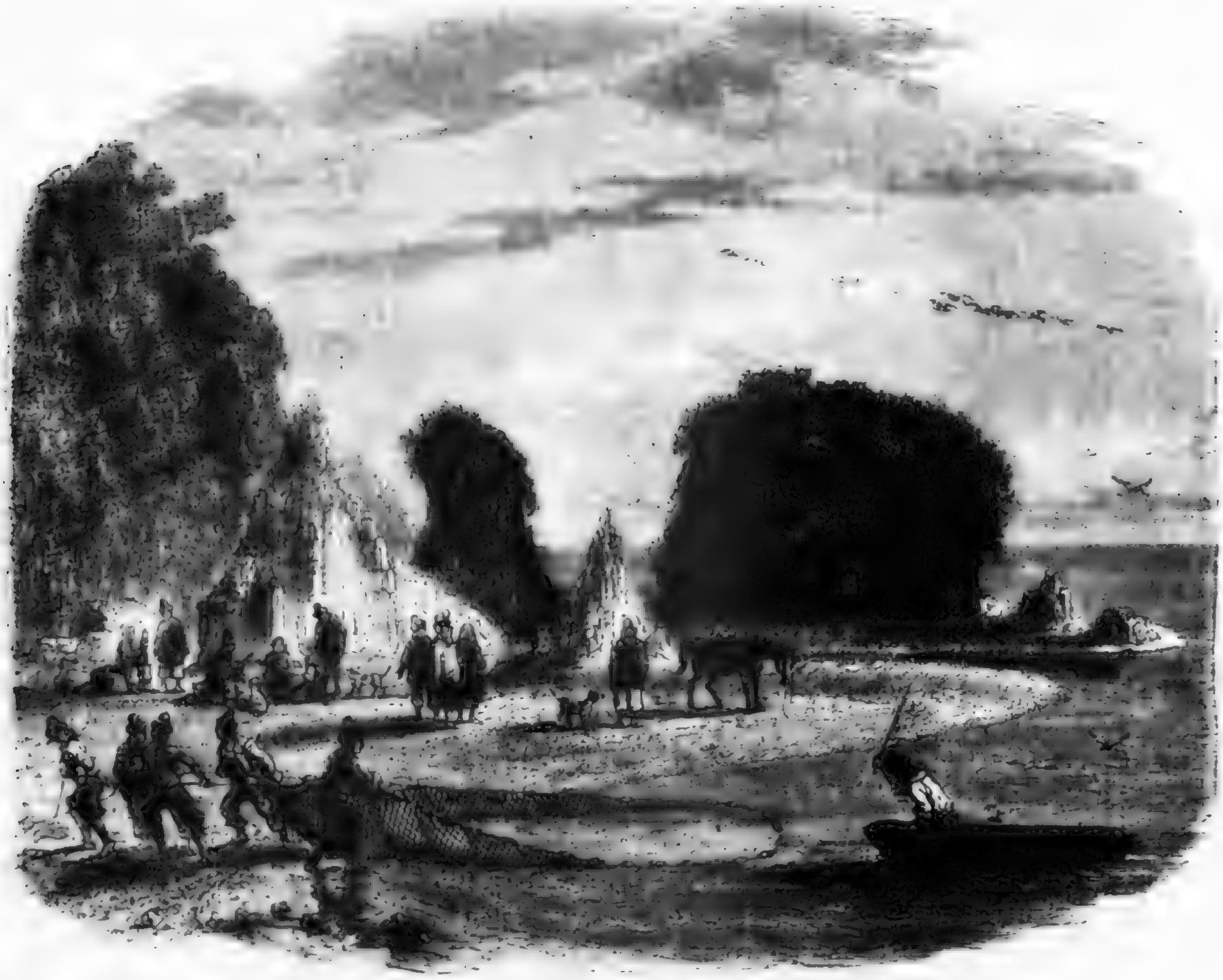
CHILIAN COSTUMES.

The giant warders stand between the broad valley and the Eastern World; its northern desert tracts, where incalculable wealth hides itself in the recesses of the earth, but human life cannot be supported on its surface, so that the fertile country has to feed the mining provinces at great cost of toil; its fair central fields, fruit and cereal-bearing; its pastoral austral districts with harbors, and rivers whose banks are forests, and where great coal-fields indicate industries in the future—all these face the vast, untroubled South Pacific. How utter was the seclusion of Chili, how slumberous its life, we know from some old books of travel, written by men who reached the treasure-laden strip of earth between the mountains and the ocean by the dreary voyage round Cape Horn, or plodded thither by way of the treacherous jungles and dismal swamps of Panama. Its seclusion has only a geographical significance now-a-days, and its slumberous life has been roused to wholesome activity, with sound principles of action and honorable aims.

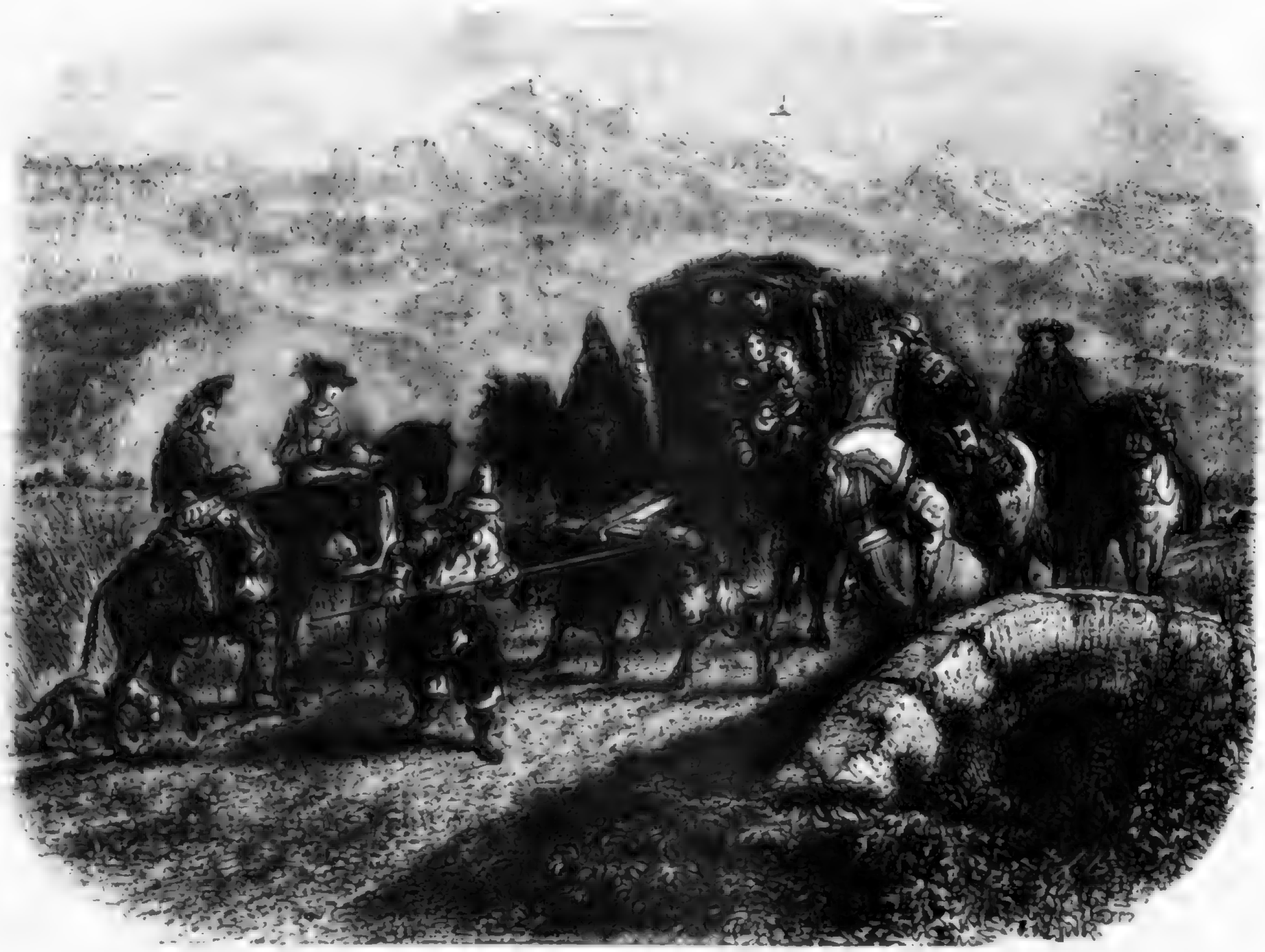
The valley, which is once-and-a-half larger than Italy, with a climate like that of Italy, has happily the great mountains between it and the other republics, the black sheep of the Western World; and any political troubles of its own would be readily settled, because the seat of Government is central, and its forces could easily operate along the shore. When the dreams of the Chilians are realized, and there is a railway across the Andes, whose passes in the old times were known only to the guanaco—their coast may become a vast landing wharf for all the "notions" of the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Transandine Railway is a very bold conception; it includes a two-mile tunnel through hard rock, and the covering-in of large portions of the road from the assaults of avalanches and snowdrifts, and it is not likely to be carried out speedily; but meantime the Transandine Telegraph line, which has been working for some years—its wires are conveyed across the mountains on stone pillars, and in the more exposed portions, underground—is an achievement to think of with respect. It is a promise of what shall be in the secluded coast-country, with its back to the world, whose desert-frontier is in the Tropic of Capricorn, whose most recent settlement at Punta Arenas, where they trade in seal and guanaco-skins, and in the feathers of the ostriches which the Patagonians hunt down with their cruel *bolas*, is the southernmost civilized community in existence, whose capital city is one of palaces and Paris fashions, and whose people prefer solvency as a rule, and like to keep the military budget at the lowest safe figure.

In contrast with the incomprehensible and innumerable "revolutions" which have rendered the South American Republics ridiculous to the outer world, it is pleasant to know that Chili has been peacefully prosperous since 1859; that "militarism" has steadily declined since that date, at



THE CHURCH ROCK, NEW BILBAO, CHILI.



CHILIANS GOING TO THE SPRINGS OF COLLINA.

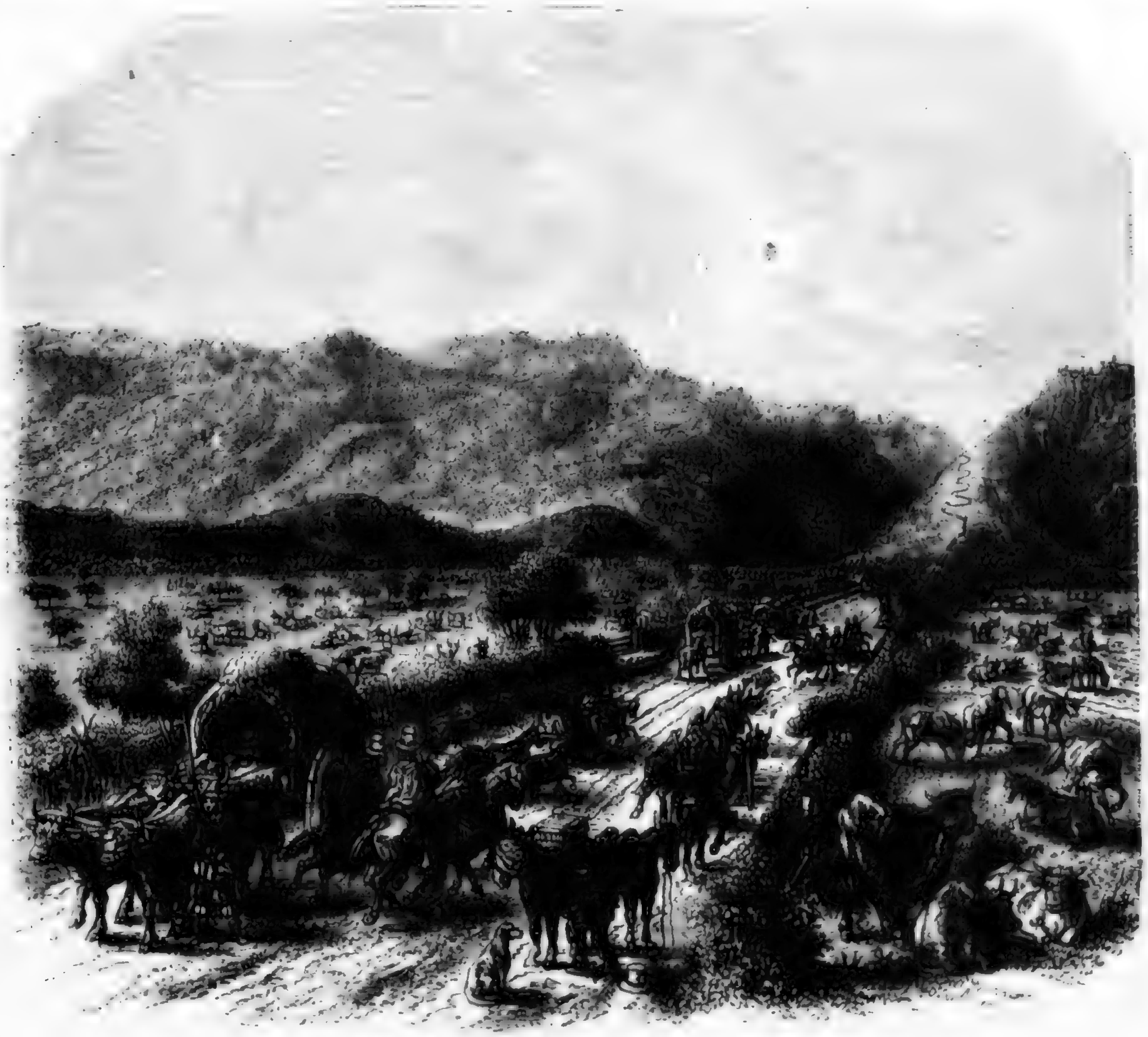
which the "rebellion" of General Cruz was suppressed, and that minding their own business—that business being of an essentially peaceful description—is the abiding occupation of the Chilians.

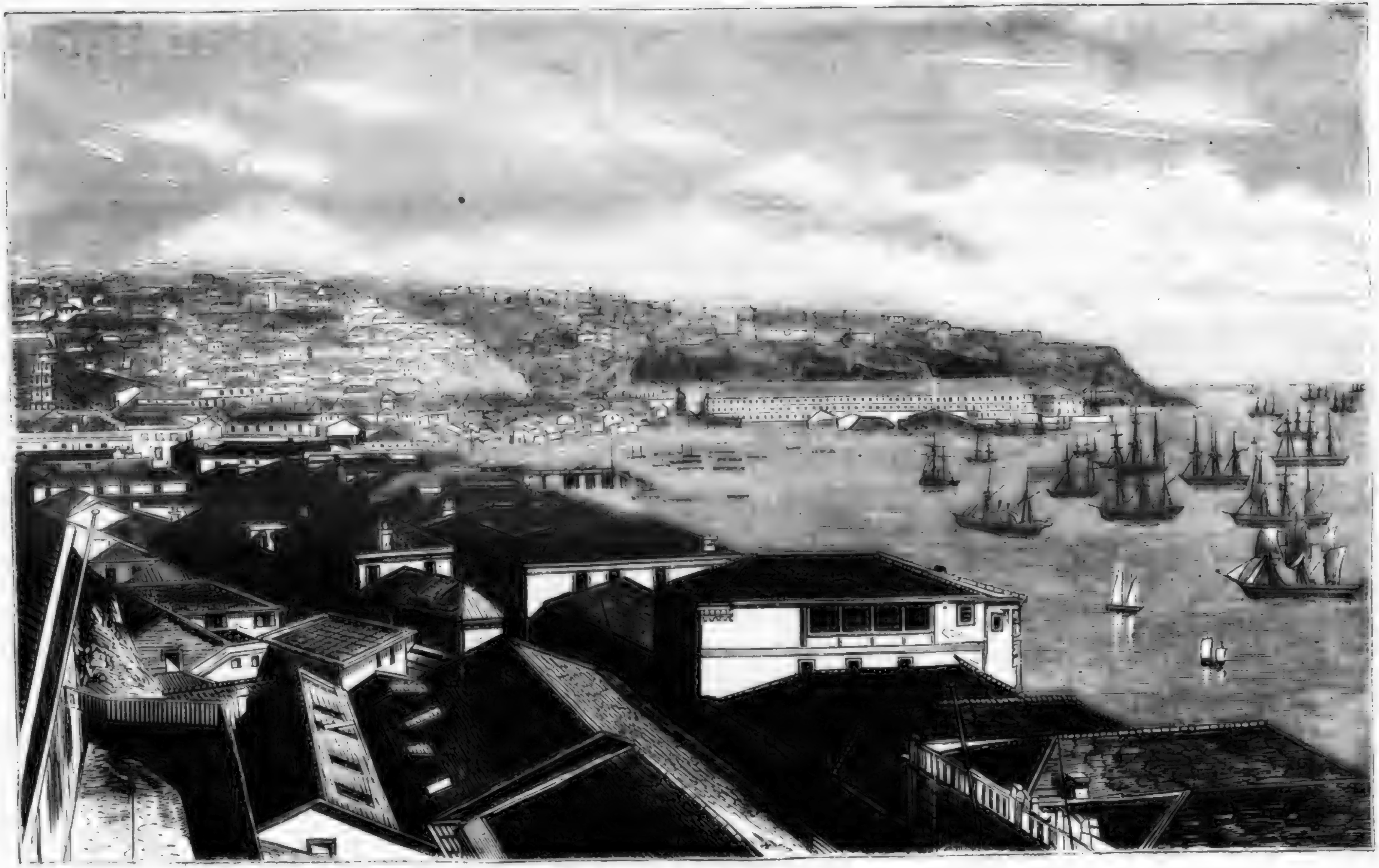
The successive Presidents, who have been civilians, keep the force as low as possible, and they show no special favor to military rank. "The service" has none of those charms with which it is bedecked to the youthful fancy in European countries. Its duties are of a strictly prosaic kind, mostly directed to watching the Araucanian frontier line—for the "Indians" are the chronic trouble of Chili—and chasing the bands of cattle-lifters who come over the border.

The Chilian army is, nevertheless, an efficient little force, held well in hand for any emergency, and the Araucanian Indians probably owe their longish lease—for aborigines at this time of day—of lands, liberty, and life, to the disinclination of the authorities to raise a force sufficient to sweep them, as their less lucky kinsmen in the northern latitudes are being swept, from their hunting-plains.

The country is an agricultural valley; it needs manufactures for its prosperity. Little more than one-fourth of the soil is cultivated, and its population at the last census, in 1875, numbered only 2,300,000. Central Chili, with the capital city, Santiago, and Valparaiso, the largest commercial emporium of the South Pacific, is in every sense the heart and soul of the country. It contains the largest estates, yields the most abundant produce, and supports the bulk of the population. The Government seems to gô somewhat faster than the people in matters of the higher education. The more influential classes are lukewarm about it, and the Conservatory of Music, Academy of Painting, and School of Sculpture and Architecture are doing little to justify their respective places on the Estimates. In the curriculum of the Government schools "urbanidad"—or urbanity, good manners—holds a place, and most travelers in Chili agree in recognizing that the people exhibit the influence of that item in their demeanor out of school.

The Chilian peasantry in the central districts are a restless race, given much to emigration to the mining provinces and to hiring themselves as navvies on the railway lines and other public works in various parts of the Republic. Those who have it in their power to move about in this way are "peones"; the settled peasantry are "inquilinos," and live under a system which, at a first glance, seems to resemble the abolished serfage of the Russian peasants, but is not in reality so degraded and hopeless, and is likewise passing into desuetude, the "inquilino" being gradually transformed into a salaried laborer, for whom a cottage and a patch of garden are provided, as on many English estates. The "inquilino" is distinctly a free man, however humble his status among his class; and the *corrée*, or unpaid service, which is the distinctive feature of the system called "inquilinaje," is a result of the old feudal tenure introduced by the Conquistadores, but is now dying out. There are few peasant proprietors or small tenants holding leases of any duration; the land, held in large estates, is the luxury of the few; but it is well to know that the law of division of property must before long multiply the number of smaller holdings.


ON THE ROAD FROM SANTIAGO TO VALPARAISO.



VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND CITY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.

The peasant proprietors are found, not in the centre of the republic but in the north, in the "happy valley" of Elqui, a *quebrada* highly cultivated, and rich in paradisiacal fruits and enjoying a paradisiacal climate; also in the territories that are gradually being gained from the hunting-grounds of the Araucanian Indians.

The "inquilino" is a resident peasant, who cultivates the land and does forced labor for his "ranchero," its amount and conditions varying according to the customs of different estates, or to voluntary agreement.

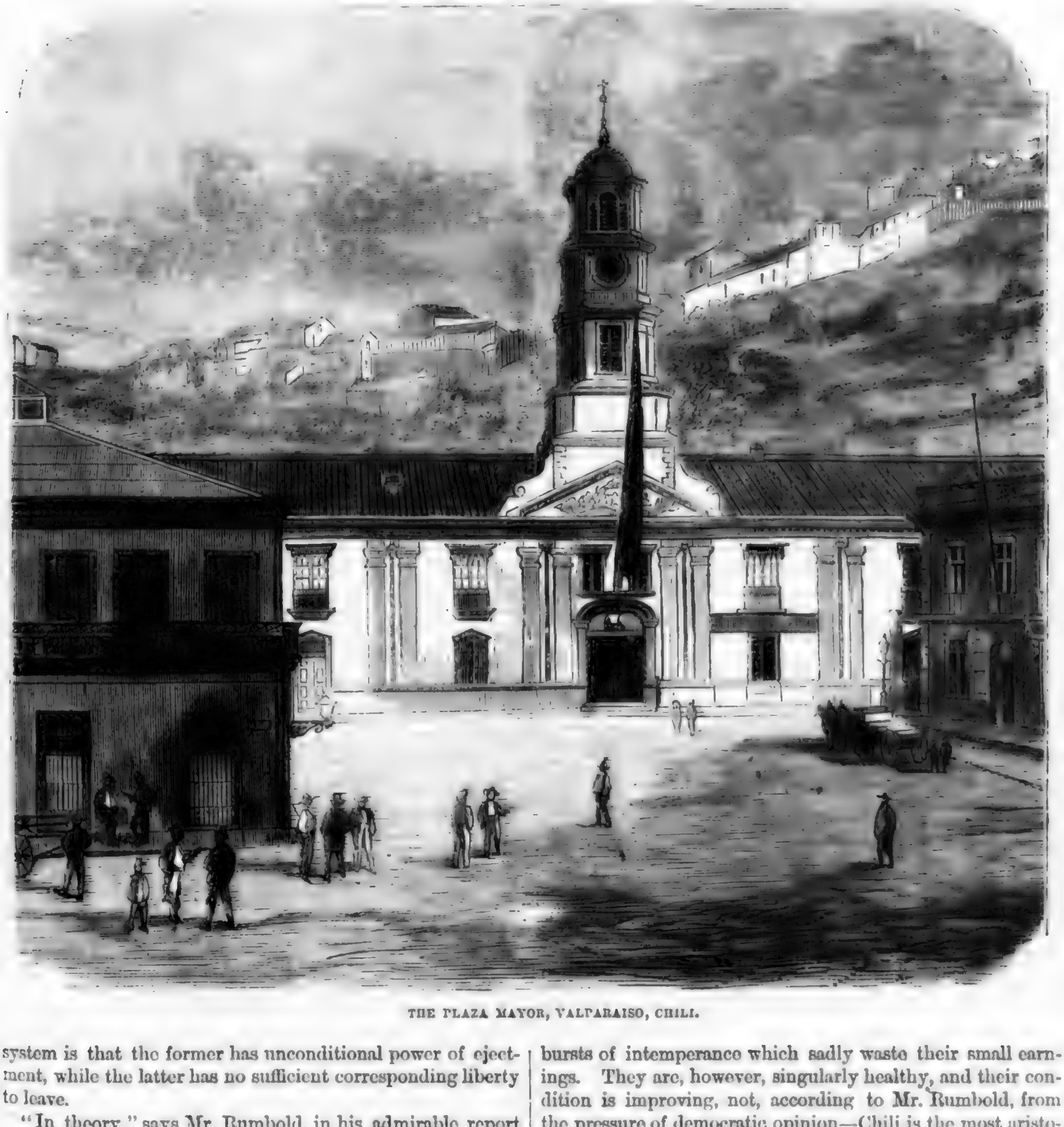
No written contract exists between the landlord or his representative and the "inquilino," and the worst feature of the system is that the former has unconditional power of ejectment, while the latter has no sufficient corresponding liberty to leave.

"In theory," says Mr. Rumbold, in his admirable report upon the condition of Chili from which we are taking these facts, "the tacit contract existing between the employer and the employed is terminable at any time at the will of either party, but in practice the 'inquilino' is in too defenceless a position to be able freely to exercise his undoubted right to quit the estate. Further, the powers held by many of the 'haciendados' (landowners) as 'subdelegados,' or 'comandantes de policia,' would be sufficient to quell any excessive velleity of independence on the part of the 'inquilino.'

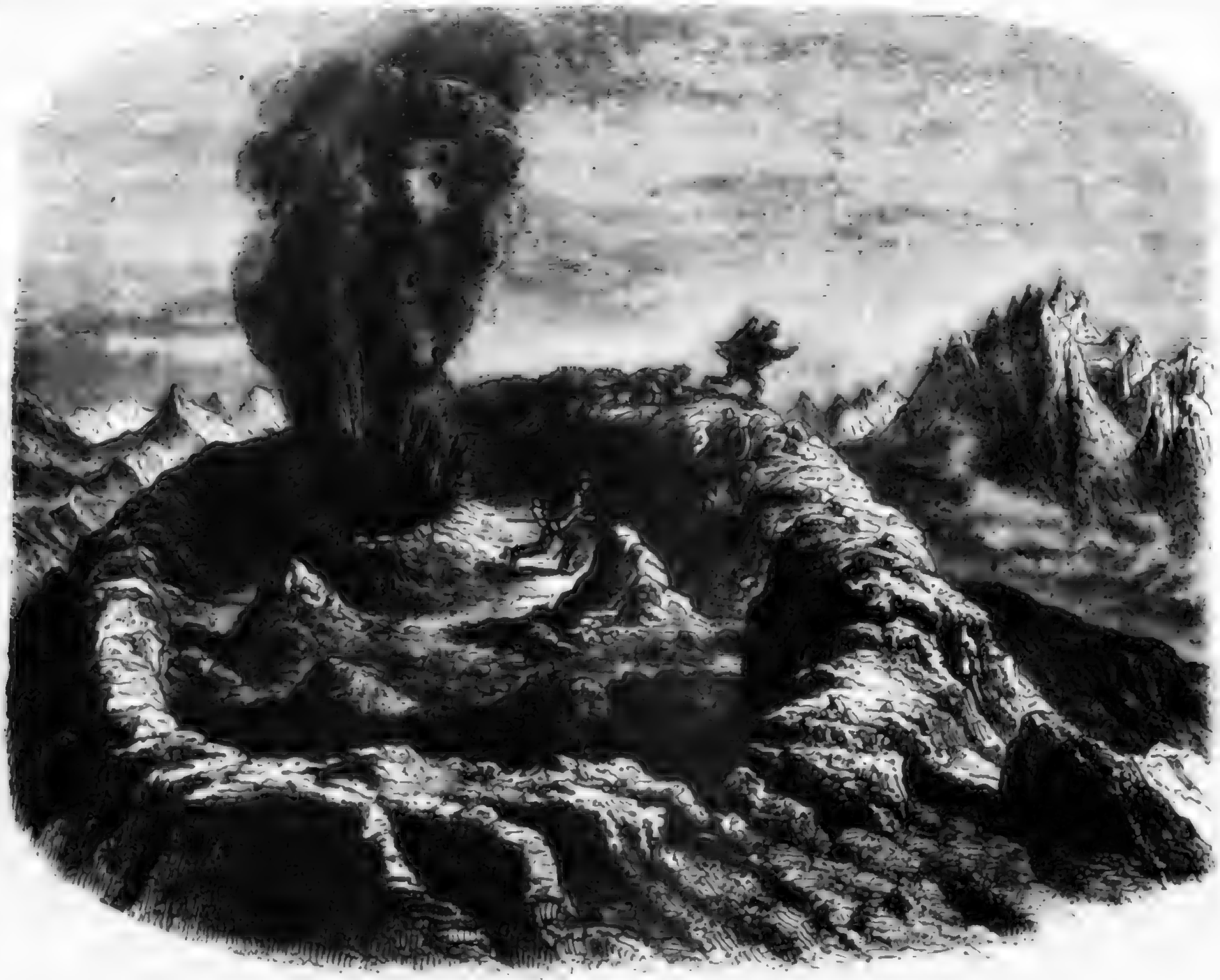
The evil, however, is righting itself; scarcity of labor is turning the scale in favor of the "inquilinos"; but the obligation of unpaid toil by "los brazos obligados" is still fully recognized and enforced. In all material conditions of their lives, the "peones" and the "inquilinos" are all worse off than the Russian serfs ever were; as badly off as the coolies in the Cingalese "lines." They are allowed no wine, beer, or meat; they live on haricot-beans and unleavened bread; they work thirteen hours a day under a scorching sun, with wonderful endurance for long spells, and then give way to bursts of intemperance which sadly waste their small earnings. They are, however, singularly healthy, and their condition is improving, not, according to Mr. Rumbold, from the pressure of democratic opinion—Chili is the most aristocratic of republics—but owing to the initiative of the upper classes.

This is a good hearing, for one of the best-known characteristics of the social life of the secluded coast country between the Pacific and the Andes used to be the inhuman want of sympathy the complete severance between the rich and the poor.

The fabled city in the heart of Africa, whose silver roofs

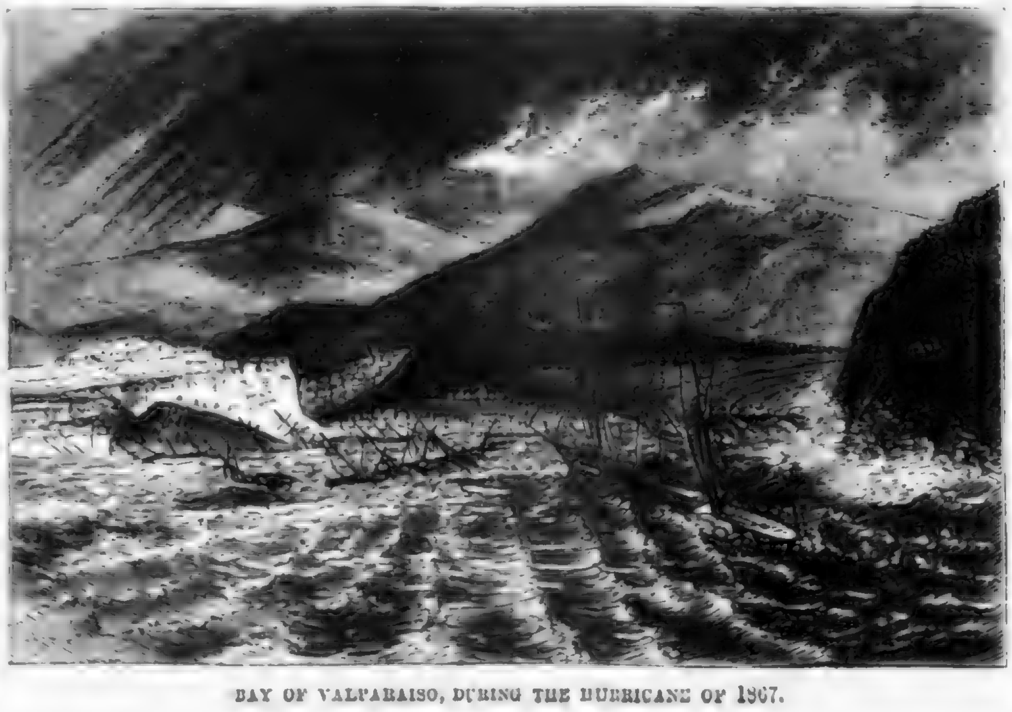


THE PLAZA MAYOR, VALPARAISO, CHILI.



THE VOLCANO OF ANTUJO, CHILI.

and palm-bordered terraces Dr. Mayo set gravely before us thirty years ago, in his famous romance, "Kaloolah," is hardly more attractive to the imagination than is the veritable, actual capital of Chili, ninety miles inland, built upon a vast plain, under the towering and invincible shelter of the snow-capped Andes; whose cordilleras, rich with the treasures which Humboldt catalogued, rise in grand gradations from the plateau, and help the sun to make for Santiago, with the assistance of the distant ocean, a climate as perfect as any in the world. Santiago is an expensive place and luxurious: the desire of the Chilian heart is toward her, and she is the delight of his eyes, with her broad thoroughfares, her stately dwellings, her grand promenades. Ease and exclusiveness are her characteristics; the old Spanish orthodoxy dwells there, also elegance and sprightliness purely French. Santiago is as well beloved and carefully tended, as trimly dressed, as Paris itself; and the beautiful Chilian ladies tread its pavements in the latest Parisian attire, or drive through its broad streets, by lines of Parisian seeming hotels, and convents with white gleaming walls, in carriages which might do for the muster in the Bois. And they can look up at the Andes, and in the sultry noonday quiet the great birds may go sailing by on their way to the South Pacific.



BAY OF VALPARAISO, DURING THE HURRICANE OF 1867.

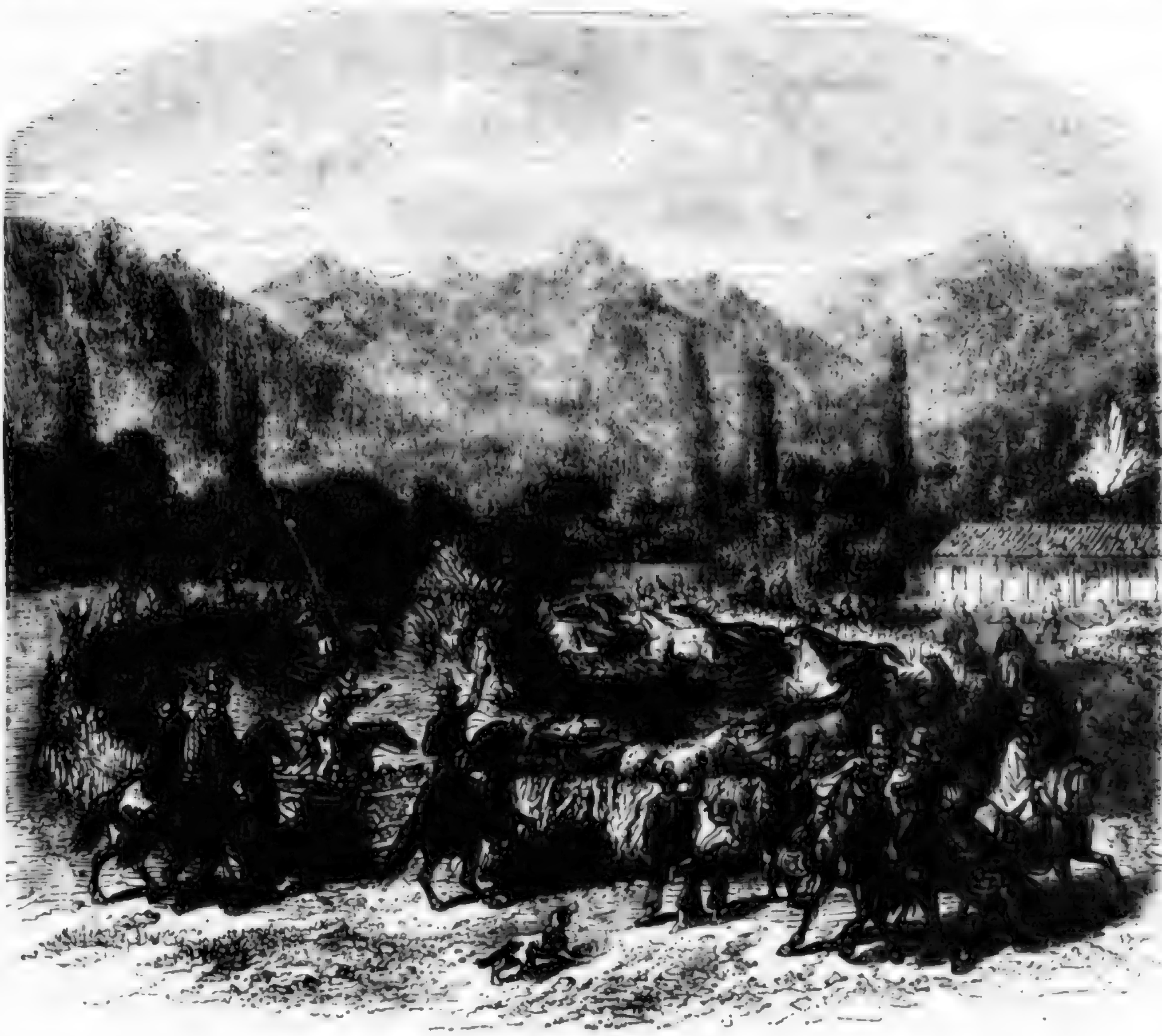
A splendid, ambitious city, with a memory of a horrible disaster hanging about it; with a maëlstrom-like tendency to attract and engulf fortunes and lives; with contrasts of wealth and poverty as dreadful as those we can see any day in London; a city which is a triumph and a snare, a great monument to the "trabajo y cordura," or work and shrewd sense, which have made Chili what that praiseworthy Republic is; but a city which would do well to consider its extravagant ways, and be wise, after the example of Valparaiso. The seaboard city is growing steadily in prosperity, from thrift as well as toil.

The area of Chili, exclusive of the part of Patagonia which it claims, is about 133,000 square miles, and that portion is nearly as large, but really of little value. It is a mountain land, for it not only has the Andes on the east, but is traversed by two ranges of lower mountains, the Central Chain, and La Cordillera de la Costa. The principal valley of the country lies between the Central Chain and the Andes, which here meets a height of 14,000 to 22,422 feet, the loftiest being Aconcagua. Several of these, such as Llullaillaco, Villarica, San José, and others, are still active volcanoes. The volcano of Antujo, shown in our illustration, long towered with its crater, unapproached and unseen, in the Chilian province of Concepcion; its sides forming a strange, wild contrast, one sterile, and covered with the ashes of former eruptions, with only an occasional blade of grass to tempt the wild guanaco; the other side, sloping down to the picturesque Lake Laja, is covered with a rich vegetation, in which Nature exerts all her power to charm. As no lava had issued from the year 1812, a daring naturalist, named Pœping, in 1829, had the courage to attempt, and the perseverance to effect, its ascent, and view the crater. He was followed ere many years by Claude Gay, a scientific man from France, who with great toil at last reached the summit, with three servants, one a countryman of his own, the other two, Chilinos. The crater lay before them like a vast bowl, filled with snow, with many apertures, showing deep holes. One of these, to the east, rose like a kind of chimney, and the adventurers were approaching it for a nearer examination, when a sudden eruption of gas and smoke, with stones of various sizes, put them all to sudden flight. On recovering from the first panic, however, M. Gay made observations and sketches, determining the height at 2,818 metres. Like all the Chilian volcanoes, it is on the western slope of the Andes.

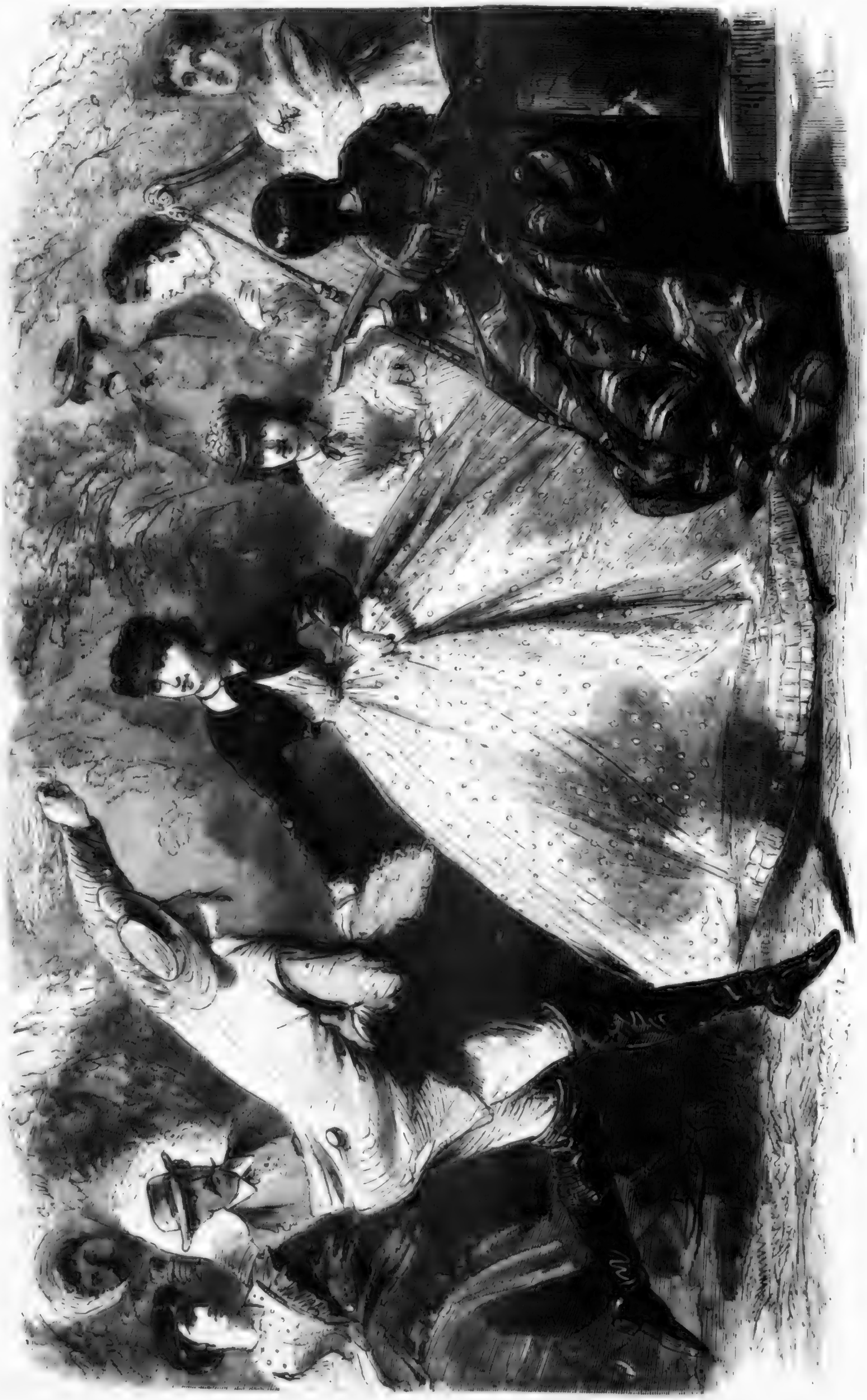
At the north, Chili is cut off from Bolivia by the lofty desert of Atacama.

The scenery in all parts of Chili is grand and picturesque. Even the coast has its stern, rugged features.

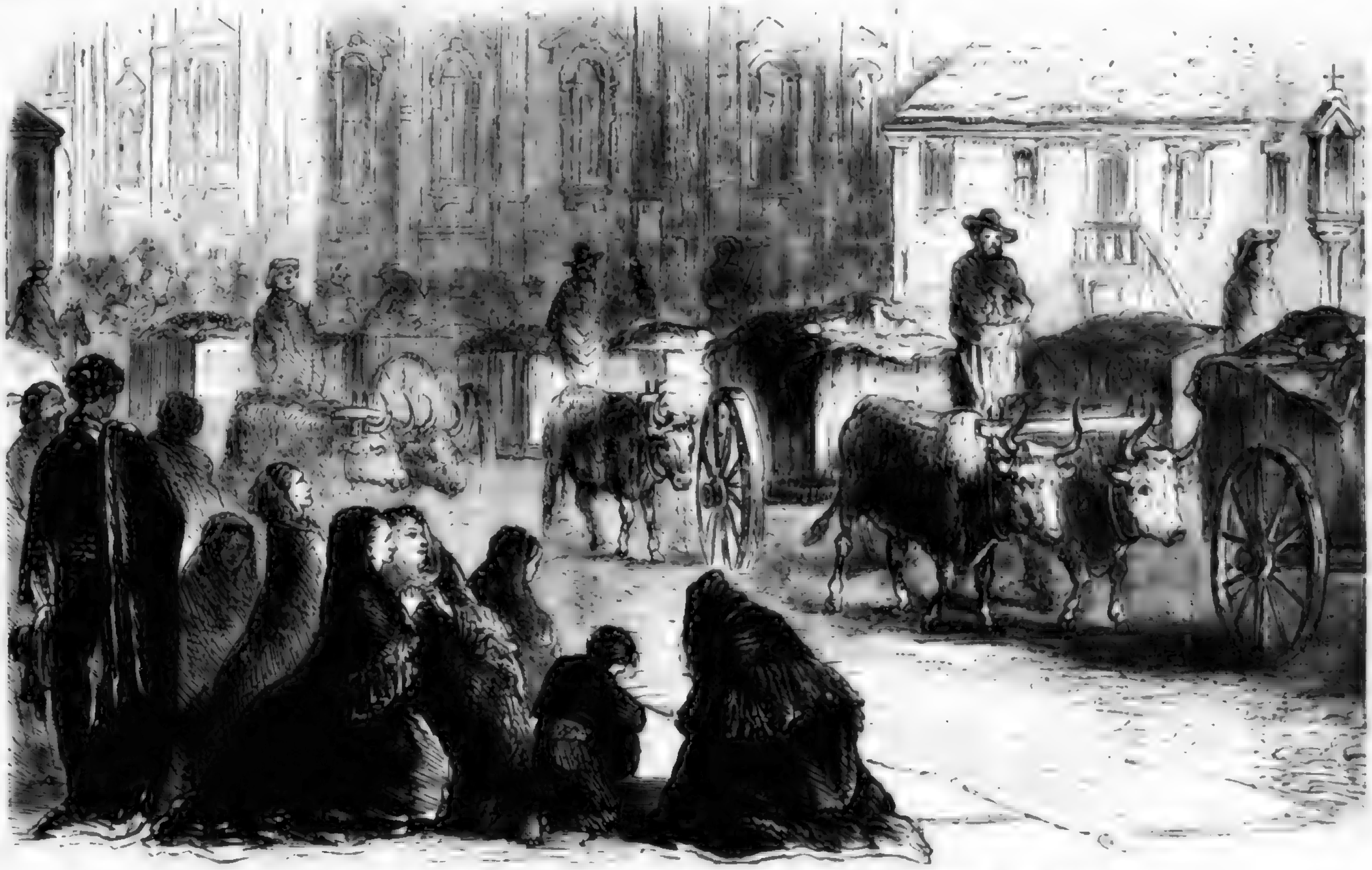
About a mile and a half from New Bilbao, or Puerto Constitucion, a thriving Chilian city, and the great depôt of the rich provinces of Talca and Cauquenes, is the curious Church Rock shown in our illustration. Permanent and good government has rendered Chili a paradise compared to the great mass of South American republics, for under its exceptional condition, giving peace and security, arts, industry and education flourish.


A TRILLA OR THRESHING IN CHILI.

The rock, like the Isle Percée in the St. Lawrence, has been channeled by water; but here the rock stands isolated at some distance from the water, and in itself looks like an old ruined church, its towers long since crumbled away, while the arched portal opens into the interior, lit with its dim religious light.' It is not strange, therefore, that the people should call it the Church Rock—*La Piedra de la Yglesia*—and it is said that the name is justified by more than this mere outward resemblance, the rock having in the early times of the settlement of the country served as a chapel, the pioneer priests having celebrated Mass beneath



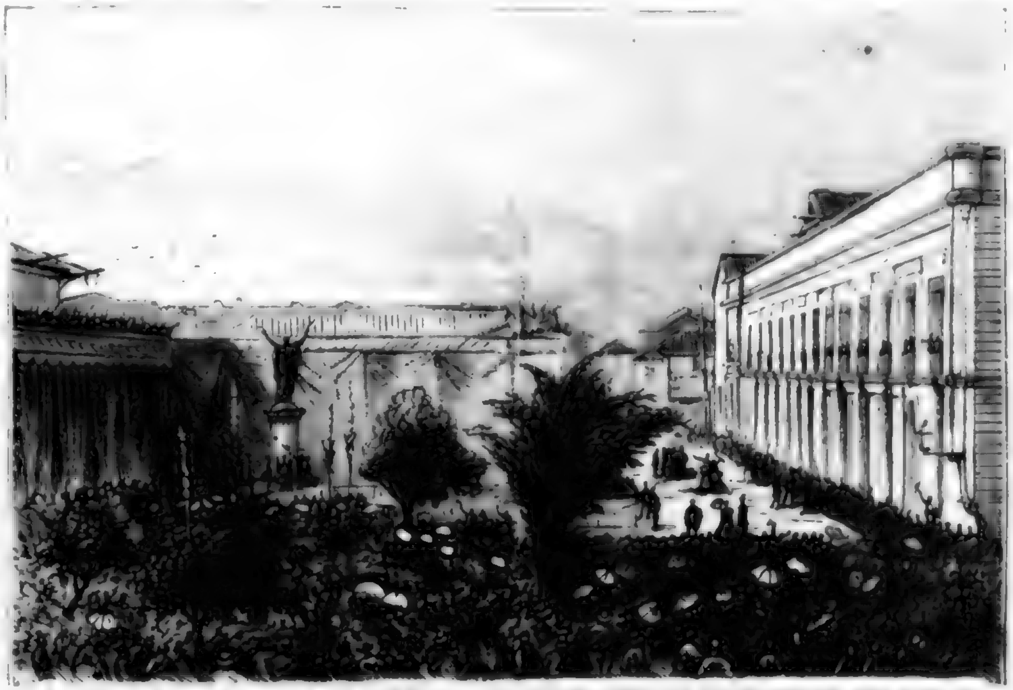
LA YAMACUECA.



THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, DECEMBER 8TH, 1863.

the natural vaulted roof of the Church Rock." The climate of Chili is one of the finest in the globe, being equable and uniform, so that fruits, flowers, and trees of both tropical and temperate regions flourish well. The native palm and pine of Araucania, the cherimoya of tropical America, the medlar of Japan, the magnolia of Florida, and the olive of Asia, may all be found within a single garden, every one as luxuriant as in its original clime.

The two drawbacks are the earthquakes and the hurricanes. The hurricane of 1867 was particularly disastrous, and we depict the Bay of Valparaiso under the influence of the storm-king. The earthquakes are frequent, and sixteen have been especially disastrous. That of 1570 destroyed Concepcion; that of 1647, Santiago; that of 1730 again ruined those cities as well as La Serena, Coquimbo, and every village from this last place to Concepcion. In 1835 this last-named city was again visited with destruction for the fourth time, and Talcahuana, a great resort of our whalers (in whose dialect the name has become Turkey-owner), was destroyed. The earthquakes of 1851 and 1871 were felt especially at Valparaiso and Santiago.



MONUMENT ERECTED ON SITE OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTIMS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

As may be supposed, Chili abounds in mineral wealth producing almost all the metals—gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, iron, zinc, nickel, cinnabar, cobalt, antimony, bismuth, manganese, and arsenic, the copper and silver mines being especially rich. Coal, sulphur, salt, and nitre abound.

Agriculture is not carried on with the result of modern study and skill. Some of the methods are still primitive, as may be seen in our illustration of a trilla or threshing.

The trilla or threshing-day becomes a perfect holiday, combining the attractions of a horse-race with the harvest labors, as our agricultural fairs do occasionally, we must admit. The wheat is placed within a circular corral, into which a number of fine young horses are admitted, unfettered by riders, saddles, or harness. A mounted man urges them on, and the young men of the neighborhood, all mounted, of course, gather around outside, encouraging them with shouts, betting on the one that will keep longest ahead of the herd as they career wildly around the arena.

The Chilinos are to the extent of about one-fourth or half a million of pure Spanish blood; the rest are chiefly of mixed race, as their forms, features, and hair testify;

many of the laboring classes are, however, of pure Indian types.

The progress of the French fashions has in a manner banished from the world the old national and characteristic custumes by which the several nations were so distinctly marked. If there were always grace in these creations of Parisian modistes, it would be well; but the ladies themselves all agree that the fashions of three years ago are horrid, to say the very least. The fashions, as we meet them in South America, especially in the interior towns, are of this stamp—discarded French fashions, and poor, at that. In church, however, the old Spanish dress prevails, and if the rebozo gives to our eye somewhat too much of a muffled look, yet the whole effect is graceful, ladylike, and dignified. It marked the national type, and they do well to retain it in church, where, indeed, the French bonnets and dresses are regarded as a sort of sacrilege.

The long trailing dresses, however, and the manner in which the rabozo cramps the arms, are terrible enemies in case of danger. Ladies are fettered in all their limbs, and when occasion requires the quick use of arms or legs, the poor victims are unable to extricate themselves, and contribute to their own ruin. In that terrible church conflagration, some years since, this dress was the cause of the great loss of life. Caught by others treading on their skirts, and unable to use their hands easily, those in front fell, and others fell over them, so that a living mass barricaded the doors, keeping in those behind, to meet their dreadful fate. The latest papers speak of a shock of earthquake, in which ladies, rushing from the churches on Annunciation Day, were crushed down for the same reason, many limbs being broken.

The men, as will be seen in the illustration, cover all with the universal poncho, a square cloth, made rain-proof, with a slit in the middle, through which the head passes, and the poncho droops gracefully around. This garment was almost universal in the world in the olden time, and is the ancestor of the cope and chasuble of the Greek and Latin priesthood. The former is called, in Latin, *pluviale*, or rain-cloak; and the chasuble of the Greeks is a real poncho in shape, but so long that, when the priest lowers his hands to his sides, his attendants have to raise the chasuble to enable him to extricate them.

Education is advancing very rapidly, there being more than five hundred government schools, and as many municipal, private, and monastic, with normal schools and a government university.

Manufactures are not greatly developed, Chili relying chiefly on England for manufactured goods. The introduction of American inventions has, however, tended to increase activity in many branches.

Chili has more than 590 miles of railroad completed, and new roads progressing. Much of the travel over mountain paths will continue, however, to be carried on by horses and mules. The road from Valparaiso to Santiago is enough in itself to show the thrift and activity of the people. Winding amid the mountains it is very busy, and in the plains you dash by fields stocked with well-fed cattle; and as, amid the mountains, you follow the cuesta or zig-zag road, you meet the sounds and sights and odors of the mining operations, copper being one of the most extensive.

The scenery is beautiful and interesting at almost all points, especially from the tops of the hills, where you see the panorama below, and above you some mighty volcanic pile, now capped with snow, like the dormant Aconcagua. A traveler thus describes an estate near Valparaiso:

The Calera estate is not very large, but being situated on the line of railroad to Valparaiso, is most valuable, producing an income to its owner of $17,000 annually. It may be considered as a model hacienda, for on it may be found nearly every product of the country. We will begin at the dwelling-house, a portion of which is modern, and of two stories; the larger part is, however, in the old Spanish style, long, low, tiled roof, with a corridor and pillars, which forms a cool promenade in the Summer and a dry one in the Winter. The interior is elegantly, almost luxuriously furnished, and the style of living and table is not surpassed, nor, perhaps, equaled, by many noblemen's houses in England. There are two courtyards, properly belonging to the house—the outer one nicely planted with trees, and the inner one a pleasant flower-garden; then at the rear there is an extensive orchard, where some of the most delicious tropical fruits are cultivated, or, rather, had been at one time, but now are growing in wild luxuriance, producing as much, but perhaps of an inferior quality to formerly. Here you find the banana, the cherimoya, the date, the orange, lemon, peach, etc., together with the ordinary English fruit of all classes. Passing through the fruit-garden, you come into a magnificent plantation of almond trees, or "el almendral," which produces an immense quantity of fruit of first quality, and which sell well in Valparaiso markets.

The plantation occupies at least ten acres. After passing through which, you enter upon a large plantation of walnut trees, which also produce a fair income; but the grand produce of the hacienda is the grape and wines made therefrom. The vineyards are numerous and extensive, covering more than thirty acres, and the quantity produced annually is enormous. There are two classes of grapes on the estate: the green or white grape, and the red or black; the former produce a white wine of excellent quality, and are suitable for table use in season; the latter are almost exclusively used to make wine, and are seldom produced at table, although a most agreeable and delicious fruit.

We now pass into the fields, or "potreros," and find wheat, barley, potatoes, beans, hay, etc., growing most luxuriantly; the soil is extremely rich, and never requires manure, producing green and other crops year after year without any other fertilizer than the waters of the Aconcagua river, which flow down from the Cordillera, highly charged with potash and other fertilizing salts. Artificial canals are made from this river, and the water brought through the land for the use of the cattle, and for irrigating in Summer, when it never rains in this part of Chili. We observed some very fine cattle and sheep. The fields where the cattle are kept are fenced round with poplar trees, which have grown to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and serve alike for a fence and shade.

Chilians are fond of enjoyment. They have a delightful watering-place in the little town of Collina, so called because it is built between two hills at the bottom of a ravine, and celebrated because its waters are possessed, or said to be possessed, of marvelous virtues, which heal, or are reported to heal, all manner of diseases.

During the season, the families of wealthy Chilians visit the *baños*, and remain some weeks. It is the rendezvous of the fashionable society of Santiago, the place whither the physician dispatches all his opulent patients to look for the health they have not lost, but which medicine might endanger. Collina, however, finds a rival in the seashore and the baths of Valparaiso. Some members of the faculty have begun to patronize these and other resorts, which enjoy the advantage of an earlier transit from the capital.

The roads which conduct to Collina are none of the best; they are rugged, and apt to cause delay and accident. The vehicles necessary to traffic on a road so rough are none of the lightest or most agreeable. Travelers, who are not accustomed to equestrian exercise, have to make the journey in a huge, heavy contrivance—a Noah's ark on wheels—and drawn by bullocks, which, at the best, is slow and wearisome traveling, and, at the worst, is something more terrible than tongue can tell or language can describe. A railway, with good accommodations, presents a formidable rivalry on the opposite route; but, nevertheless, Collina has not lost its charms, and in the season the visitors flock to the town, and make it as gay as Baden. There, under skies of intensest blue, Chilians resign themselves to pleasure, tippling cider, tinkling guitars, making up parties of pleasure, hunting excursions, delightful picnics, amateur races—anything, everything to while away the time. The season lasts fifteen or twenty days, and during that period the *yamacuecas* succeed *resbaloscas* (national dances) without any apparent interval of repose. The analogy between the baths of Europe and of Chili is seen especially in the fact that full facilities are given for gambling, and that those who have run away from work may ruin themselves at play.

Every South American State has its peculiar dance, all borrowed from the dance that has lived so long on the river banks of Spain, and, though differing from it in some respects, possesses all its principal characteristics, just as the various languages of Spanish countries resemble the rich old mother tongue. The dances of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Chili, and the countries east of the Andes, are all accompanied by the guitar, and are full of grace; but none of them equal the "Yamacueca" of Chili.

The people of her sister States know the "Yamacueca," and in Peru it is danced considerably, but the stranger never sees it in its glory until he has visited the Chilian valleys.

The "Yamacueca" originated in a combination of the spirited dances of the Indians of the country with the graceful steps introduced by the Spanish conquerors, and has flourished through almost countless generations in all the freshness and beauty that a spirit of romance and conquest could give it.

The Araucanians, who resemble our North American Indians, have a similar dance, retaining all the wild peculiarities that belonged to the original "Yamacueca," but characterized more by activity than grace. The Chili dance is a part of the country's history, and is as dear as his flag to the Chilino's heart. It is danced by two persons, and when the guitars strike up, accompanied with the click of castanets in the hands of a third party, a crowd collects around the swaying figures, and enters into all the spirit and excitement of the dance. There are generally three verses sung, full of passion and entreaty, which the two dancers forcibly express in their attitudes; the second and third verses, each increasing in fervor as the song progresses. The lady seems striving to resist the impulse to fall into her lover's arms, and constantly coquettes with her partner, now permitting him to hover over her, and then suddenly retreating with a swift twirl, succeeded by a voluptuous, reinviting languor of movement; while the spectators, keeping time with their hands, urge on the suitor with such cries as "*Buscalo! buscalo!*" until the end of the song, and the dance suddenly stops. Partners are changed, the music recommences with new words, and the dance goes on again, hour after hour.

The following lines give an idea of the nature of the song:

"Dices que no me quieres
Porque no tengo que darte,
Enseñame aborrecerte
Porque no sé mas que amarte."

Or, in English:

"Thou sayest that thou lovest me no more,
Because I have naught to bestow,
Then teach me to hate thee, I pray,
For to love thee is all that I know."

Some of the foreigners who have visited Chili have represented this dance as being vulgar, and tabooed by good society. Such is not the case. The dance, of course, is capable of being made so, and, no doubt, sometimes is among the peons when excited with wine, as are many of our own dances when engaged in by the lower classes, but the "Yamacueca" is really less objectionable than the American redowa, and need not offend the sensibilities of any one.

The "Yamacueca" of the aristocratic *salon* is the same as that of the peasant, but shorn of its excess of passionate expression, and is characterized by all the refinement of our most popular dances. No party, or "tertullo," is complete without it, and every grand ball winds up with the national dance, by the belle and best dancer of the evening. Then all the exuberance of the occasion culminates in a brief abandonment to the intoxication of the "Yamacueca," and the festivities are at an end.

But the great day of the "Yamecueca" is the 18th of September, the 4th of July of Chili. The country people then flock by thousands into the cities, and pitch their tents in the suburbs for a week of gayety. The scene at Santiago at such times is worthy of Rosa Bonheur's brush. For six days the broad pampas are filled with booths and gay flags, and the air with song and laughter; while the troops are parading on the green, the borders of the camp resound with the music of the guitars, and on every hand are seen waving scarfs and undulating forms of dancers. At night the scene is still more exciting, and the light of countless fires reveals weird and fantastic figures, bending like willows in the storm, and all thrilled with the fervor of the "Yamacueca."

In the long Summer evenings, when the air is still, and the mountains loom up like walls of rock in the clear, starlit sky, the traveler down the broad, smooth, shady roads knows where the haciendas are, by the sound of this beautiful dance, and as he draws near the long, low buildings, he will find a group, quiet, but all absorbed in the favorite pastime. The effect at such times is indescribable. The snow-capped Andes seem to throw a shadow over all the plains, but across them there comes floating on the fragrant air, from every hacienda, a soft, ceaseless blending of music and singing; and one rides on as in a dream until the hush of midnight settles upon the scene. The dance must be seen to be appreciated. It can never be approximately imitated on the stage, and the artist's hand must be cunning, indeed, that at all pictures its grace and animation.

Chili was conquered by the Inca Yupanqui and his brave general Chinchoruca, in 1450. The Alapuche at the north submitted after slight resistance, but the Purumans made a desperate struggle for freedom.

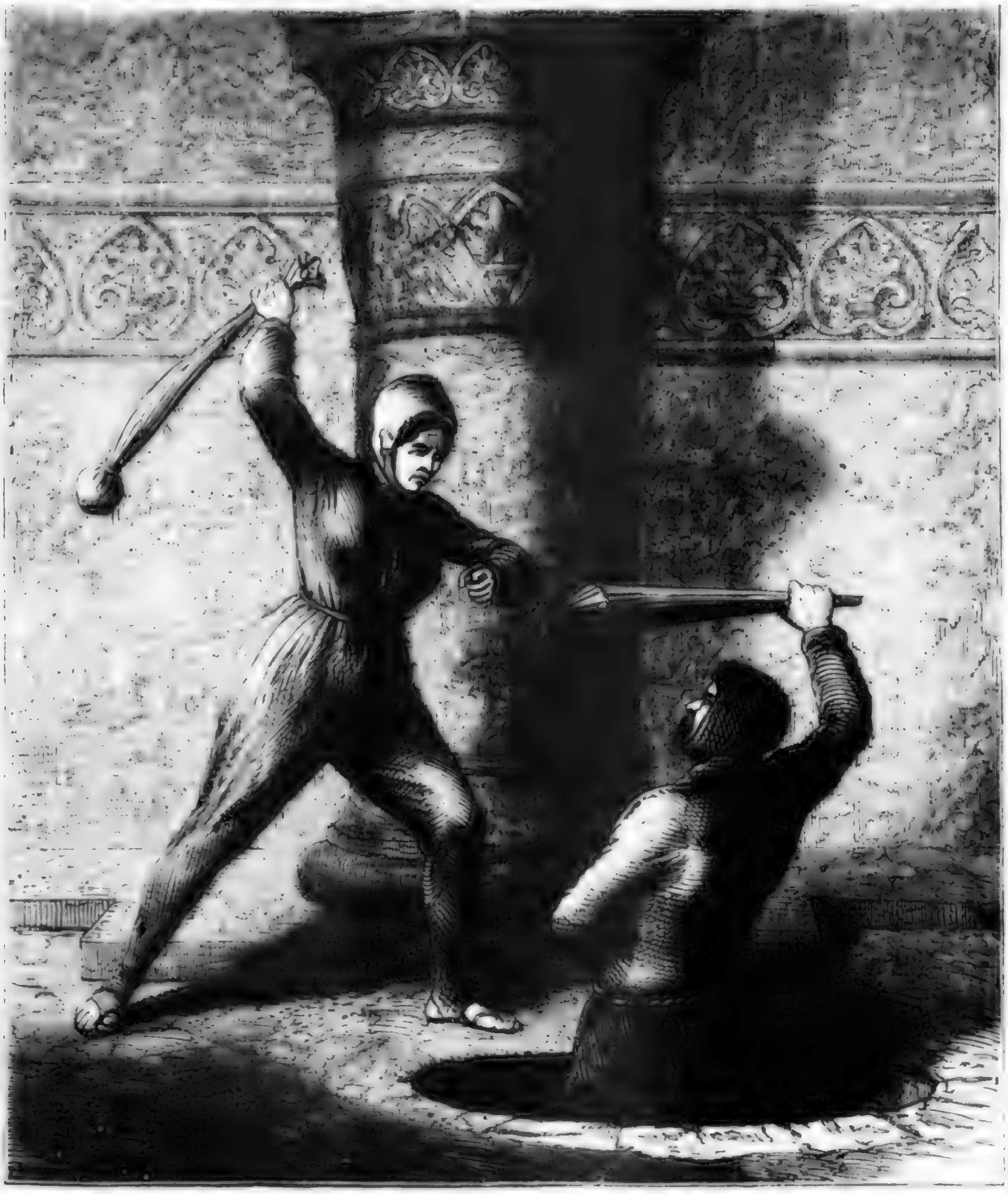
Almagro, in 1530, pursuing the same course, was checked by the same brave tribe. Valdivia, however, subdued Chili and founded the city of Santiago, but met a terrible foe in the Araucanians, who nearly annihilated his force. He obtained a large army from Peru, and founded Concepcion in 1550; but was soon attacked in his new city by Aillavalu, but, though Valdivia then repulsed the Araucanians and killed their chief, he was captured and put to death in 1559, and Concepcion destroyed. The Indians even menaced Santiago, and kept up the war till 1665, when the Spaniards acknowledged their independence.

Chili revolted from Spain in 1810, and secured her independence by the battle of Maypu, April 5th, 1818, under the dictatorship of General O'Higgins. A constitution was adopted in 1828.

Chili, as already remarked, has suffered but little from intestine commotions, and in this has been far happier than most of the Spanish-American republics. Chili was attacked by Spain, and her ports bombarded, in 1866, her want of a navy not enabling her to cope with her antagonist, whose fleet caused fearful destruction to Valparaiso, although she in time, with the Peruvians, taught the Spaniards some rough lessons on the sea.

JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS.

During the eleventh century the means of justice among the Franks was a combat between the accuser and the accused. If a person was accused of any misdemeanor, he was granted permission to take an oath upon his innocence before the Court of State, and thus escape what was known as "Private Vengeance." If, however, there was not sufficient evidence of his innocence, the accuser had a right to annul the vow of the culprit by pushing his hand from the shrine, or reliquary (on which it rested during his oath), and challenge him to mortal combat.



JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS—A WOMAN'S WAGER OF BATTLE.

If the accuser was a woman, and the accused a man, the laws of battle were as follows:

The man was to stand in a pit, nearly up to his waist, and be armed with a club, hardened at the fire; while the woman, whose motions were not confined, held a kerchief in her hand, in which a stone weighing from four to five pounds was tied.

According to the Augsburg City Laws of 1276, and the Wurzburg Battle Code of 1447, the man was to have a club twelve inches in length, the thickness of two thumbs at the end; while the woman's weapon was to be two fists longer, and to consist of a stone weighing one pound, wrapped in a kerchief.

Whenever a woman undertook "wager of battle," she did so at the peril of her life; for, if she should not be the victor, the accused would possess the power of having her sentenced to death in court, on a charge of false accusation. She would then be burned alive in the same pit wherein the man had stood. This result was looked upon as "God's Judgment"; for, the advantage a woman had over a man, in position and weapons, usually made her the victor.

Although the "Judgment of God," or ordeal, was discarded in 1250, judicial combat was nevertheless retained. Not, indeed, in cities, where its use was gradually discontinued; nor in the lower criminal courts; but principally in provincial courts of justice, where cases of nobility were tried.

Previous to this, the unconvicted accused was not bound to fight, provided he confessed his guilt. In such a case, instead of forfeiting his life, he was allowed to escape with the loss of a hand, or on payment of a fixed sum of money.

Wager of battle was used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the case of nobles who defied the laws of court. Whoever succumbed in a judicial combat forfeited not his life, indeed, but his claims. In all prevailing modes of this judicial combat, one rule held good. The accused was allowed six weeks' grace, time in which to practice with the prescribed weapon. On the day of combat, the weapons and clothing of the antagonists were examined, and the spectators were enjoined to observe the strictest silence.

Only the seconds were allowed to speak. The combat began at a given signal. A blow previous to the starting signal, or after the final signal, forfeited the battle. In cases of disturbance or disorder, the seconds interfered. Each combatant was allowed to call for "time" twice during the battle. If he called three times, or thrice dropped his weapon, he was deemed to have lost.

Every combatant had four seconds, one advocate, one marshal of arms, one trainer (who instructed in the mode of fighting, but whose voice durst not be heard during the battle), and one monitor, who was posted in the arena, but was allowed to communicate with the combatants only through the advocate. The dress usually consisted of close-fitting trowsers, jacket and hood, fastened with a leather strap, and cut from one piece of gray woolen cloth. The shield (which, however, was not worn in battle with a woman,) was of wood and leather, covered with white linen and ornamented with a red cross. Before the fight both combatants drank St. John's wine, to thwart all evil arts. The days of judicial combat are past and gone; but the heroism of those women who maintained their dearest rights through the only legal means allowed them is a vivid page in history.

The illustration which has called forth these remarks is a careful copy of a very rare and curious old engraving.

Ordeals, whether of battle, or tests of innocence by walking over red hot irons, or by plunging the arm in hot water and the like, long prevailed in many countries, and were not formally abolished in England till 1819.

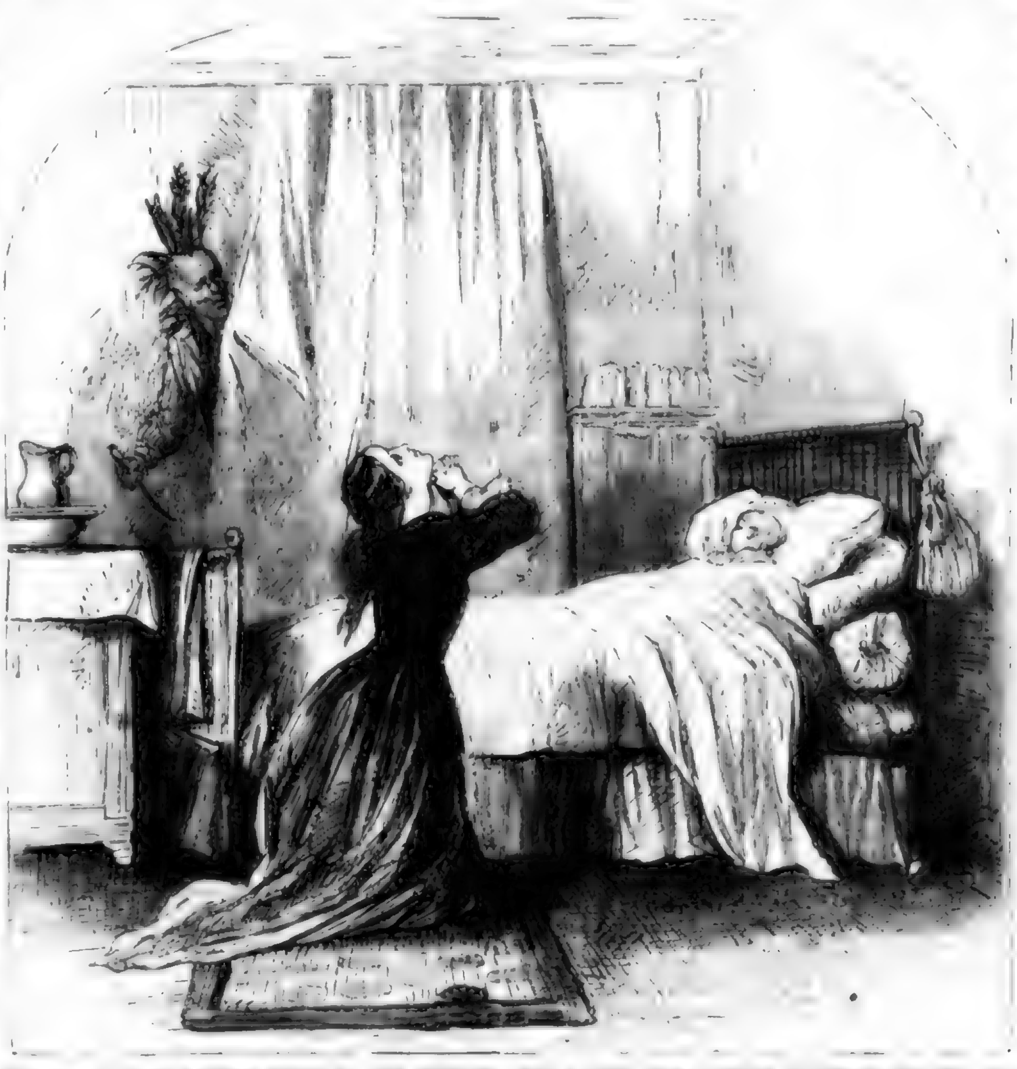
MANONIE, THE HEROINE OF FORT LARAMIE.

THERE are few places upon the American continent which combine so much varied beauty as do the plains of Laramie. To one who is not familiar with the geography of Western Nebraska, and has never visited that section of the country, it may appear singular that a name like "plains" should be applied to a section situated in the very midst of the most prominent peaks and ridges of the Rocky Mountains. But the title is far from being inappropriate.

Fort Laramie is situated at the junction of the north-fork of the Nebraska, or Platte River, and a stream of lesser note bearing its own name, Laramie River.

In this far-off Western fort, for many years after the discovery of the overland routes to California, the traveler to the "golden land" met with the only real mark of refinement, or even local civilization, after leaving the Missouri. Therefore, when the fort is reached by the adventurer, after a journey of four hundred miles through the barren wastes of Nebraska, the sight must be a pleasant one.

Nor was the most attractive features of the fort the presence of its officers, its soldiers, and their families. Manonie, or Wild Bird, as she was called by the savages, was a "paleface." Of her parentage nothing was known save that in her infancy she had been captured in Western Iowa. The girl herself was ignorant of the fact that she was of white blood, until she learned it from one of the officers of Laramie, with whom she had become acquainted, and who had gleaned thus much of her history from one of the Indians.



MANONIE.—"THE MOTHER KNELT BY THE BEDSIDE. SHE RAISED HER CLASPED HANDS TO HEAVEN, AND HER LIPS MOVED IN HUMBLE, PENITENTIAL, THANKFUL PRAYER."

Manonie had considerable affection for her dusky friends, for she had been treated with especial kindness by them.

There was, however, a brave connected with the Pawnee tribe, called Wontum, or Wild Cat, who had solicited the hand of Manonie in marriage, but had been spurned. It appeared as if the proud nature of one nobly born had been suddenly aroused within her when thus solicited, for there was such an exhibition of indignation and disgust that even Wontum slunk away in shame and fear.

The chief of the Pawnees, however, favored the suit of his brave, which resulted in an estrangement between him and the girl, and so she was comparatively left to herself.

Wontum, ascertaining this fact, lost no opportunity to urge his suit, and even to use threats, to all of which the maiden returned her first scornful reply.

The result of this persecution on the part of Wontum was, that Manonie began to estrange herself from the Indian villages, and from her extreme cautiousness to prevent her meeting with Wontum, she attained the appellation of "Wild Bird."

At length she met a young lieutenant from the fort, who had heard her story, or a portion of it from the settlers. He became her tutor; she, a willing pupil. At first he felt an interest, then a sympathy, and, finally, found himself deeply in love. Nor was it a hopeless passion, for that love was returned with all the ardor of an impulsive soul.

The young man discovered in her a nature of singular purity, an intellect of remarkable quickness, and a grace which might adorn a metropolitan *salon*. It was not strange that Henry Marshall loved her, and that Manonie soon became his wife.

As soon as this fact became known to Wontum, his savage soul was fired, and he resolved upon revenge. He committed a great number of depredations upon the peaceful overland travelers, which drew forth many of the troops from Laramie, but for over three years the savage had not been able to reach father, wife, or the little child who had been born a year after the marriage.

At length the villain had concocted a plan to draw the largest portion of the troops out of the fort to the distance of seventy-five miles. This was done by a general attack upon an emigrant train at "Devil's Gate." The party sent to the assistance of the sufferers consisted of two-thirds the garrison of Laramie, and were commanded by Henry Marshall, who, for the first time, had been separated from his wife and child during his marriage.

This was just as Wontum had anticipated, and so, after committing the outrages, had taken a squad of his men, and hastened, with all possible speed, to the fort. He reached it on a dark and stormy night. Concealing his men in a dense thicket, he resolved to reconnoitre only in person, although his object was to gain possession of Manonie and her child.

It was not supposed at Laramie that the attack upon the train was anything more than a thieving expedition, and, of course, there was not the most remote idea that the fort would be attacked. The guard, therefore, were not as vigilant as in more dangerous times.

Wontum determined to enter the fort. He found little difficulty in reaching the outer works, but here the greatest possible obstacle presented itself. It was after twelve o'clock at night, and the very presence of an Indian at such an hour would create suspicion at any time; but more especially now that there were rumors of depredations by the Pawnees. He, therefore, advanced with extreme caution until the entrance of the fort was reached. The huge door was closed. Beside it stood a sentinel, leaning lazily against the wall, his gun resting by his side.

While Wontum was considering how to act, the huge door or gate swung back with a heavy sound, and the relief-guard made its appearance. The drowsy sentinel sprang up, and advanced to meet his comrades.

Wontum took advantage of the momentary engagement of the soldiers, and of the heavy darkness, to glide through the open gate. Then he found himself within the coveted enclosure, but upon strange ground. He had been within the post but once before, and to gain some knowledge of its interior was of considerable importance to him. Of course he could not know the location of the several sentry-posts, and to move around, no matter with how much caution, involved no small amount of danger. But the master-passion of his soul was stronger than his fear, and he resolved to "do or die."

He heard the massive door reclose, and then the tread of the sentries as they returned to their guard-house. He had no knowledge of camp-life, but his natural instincts were sufficient to teach him that here, as well as in the Indian villages, the better class of buildings were reserved for the officers, or those highest in rank.

Before him was a long row of white buildings, or barracks, and to the right, at the other entrance, were others, much more genteel in appearance, which he judged to be those he sought. To reach them, he would be compelled to cross an open space; but the darkness was so intense that there was little danger of detection if great caution was used.

In the buildings which he intended reaching there gleamed a faint light in a lower window, and quite a number in those of the second story. All were at rest save the guard and the occupants of those lighted apartments. How well the savage understood this, his silent movement gave evidence. A shadow could not have been more noiseless, nor a serpent more alert. He glided across the open space, crouching close to the ground, ever and anon pausing to listen and to mark his course. But his progress was uninterrupted, and at length he reached the main building. Then he crept close to a window from which gleamed a feeble light. There was no sound to be heard. He tapped lightly upon the pane, but still all was silent.

"Sleep—sleep," he muttered; "this must be captain's room." The savage referred to Marshall, the husband of Manonie.

He repeated the blows upon the window, this time with more vigor. In a moment he heard a movement within. He sprang back and prostrated himself close to the ground.

The weather, although early in the Fall, was especially cold this night. The windows of the buildings were closed in consequence. But the one at which the savage had stationed himself was now thrown open, and the inmate of the room peered forth into the surrounding gloom. It was difficult to determine whether the form was that of a male or female.

At this moment another window, directly over this one, and from which streamed a bright light, was also thrown up, and a form appeared, which was easily recognized as that of a female. Apparently addressing herself to the person below, she asked:

"Did you hear any unusual sound, Lieutenant Blair?"

"I did, Manonie. Did you observe anything especial?"

"I did. I have not slept, and I have listened attentively, that I might hear the approach of my husband, should he arrive to-night. I am sure that I distinctly heard some person, or something, tapping upon your window."

"I think we are both deceived. It must have been the rain, or the rattle of the sash by the wind."

"I think not. I have listened to every sound, and this one only lasted an instant, and during the whole night it was the only one like it. I should not be at all surprised if there were Indians lurking around."

"Oh, no, Manonie! You are nervous to-night on account of the absence of your husband. It would be impossible for a savage to enter the fort without being discovered. You had better retire. This constant watching will be too much for you."

"It would be useless, for I could not rest. Besides, my little Harry has been wakeful and feverish all the earlier part of the night; but he is sleeping now."

"Well, good-night, Manonie. Your husband will probably return to-morrow. If I hear any further noise of the kind, I will go for a guard."

"God grant it! Good-night." Manonie closed her window.

Lieutenant Blair remained for a moment gazing into the darkness, and then, dropping the sash, retired.

The savage started to his feet. In the dim light which shone through the window could be seen the truly demoniac expression which lit up his face like a fire from within. His prey was within his grasp. He had learned that the husband of Manonie was still absent, and ascertained the location of the room she occupied. He knew the garrison of the fort could number but a few men at that time, and if they were surprised, an easy victory could be gained. The delighted monster with difficulty restrained the wild whoop of satisfaction which trembled upon his lips.

His first impulse was to return for his men and make the attack. But he knew that daylight must come before he could get everything arranged, and to attack even the little garrison while they were prepared for defense would be almost certain defeat. But he had heard Blair say that if he heard any further noise he would go for a guard.

The savage approached the window again, and tapped lightly. This time it was not his purpose to have Manonie hear him. This done, he sprang back again. The sash was again thrown up, and Blair called to know who was there. Of course no answer came. The lieutenant then crossed his room, and threw open the hall-door. The savage heard his retreating footsteps, and quick as thought he sprang through the open window into the vacant room. Then he concealed himself beneath the bed. Hearing the lieutenant giving directions for a thorough search, he grinned, in his fiendish glee, at the success of his ruse.

The officer returned to his room. An hour passed, when a corporal entered the apartment and reported that nothing unusual had been found, although a thorough search had been made. The lieutenant then closed his window, and retired to his couch for sleep.

An hour passed, and the heavy breathing of Blair convinced the savage that he was sleeping. Cautiously he crawled forth and seated himself by the bedside, gazing upon his intended victim. He drew from his belt a long, sharp knife, and toyed with its point, as if he wished to lengthen, as far as possible, the joy he felt at having one hated foe thus in his power. He rose to his feet and bent over the sleeper. He raised the knife. It glittered in the light; and then he lowered it again.

At length the sleeper opened his eyes. He attempted to rise, but he felt the sharp point of the weapon at his heart.

"No speak loud!" exclaimed the savage.

"What would you?" asked the lieutenant.

"Me kill you—quick—there!"

Poor Blair closed his eyes—groaned—the work was done.

The monster gazed upon the dead man, and for several moments remained motionless. At length he turned and walked to the door. He opened it, and peered into the hall; a dim light was burning, but all was silent. He stepped cautiously forth and walked along the passage. It was not long before he found the steps leading to the second floor; these he ascended, pausing before the door of the apartment which was occupied by mother and child. He listened; not a sound was heard; but through a crevice he could see that the light was still burning. He touched the latch, but the door was fast!

Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? If he attempted to force it, she would be aroused, even if she was asleep, and would give the alarm.

Satan sometimes appears to assist his own in a wonderful manner, when they are engaged in doing his work. So it appeared on this occasion.

At this moment a heavy tread of the "rounds" was heard below. Wontum listened; he also heard a movement in Manonie's apartment, and had hardly time to conceal himself behind the rubbish in the end of the hall, when she made her appearance. Tripping lightly toward the top of the stairs, she exclaimed, as if speaking her own thoughts:

"Oh, perhaps he has come." She bent over the railing and listened. While thus engaged, the savage passed, unseen, into her room. He secreted himself readily behind the heavy curtains which draped the window, and awaited her return.

He had not long to wait; the mother appeared. It was the first time Wontum had seen Manonie for three years; and it was not without some emotion on his part—something very seldom exhibited by the savage. As he gazed upon her, his face grew black as night, and he clutched his knife.

The mother approached the bed, and bent over her child. It was sleeping calmly.

"It must have been my imagination," she exclaimed; "for my darling exhibits no further symptoms of pain. Oh, if I should lose him! But I am weary; Lieutenant Blair said I needed rest; so I must sleep. It is strange. When I lived in the mountains I was never weary, and could keep the track, or drive the canoe, night and day. But now that I have become accustomed to luxury, I tire so soon. Then, my mind was free; now, if my dear husband is absent from me only an hour, I see before me images of death, and terror is ever present with me. If my child is restless, I magnify its danger. Yet I would not change again for worlds, and be what I was. Oh, no; it would be terrible—terrible. Don't let me think of losing what I have found. Well, I will rest beside my boy."

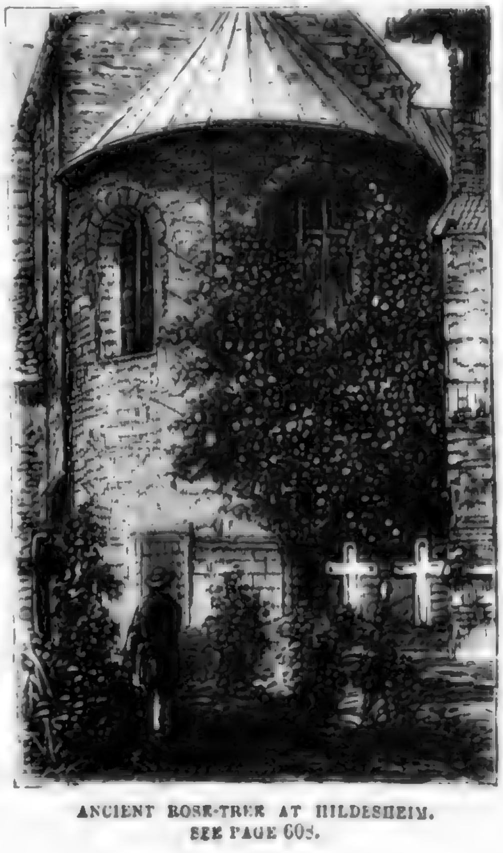
The mother knelt by the bedside. She raised her clasped hands to heaven, and her lips moved in humble, penitential, thankful prayer. Then she arose from her knees, pressed her little one's hand gently to her lips, and laid herself by its side.

Overcome with watching, she slept.

Wontum crept from his hiding-place, and approached the bed, clasping his knife for immediate use, should it be required. Carefully he raised the child in his arms—so carefully that he did not disturb either the mother or the little sleeper.

This child was to be his instrument of revenge on bot father and mother. He felt sure that Manonie would follow him to the mountains for the recovery of her boy, and then both would be in his power. Softly he opened the door and passed into the hall, down the stairs, and into the apartment of the murdered lieutenant. Then he raised the window, and was surprised to find that daylight was dawning.

In passing through, the little fellow awoke; and beholding himself in the arms of such a mon-



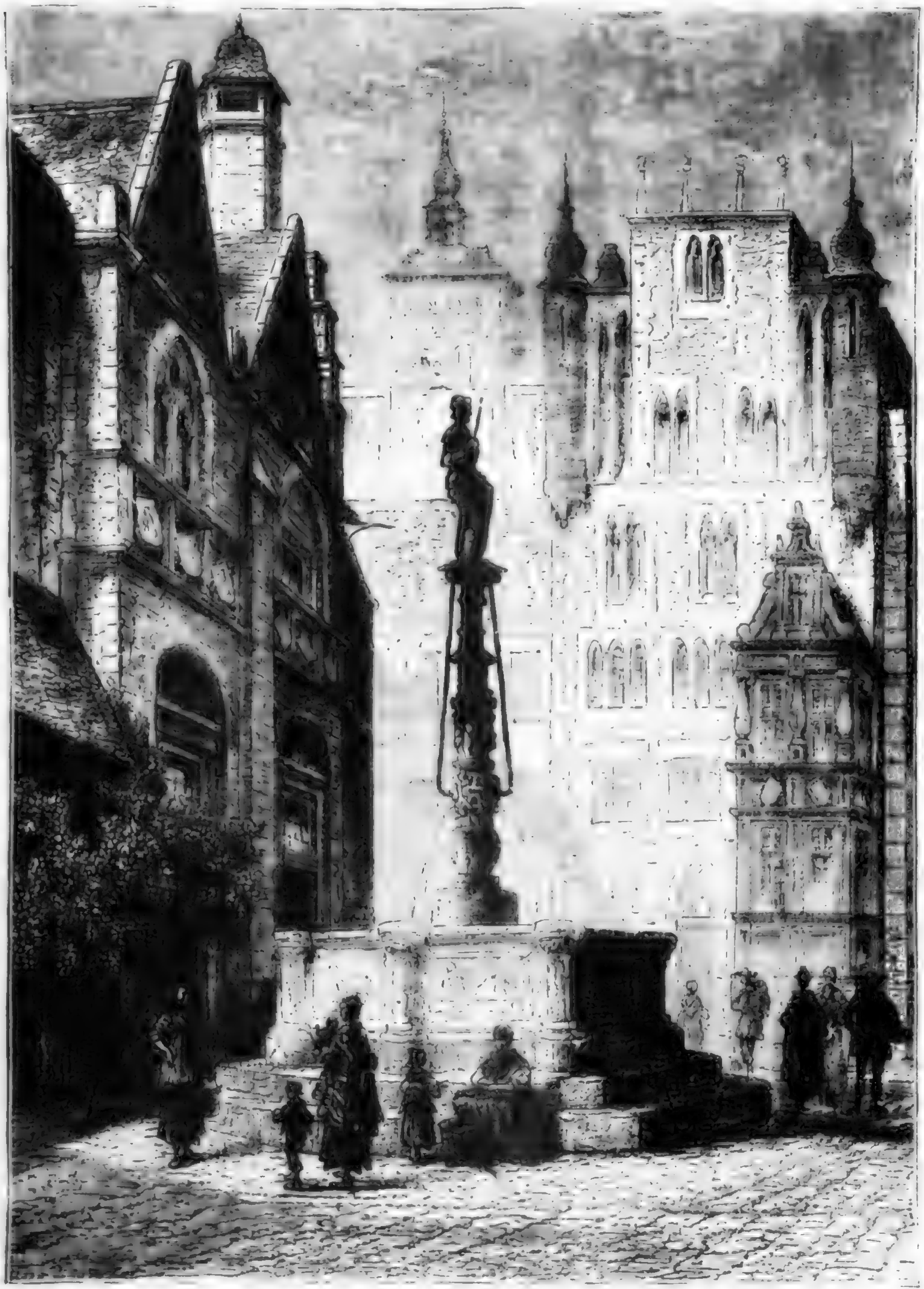
ANCIENT ROSE-TREE AT HILDESHEIM. SEE PAGE 608.

ster, set up a wild cry. It was echoed and re-echoed from the mother's room. Indeed, her shrieks were so fearful, that the entire garrison was soon aroused.

The Pawnee heard the cries of the mother, who had been awakened by the screams of her child. No time was to be lost. He therefore dashed boldly across the open space toward the outer wall.

So unexpected was such an event, and the guard so unprepared, that before the pursuit had fairly been commenced, the Indian actually had mounted the outer wall. A dozen muskets were leveled, but no one dared fire, lest they should injure the child.

Leaping from the wall, the red monster ran like a deer toward the Laramie River. Into its waters he plunged, and made rapidly for the opposite shore. The poor mother had thrown up the window just in time to see her darling disappear. For a moment her strength failed, and she was helpless; but it was a brief moment. In a second of time, she threw off her weakness and put on her strength—strength to do and dare all things.



VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, FORMER KINGDOM OF HANOVER.—SEE PAGE 610.

Her cries were stilled, and her sobs were smothered. A flame gleamed in her eyes almost supernatural. It was not the fire of madness, but the great light of love and devotion, which burns upon every true mother's altar. With a bound she sprang through the window. It was a fearful plunge, but she appeared not in the least injured. With her hair streaming in the breeze, she darted for the spot where she had last seen her boy. She almost flew over the parade, and quickly reached the wall, dashed over it, and on into the river—on into the belt of timber beyond—disappearing like a meteor in the gloomy depths of the jungle.

A gleam of savage joy lit up the face of Wontum, as he saw Manonie leap from the wall, and follow him toward the river. He knew that three years of civilized life had not altogether eradicated the habit she had acquired while living with the Indians, and that river or mountain would not be a barrier to the chase.

And so it proved; for the frantic mother paused not when she reached the stream, but plunging in, she swam for the opposite shore with her old skill. Wontum seated himself, watching her approach, little dreaming the fate that awaited him.

Manonie approached the savage. Little Harry was seated upon the earth by the side of the Indian, sobbing; but when he saw his mother, he sprang into her arms. She turned, as if to retrace her steps, but Wontum caught her, saying:

"Wild Bird, sit."

"Not by you, monster that you are!" she cried.

"Wontum no monster. Wontum great warrior. He kill enemy."

"And steal little children. Wontum is a mean thief."

"Ugh!"

"Why have you thus taken my child? Is it not mean business for a great warrior?"

"Does Wild Bird want her child?"

"Oh, yes. Give him to me, and I will always be your friend."

"Be wife?"

"How can I be your wife, when I am already married?"

"Ugh! Wild Bird must go with Wontum."

"Where?"

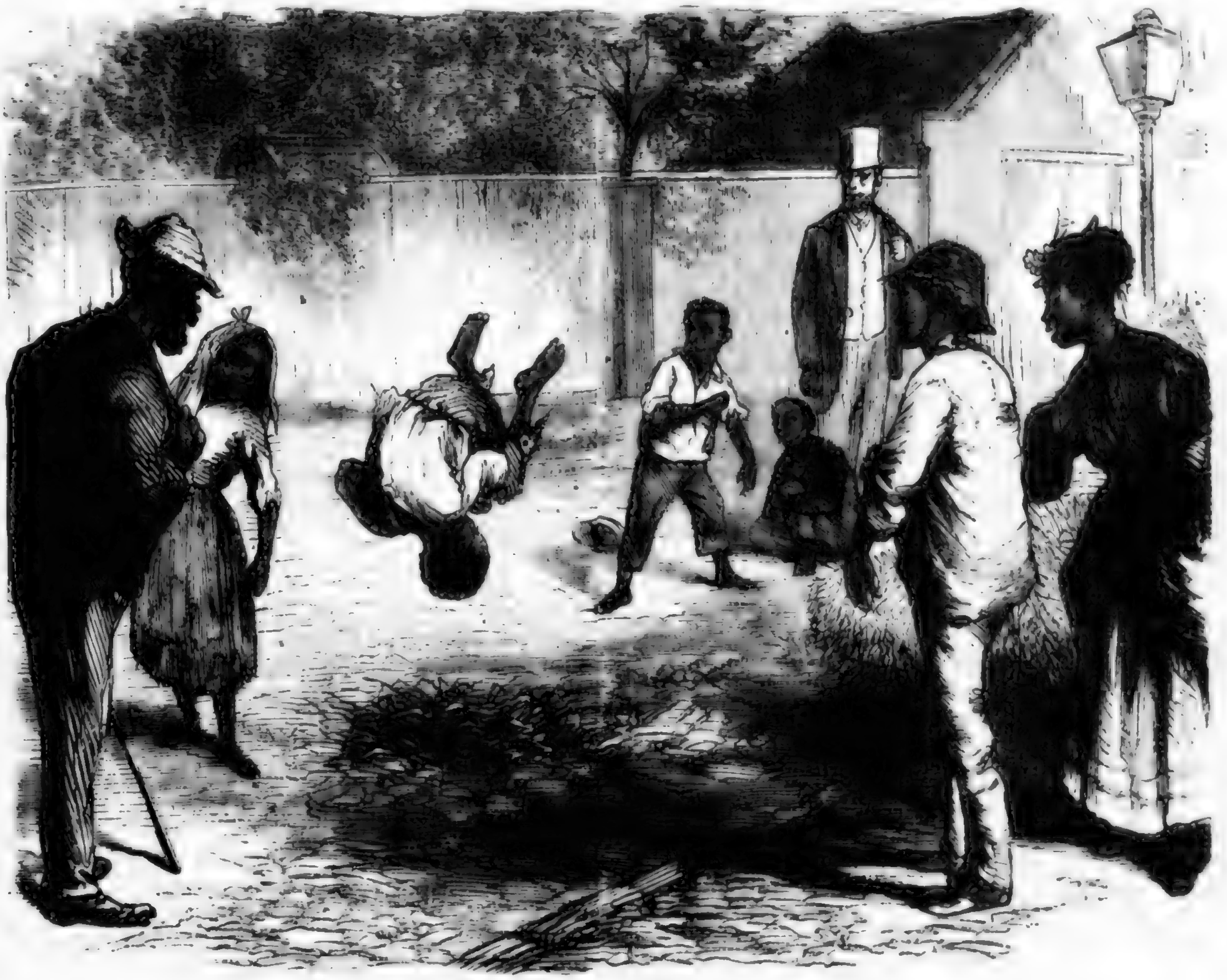
"To wigwam, in Pawnee country. Wild Bird shall be his squaw, or he kill boy. Come."

The savage seized the child. The mother released her hold upon him without a struggle, but there was still that fire burning within her eyes, which spoke of a fixed purpose and a determined soul.

"You hold my boy," she said, in a meaning tone, "and by doing so, have left my hands free."

Quick as thought, and like a tigress, she sprang upon the savage. It was unexpected by him. Before he had the slightest intimation of her intention, the knife, which was still red with the blood of the murdered Blair, was drawn from his belt. It glistened a moment in the rays of the rising sun, and then its sharp point entered the breast of Wontum.

A wild shriek burst from his lips. He dropped the boy and fell back. His powerful chest heaved, his eyes rolled wildly, he struggled forward as if he would reach Manonie and her child, but the death-rattle was heard, and the villain Pawnee was a corpse.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Assistance now arrived, and Manonie returned to the fort to meet her husband, and to be henceforward happy in the love of those who still call her Laramie's heroine.

A VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, PRUSSIA.

Hildesheim is an ancient city in that Kingdom of Hanover which has disappeared after so brief an existence, although as an Electorate it could claim a higher antiquity. Its Electors became sovereigns of England till Victoria ascended the throne, when it passed to a younger branch, that of Cumberland, to be extinguished in the person of the second king.

Hildesheim lies on the Innerste, and was once an episcopal city. It now has a population of 15,000, two-thirds of whom are Catholics. The ancient monuments, the old houses with their fine carvings, attract many travelers. The cathedral, erected in the eleventh century, has much to interest. Its bronze doors, made in 1015 by order of Bishop Bernwald, represent, in their *basso-relievos*, the first and second Adam.

The view shown in our illustration represents one of the ancient fountains with its pillared warrior, not ill placed, for the building behind, with its lancet windows and its oriental turrets, was erected in the fourteenth century by the once mighty religious military order, the Templars, whose fall is one of the vexed questions of history.

The rose tree shown in our smaller illustration is one of the prides of Hildesheim. It dates back to the year 814, and its roots are beneath the altar of the church. It sprang up over the sacred vessels left on the ground after a hunting mass, as tradition says, and a chapel was erected on the spot by the Emperor Louis the Pious.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS—AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.

Here in the cold North, far away from congenial fellowship, the comic side of the negro character does not come out strong. The fun and native humor that are such distinguishing characteristics of the colored race can only be seen in perfection in the "Sunny South." The best vein of darkey humor may there be seen in its natural spontaneous growth. At every intermission of labor, or after a hard day's work, the negro is ready for grip and jest or broad grotesque caper. In every crowd some gifted individuals are found who make the fun, or engage in "ground and lofty tumbling," while a delighted audience stands around and roars approval.

Our picture illustrates a scene witnessed by our artist in Richmond, Va. The peripatetic circus had evidently been abroad in the land, and the subjects of the sketch, having visited "de show," were in the street, with only a bundle of straw to break possible falls on the rough stones, performing gymnastic feats that would have done no discredit to a party of trained acrobats, while keeping up a running fire of jest and repartee that would have been worth a fortune to a professional negro minstrel.

When a thorough-bred negro of the South sets about it seriously, he will succeed in frightening any living thing. He is not daunted by the number of foes to be vanquished, and if he be allowed his own method, will rid a district of pests in the most satisfactory manner. We see one of these remedial agents sent to the fields to conquer the hordes of hungry crows that prey upon the young grain. To him the order is imperative, and if the dusky thieves do not withdraw upon his shrill suggestion, as long as he has a stitch of clothing to his back he will flaunt and flutter until he has scattered the enemy and trampled down an acre of choice wheat.

A bull in a china-shop is about as reliable as a lively negro in a flock of crows; he shouts and whistles, and perhaps thinking to entice his adversaries to a closer companionship for a grand swoop, dances; but, if they still continue to seek the dainty bits, he calls his coat-skirt into service, and with corners in hand, sways his arms up and down with the zest of pumping water, until the intruders take compassion on his agony, and leave, to worry other scouts.

It may be that, having been swindled by the harmless effigies mounted on broom-handles or fence-rails, and capped with worn-out saucepans, they regard their new occupant in a similar light; but, woe betide the dozen or more that get between his ample foot and the ground. Whether he always succeeds in frightening away the crows, we cannot say; but we doubt if any number of human beings would wish to remain long in a field in which he is set on watch.

THE BAY WINDOW.

IT was a decided improvement, and no wonder the inhabitants of our flourishing little city of Ireton were proud of it. Many were they who, while wending their way to and from their places of business, would do so in a very roundabout way, merely to feast their eyes upon it, and try to imagine how the city would look were it not there; or wondering how they ever contrived to live before it was built.

What is this that excites so much comment? Do you see that tall, dignified-looking man who is just turning the corner? Very well, let us follow him, as he is going to view these same objects himself. As we walk along we will introduce the gentleman, as he is the hero of this little sketch. Kind reader, Mr. John Jones, a promising young lawyer of Ireton. Possessing a good form and handsome face, combined with some natural good sense, John had won the hand and fortune of the belle of the village, Miss Carrie Mosely, and led her to the altar just one week prior to the opening of our tale. There was one failing John Jones had, the existence of which he was entirely ignorant of himself. This was—jealousy.

But we have at length reached our destination, and gazing across this way, we inwardly coincide with all, that it is a vast improvement, and an honor to the city.

Look upon that long row of handsome edifices, with brown-stone fronts, porticoes, cupola, etc. With the tasty gardens ornamented by beautiful shrubbery and lovely flowers, arbor and summer-houses, graveled walks, and shapely shade trees, all combined and mingled together with marvelous taste, evincing that an artist of great judgment had exerted his skill to its utmost extent in conceiving and executing the plans of both edifices and grounds. One was an exact counterpart of the other, even in the most minute particular; a picture of one would serve equally as well for one as another. In fine, there was no perceptible difference between them.

One point vastly pleased Mr. Jones, if we may be allowed to judge from the delighted chuckles and rapid motion of his hands, as he rubbed them together, his face beaming with delight, as he murmured his wife's name in connection with the object that so pleased him.

This was a large capacious bay window, which could be hidden from view of the occupants of the parlor by simply closing a pair of light tasty screens that usually would be concealed by the heavy damask curtains that hung so gracefully, casting a flood of rose-colored light across the room, lingering lovingly around the beautiful features of a portrait that was hanging from the wall, and seemed to be regarding John with a world of love beaming in her dark blue eyes.

This was the likeness of Mrs. Jones, taken a few weeks prior to her marriage.

Mr. Jones is even now gazing at the loved features, and, as he turns to depart, he half-laughingly casts a kiss toward it.

Such was Rose Villa, the residence of Mr. Jones.

For some time after his removal into his new residence, Mr. Jones's happiness was unalloyed, and not a cloud ever obscured the matrimonial heavens. All was joy and sunshine, and after office hours the time was spent in company with his idolized wife, in the recesses of the bay-window. But one day, while sitting there conversing together and fully enjoying themselves, they became conscious of the unpleasant fact that some person was watching them, and an examination discovered the form of a pale, interesting young man, who was very comfortably ensconced in *his* bay window, smoking a fragrant Havana, and coolly scrutinizing the loving couple through the lens of an opera-glass.

The adjoining house had been let.

After the first glance at the unwelcome personage, Mr. Jones turned to his wife, but the remark that was about issuing from his lips was checked, and his cheek grew pale as he saw *his* Carry blush vividly and return the young man's bow. Was he an acquaintance of hers? Did he know her? The blood fairly boiled in his veins as these thoughts coursed through his mind, and a momentary vision of "pistols and coffee for two," shot before his eyes.

He glared at the stranger with fiery eyes, amazed at his effrontery. To think that any one should have the insufferable impudence to bow to *his* wife; before his own eyes!

Now, dear reader, you must not think that I uphold my hero in this reasoning, simply because I record it. You know he *is* my hero, and, as I must not deviate from the "narrow path of truth," I am compelled to state the case exactly as it stands, even if it sacrifice effect to do so. Of course I perfectly agree with you that his conduct was silly and foolish in the extreme; but allow me to ask one question. Did you ever see a person who was *really* in *love* that was other than foolish when the object of his adoration was concerned? No, I think not; and as this is an "over true tale," we must relate it precisely as it occurred.

John turned toward his smiling wife, and with a strong endeavor to appear calm, he addressed her in a tone that he vainly strove to render careless and unconcerned.

"Carrie, dear, who is that gentleman whose bow you returned? I do not remember ever seeing him before."

Again the tell-tale blood suffused her cheeks, as she hesitatingly answered the question:

"Why, Johnnie, I thought you knew him. That is Fletcher Vilott, who used to live in the Eaton farmhouse, a few miles out of town."

"What, not the Vilott to whom you were engaged? Do you mean him, Carrie?" hastily uttered the startled Mr. J.

"Yes, it is the same. I wonder when he came back? You know he has been to Europe for his health."

"No, I don't know it, and what's more, I don't want to know it, or anything else about him, either!" angrily exclaimed the excited John, seizing his hat and rushing out of the house, slamming the entry-door behind him most emphatically.

An astonished look from his wife followed him until he turned the corner, and then it faded away into a sad, aggrieved expression, and throwing herself upon a sofa, Carrie indulged in a hearty flood of tears, for this was the first hasty word that had ever passed between the two. This was the beginning of trouble at Rose Villa, as the Jones mansion was termed.

Mr. Jones was pale and silent, hardly ever speaking, unless when addressed, and obstinately persistent in his refusal to confide to his wife the cause of his secret trouble. In vain she endeavored the elucidate the problem of her husband's change, and with anxious heart watched the continual growing and increasing of her husband's malady.

Unconsciously she was contributing fresh fuel and augmenting the blaze she was striving to extinguish, for in her anxiety to draw his attention from the one object of his trouble, she made Fletcher Vilott the subject of conversations, telling John all about him, and giving a full history of his family and his actions ever since they were schoolmates together, when he used to draw her to school in his sled, and divide all his treasures with his "little wife," as he termed her.

There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she lingered upon this topic, that served to strengthen John's belief that she loved Fletcher better than she did him; and at such times he endured terrible sufferings, for he fairly idolized his young and beautiful wife.

All this may sound silly, yet, nevertheless, 'tis true, for such was his disposition, and he could no more help it than a leopard can change its spots. Yes, I know it would be more sensible to have John frankly acknowledge his doubts, and then wind up with a great blast of triumphant music, letting the curtain drop upon the stage, leaving all happy and prosperous forever more; but, reader mine, do you not remember that there is *fact* as well as *fiction* in this everyday world of ours?

But such is the case, and consequently we are forced to plod on, trusting that your patience will not fail you, and hasten the *denouement* as rapidly as possible.

As if to aggravate his sorrow, Mr. Vilott was quite a frequent visitor at John's house, and as the latter was always very moody and silent on all such occasions, the conversation was principally between Carrie and Fletcher.

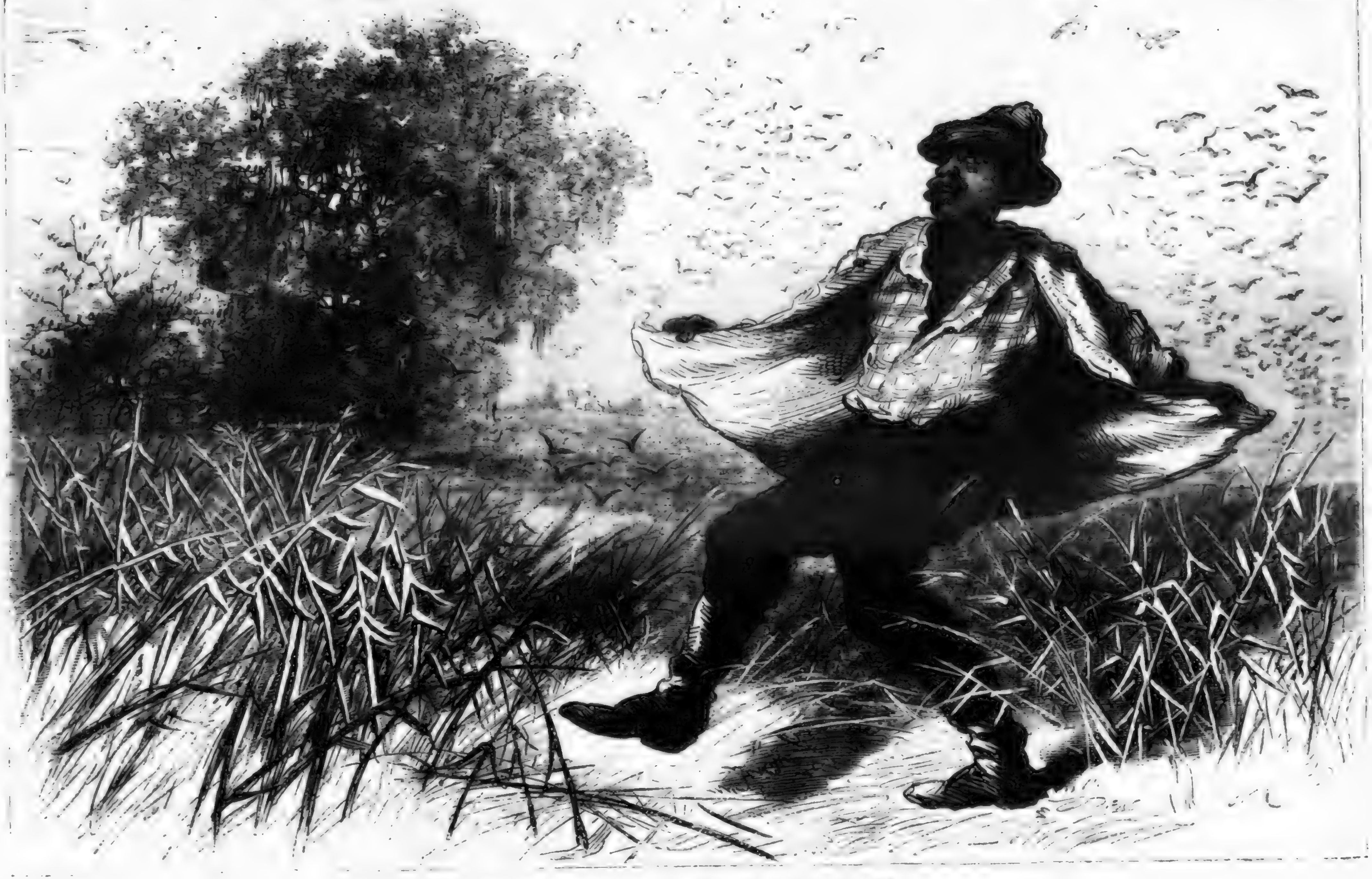
Matters, instead of mending, grew worse, until John at times actually meditated suicide as a refuge from the troubles and cares that beset him upon his hitherto sunny path. At length the crisis came, and it occurred in this way.

Fletcher Vilott had been absent from Ireton nearly a week. John Jones had business in a neighboring town that would, in all probability, detain him over night. So he told Carrie at dinner, and added that he should prefer her not receiving company in his absence. She begged him to set his mind at rest, for as the only person she ever cared to see would be out of town, she should retire very early. An anguished look shot athwart John's face at this apparently barefaced assertion, for he knew that Vilott was out of town, and thought that Carrie alluded to him. Nothing was further from her mind, in fact, her sole thought being for her husband.

"Very well, madame; perhaps you had better send for Mr. Vilott, or *Fletcher*"—he bitterly emphasized the word—"to return, since he is so sorely missed. No doubt he would be delighted to spend the evening with his '*little wife*,' especially as her odious *husband* will be absent. I wish you joy, madame, of your taste," he added, sarcastically, with an ironical bow, as he left the house.

So they parted.

As the distance was short, and very pleasant roads, John concluded to make the journey on horseback, as he did not often have such an opportunity for this, his favorite exercise. Upon his arrival at S——, the gentleman whom John was desirous of seeing happened to be absent, and as there was no telling when he would return, Mr. Jones determined to return home the same night. All thoughts of anger were banished, and he only remembered his harsh words, spoken to the being he had sworn to love and cherish—the being that



SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.—SEE PAGE 610.

he loved with his entire heart. His penitence was acute, and upon his arrival was really sincere; but for all that the demon Jealousy was not exterminated—only conquered for the time-being. John, knowing his wife's peculiar weakness, procured a box of French *bonbons*, as a slight peace-offering, and was soon rapidly riding homeward. But he soon had personal experience in the truth of the old adage, "The more haste the less speed," for, while riding in a gallop his steed trod upon a rolling-stone and fell with violence. Fortunately, John was uninjured, but his horse had not fared so well, limping badly. It did not take long for our hero to discover that if he reached home that night, he would be obliged to depend upon his own exertions, as it was all the injured animal could do to limp along by himself, let alone carrying his rider.

So John was forced to make the best of affairs, and so he started, leading the unfortunate horse by the bridle. It was a little after sundown as he entered Ireton, and after disposing of the animal, he proceeded with a hasty step homeward. What happy anticipations filled his mind as he pictured the loving greetings that awaited him; how overjoyed his Carrie would be at his unexpected return.

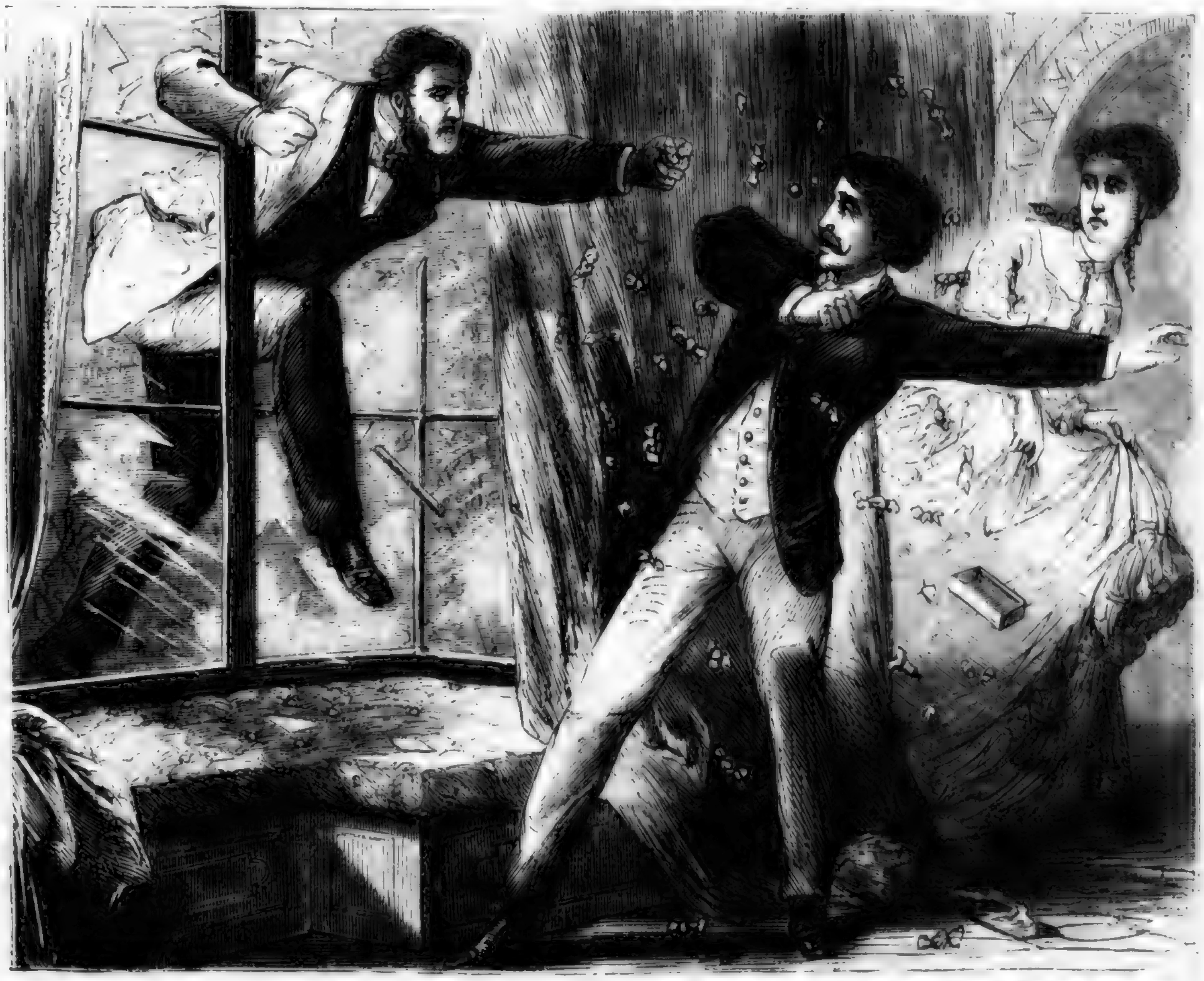
With such fancies our hero beguiled the time as he walked with an elastic tread toward the casket that contained that priceless treasure—his wife. It was dusk; the lights were twinkling in the houses as he passed them; ever and anon a burst of merry laughter greeted his ear, and at such times John's heart beat with a responsive joy, for was not he going home? was not Carrie ready to welcome him, and with a sweet kiss to obliterate from memory those hasty words spoken when he was not himself?

Surely she was. With eager eyes he glanced at his home as he reached the first point from whence it could be seen; but the cheerful light he so confidently expected to see was not there; all was dark and gloomy. A painful misgiving shot through his mind as he made this discovery; the thought that perchance his darling was sick, in fine, a thousand conjectures, all equally painful, assailed him, as with accelerated pulse he almost ran toward the building. Soon he reached the gate, and entering, he was obliged to pause for breath, the violence of his emotions having completely overpowered him. As he stood thus, leaning against the gate-post, his ear was greeted by the low murmur of voices, that were wafted upon his hearing by the soft, gentle breeze that playfully wandered through the trees. For an instant he stood as if petrified, then with a painful gasping groan he rushed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

A horrible suspicion passed through his mind that his wife was faithless, and with a raging sea of hate, fury and despair burning within his heart, John crouched behind some lilac bushes that grew opposite the bay-window. Scarcely had he concealed himself when the drooping curtains were brushed aside, and—oh, how his blood boiled at the sight!—the forms of a man and a lady appeared, and seated themselves side by side, just as he had so often done.

It was not light enough for our hero to distinguish the features of the man, yet he recognized the form as that of his supposed rival, Fletcher Vilott. It was with difficulty that John restrained himself from leaping forward and throttling his treacherous neighbor, but he controlled himself.

With a composure that surprised even himself, John saw the loving caress, the kiss given and returned, the terms of



THE BAY WINDOW.—"JOHN HURLED THE BOX OF CONFECTIONERY FULL AT THE HEAD OF VILOTT. IT WAS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE FORM OF THE SENDER, WHO ENTERED THE BAY WINDOW UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF THE FRACTURED GLASS."—SEE PAGE 610.

mutual endearment, the gentle placing of Fletcher's arm around her waist, as she nestled close to him, resting her head upon his manly shoulder, and gazing up into his face with a loving look in her eyes that could not be mistaken. All this he saw, and without a motion he lay in his hiding-place awaiting the further development of the plot.

Fletcher now rang the bell, and on the appearance of the servant, ordered a lunch and lights to be brought up. This was the last feather that broke the camel's back. John had seen the intruder make himself entirely at home, caress and kiss his wife, and take possession of his favorite seat; all this he had seen. But now the interloper had gone so far as to even order tea, which he probably intended to eat with his wife! Tea for which John was nearly famishing. He could endure no more, but with a loud shout sprang to his feet, still clasping the pasteboard box of *bonbons* in his hand.

The couple started abruptly to their feet, and at the same moment John hurled the box of confectionery full at the head of Vilott. His aim was true, and the novel missile took effect upon the head of the target, breaking asunder and literally showering sweets upon him. It was quickly followed by the form of the sender, who entered the bay-window utterly regardless of the wounds inflicted upon his person by the fractured glass.

With a scream the lady sprang into the parlor, and turned on the gas. The flood of brilliant light fell full upon the forms of the two men who now confronted each other, with angry looks and defiant mien. An astonished look overspread Fletcher Vilott's face as he recognized our hero.

"Mr. Jones! is it possible? Is this really you?"

"Yes, villain, it is me, as you will learn to your cost!" angrily replied John.

"Listen to me, Mr. Jones," haughtily said Vilott; that is, if you are *sober* enough to comprehend me. What is the meaning of this unprovoked assault upon me, to say nothing of the disgraceful act of eavesdropping of which you have been guilty? Answer me, sir!"

"Answer me first, sir!" shouted John: "where is my wife?"

"Your wife! What do you mean?" inquired Fletcher.

"Yes, my wife! No equivocating, sir, but reply to my question. I say, *where is my wife?*"

"How should I know? I have not seen your wife since my return. Explain yourself!"

"Liar! do not trifle with me! It is dangerous playing with a full-grown tiger; but he is an infant compared with me! Did I not see her and you both, scarce a minute since, sitting in the recess of the bay window! Oh, you villainous scoundrel!" cried John, stepping forward a pace and shaking his clenched fist full in the other's face.

"Stand back, sir! Approach a step further at your peril! I tell you, on the honor of a gentleman, that I have not seen your wife since my return, and I do not comprehend you. What do you mean?"

"What are you doing in my house, then, at this time of night? Answer me *that!*" cried John, furiously.

"Your house! What under the sun are you driving at? Are you *drunk* or *mad?* This is *my* house!"

"You—you—your what?" stammered our confused hero.

"My *house*, sir!" replied Fletcher, a light breaking upon his mind.

"Your house? Well, where is *my* house gone to, then? and who *was* that lady if it wasn't my Carrie?" confusedly interrogated John.

"Your residence is just where you left it, I presume, sir; and although it is not exactly any of your business, I will show you who it was. Mollie, come here for a moment," he called; and as the lady reappeared, he continued: "There, Mr. Jones, is the lady—Mrs. Fletcher Vilott, very much at your service, sir. Are you satisfied?"

"Are you *sure* you are not *my* wife?" spoke John, eagerly, taking hold of her hand and gazing into her face with a perplexed look upon his features.

"To the best of my knowledge, I am not," laughingly replied Mrs. Vilott, as she withdrew her hand from John's grasp.

"And it was not Carrie that was talking to him in the bay window?"

"No, sir. Mr. Vilott and I were the only occupants of the recess when you made your very unceremonious entrance," replied the lady, wonderingly.

"Then she don't love you better than she does me?" turning to Fletcher.

"Of course not, and never did!"

"Hip hip, hurrah!" shouted Mr. Jones, cutting a pigeon wing, much to the amusement of Mrs. V. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Oh, ain't I glad! My gracious, I feel good all over! I must go and see Carrie! Good-by!" and he hurried out of the house, and was soon at his own door, the similarity of the two having deceived him.

We leave the meeting of the wife and husband to the imagination of the reader, only adding that never since that ever-to-be-remembered evening has John Jones had an attack of that arch-enemy to peace and happiness—"*Jealousy*."

HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.

The food of the natives of Guiana is chiefly composed of the flesh of various animals which they take by hunting, and of a kind of bread made of the Cassava or Manioc plant. Most persons have read of this plant, and are aware that bread is made from it, but they do not know how the bread is made, or that it is eaten in England as well as in tropical America.

The Cassava plant belongs to the great family of Euphorbiaceæ. This family of plants includes many well-known examples of a poisonous nature; and not the least poisonous is the Cassava itself, a plant belonging to the genus Jatropha or Manihot, and it is a matter of great wonder that the natives of tropical America, without the least knowledge of chemistry, should have discovered that the Cassava contained a nutritive substance, and should be able to drive off the poisonous element.

The plant is full of juice, acrid, bitter, and so deleterious that a small dose of it would be fatal. Now, it has been discovered that the poisonous element of the juice is of a highly volatile character, and can be driven off by the application of heat, whether natural or artificial. The process of making nutritious food from a poisonous plant is as follows:

The native goes off to the Cassava plant and digs up the roots, putting them into a peculiar kind of basket called a "quake," which he carries on his back. Having procured a sufficient quantity of the root, he takes it home and hands it over to the women, who set to work at its preparation.

The first process is to peel it—an operation which is usually performed by the front teeth—and the next is to scrape it into thin shavings. When this is done, the Cassava looks very much like scraped horse-radish, and, as it occupies a considerable amount of space, it is heaped into a large shallow basket made of rattan. The next process is to wash the scraped root. The white heap is put into another and a deeper basket, made with wide interstices so as to act as a sieve, and it is well kneaded and turned while water is poured over it. The mixed water and juice is not thrown away, but received into a wooden bowl for a purpose that will presently be seen.

Next comes a very important process. It is necessary to get rid of all the juice, and yet not waste it. A very simple and ingenious machine is used for this purpose. It is a cylinder some six or seven feet in length, with a stout loop at each extremity. The upper end is open and the lower closed. It is made of palm-bark, and the strips are so woven that the fabric is extremely elastic. It can be shortened and thickened, or lengthened and diminished, at will, and the mode of its use is as follows:

The scraped root is pressed into this strainer, and so much is inserted that the cylinder loses its cylindrical form, and looks much more like a barrel, being short, thick in the middle, and thin toward each end.

It is now hung to the branch of a tree or a beam of the hut, and a heavy weight suspended from the lower loop.

The effect of the weight is to increase the length and diminish the thickness of the strainer, and in consequence to express the water together with any juice that may be left.

In order to produce the greatest possible effect, and to squeeze the Cassava as dry as possible, a system of leverage is next adopted. A long pole is passed through the lower loop, and the end of the pole made fast to a stump, the trunk of a tree, or the post of a house. The other end of the pole projects considerably, and forms a powerful lever. This is pressed down as far as possible, and then the woman usually sits on the end for some time, thus producing a great effect, and leaving the scraped root almost dry.

Our illustrations show a woman thus seated.

Simple and even rude as is this primitive press, nothing has as yet superseded it. Screw and lever presses have been made and tried, but, whether from the real superiority of the native article, or whether from prejudice, the Cassava and Tapioca makers have abandoned the new inventions, and returned to their old elastic tipiti and pole.

It is now ready for the mill, which usually consists of two stones worked by hand. They speedily reduce the scrapings to powder, rendering the Cassava ready for the fire, over which it is placed in shallow vessels, and is stirred briskly about until it assumes a granulated appearance. If dried thoroughly and packed at once, it can be kept for a very long period, and is therefore invaluable to the generally improvident natives.

The Cassava meal, when dried in the sun without artificial heat, is often exported under the name of Brazilian arrowroot. When ground into coarse grains it is known as Semolina. When this substance was first brought into notice as an article of commerce, I had (says Wood, the naturalist,) an argument with a lady about it. She asserted that it was a kind of little seed, and that its nature was designated by its name. I, on the contrary, asserted, judging from the aspect of the grains as viewed through a magnifying-glass, that it was no seed at all, but some baked substance roughly ground, and suggested that it might be the spoilt or broken macaroni, which was thus made serviceable. However, both were wrong, though the magnifying-glass caused me to be nearer the truth than was my fair antagonist.

The Cassava bread is employed for another and really remarkable purpose, being converted by a process rather unpleasant, according to European notions, into an intoxicating drink. The mode of preparation is almost precisely the same as that which is employed by the inhabitants of Tonga and the neighboring islands in the chewing of "kava," and its distribution is attended with quite as much ceremony.

A number of women assemble round a large vessel, and taking a quantity of Cassava bread, they begin to masticate it, placing each mouthful in the vessel when it is reduced to a paste of uniform consistency. At the same time more Cassava is pounded in a rude wooden mortar, mixed with water, and poured into the same large vessel.

Sometimes the vessel in question is made of earthenware, sometimes it is a hollowed log, and on very grand occasions, when a large number of guests are expected, a canoe is hauled ashore, well washed, and used for the purpose.

After the mixture has been allowed to stand for some hours a curious change takes place, and strong fermentation is set up, endowing the liquor with an intoxicating character. When this inviting stage has been reached, the liquid is called "Piwarri."

The guests having assembled, the chief, or sometimes the "medicine-man" of the tribe, takes his stand by the vessel, and solemnly shakes a sacred rattle, while he treads a measured dance round the Piwarri, accompanying his movements with a low song, and marking the time by stamping with his foot.

While he goes through this performance not a man stirs, and all keep perfect silence, except when they break out in simultaneous cries, which are probably of the nature of a chorus.

The dance and song being concluded, the leader takes in his hand a "cuja," or drinking-cup, dips it into the liquid, and tastes it. He then fills the cup, half empties it, and passes it to the guests. This is the signal that the feast has commenced, and from that time every one helps himself. Each man then takes up the same kind of dance and song which the chief had begun, so that when a large number of guests are assembled the scene is noisy, and would be animated but for the mournful character of the melody.

Those Europeans who have tasted the Piwarri agree in saying that it is not unlike bitter beer in flavor, and that if they had not known the method of its preparation they might even have liked it. Occasionally maize is used instead of Cassava.

The juice which is squeezed from the Cassava is not thrown away, as might be supposed from its poisonous nature. On the contrary, it is carefully preserved and allowed to remain undisturbed. After a while a sort of sediment begins to settle, and when no more will make its appearance, the liquid portion is poured away in some place where its poisonous nature will not hurt any one. The sediment is then scraped out of the dish and spread on iron plates, which are kept hot by being placed over a fire, and continually rubbed and rolled. During this process it separates into little round grains of nearly uniform size, about as large as dust-shot, and is known as Tapioca.

There is a spurious kind of Tapioca which is made of gum and potato starch. It can be distinguished from the genuine substance by being whiter in color, much more soluble in water, and by the larger size of the grains.

There are two plants from which Cassava bread is made, one being the Bitter and the other the Sweet Manioc, or Cassava. The former is the plant which is generally used, the juice of which is bitter and poisonous, whereas the Sweet Cassava is harmless even in the uncooked state. As, however, a tough woody cord runs through the heart or centre of this plant, the natives are averse to using it because their imperfect shaving tools would be broken in reducing it to shavings.

The scientific name of the Sweet Cassava is *Manihot aipi*, and the Bitter, *Manihot utilissima*. The poisonous principle of the latter part is thought to be of the nature of prussic acid.

We will now proceed to examine the various articles which have been described:

The Quake is a light basket, in which the native collects the Cassava-root. This ingenious though simple basket is only intended for holding moderately large articles, the meshes being so wide as to permit any small object to fall through. It is about seventeen inches in length, made of a kind of rattan, called by them the "itiritti" reed, which is split lengthwise, just like the "cane" which is used in making the light chairs of the present day. Toward the bottom it swells out in flask fashion, a shape which is very common among the basket-work of most savage tribes. The pattern of the network is almost identical with those of the bottom of a "cane" chair, but the meshes are three or four times as wide.

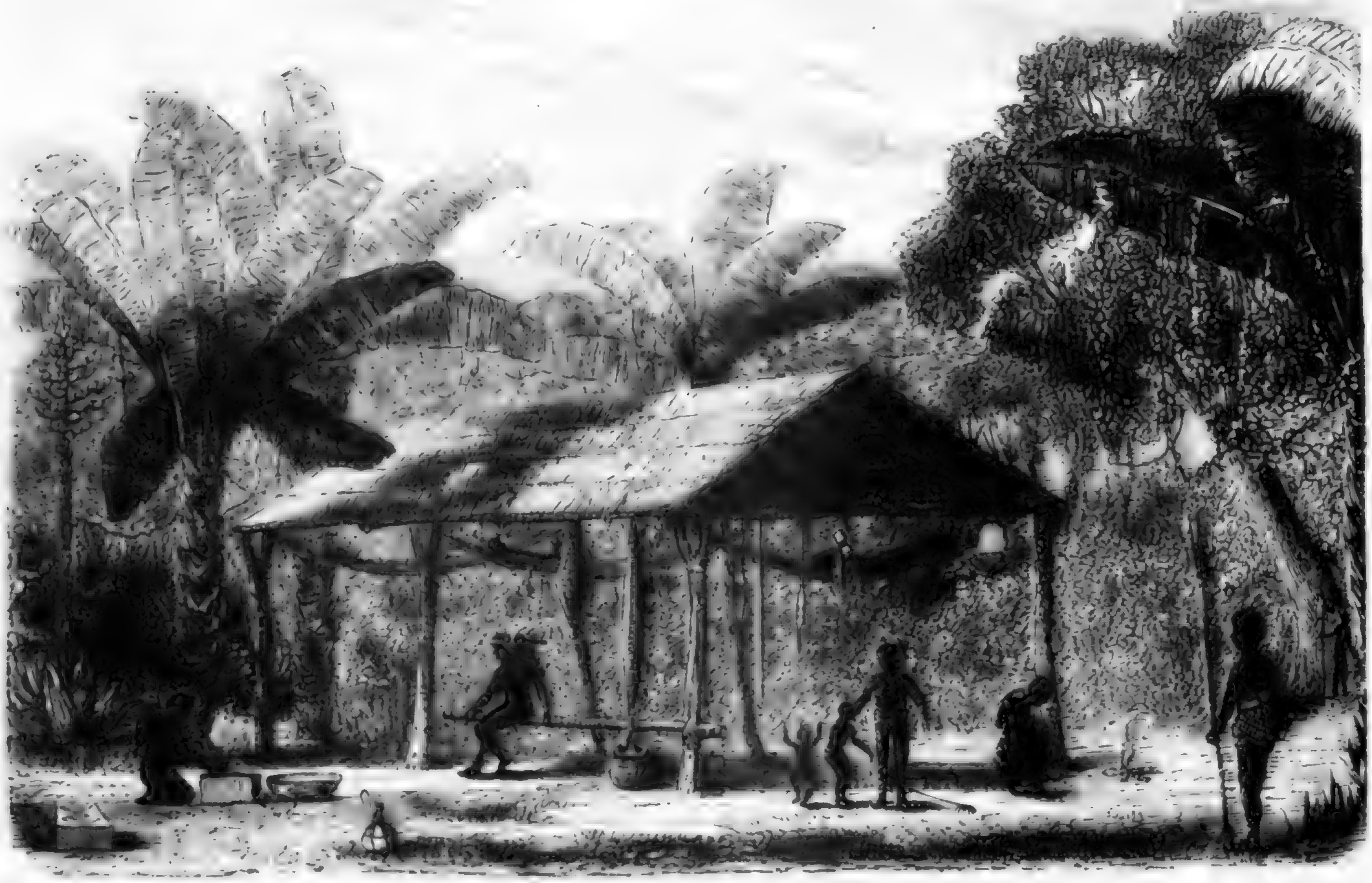
The bowl into which the Cassava is scraped is almost five feet in circumference and eight inches in depth. It is also made of the itiritti reed, and woven in a zigzag pattern of wonderful regularity. The edge is strengthened by six parallel rows of the same cane, whipped tightly with string, and kept in their places by double bands of cane, at intervals of four inches. Although of such large dimensions, this bowl is extremely light, and even when filled with the scraped Cassava-root would be but a very slight burden for a young girl.

The sieve in which the Cassava undergoes its preparatory washing is smaller than the bowl, being only four feet in circumference, though of the same depth. Instead of the closely woven itiritti reed, which scarcely allows a fine needle to pass between the interstices, the sieve is made of slight and entire reeds which have not been split, and which, except for their uniform diameter, very closely resemble the osier twigs used by European basket-makers. These reeds radiate uniformly from the centre, and are kept in their places by split itiritti, which is twisted round them at regular intervals.

The Cassava press is represented as it appears when empty and hung to the roof-beam of the hut. These articles vary greatly in size. They are generally six feet in length, and average four inches in diameter. When filled, or even when the two ends are pressed toward each other, it becomes very much wider and proportionately shorter. It is made of the bark of a palm, called "jacitara" by the natives, and scientifically known as *Desmoncus macroacanthus*. The bark is cut into strips about a quarter of an inch in width, and is beautifully woven together in a manner exactly like the whip-lashes of the present day.

At the lower end all the reeds of which it is made are gathered together and bound tightly into a rope-like shape, the effect being to close that end of the strainer. The rope is then brought round and tied up so as to make the loop through which is passed the pole, which acts as a lever. The upper side is open, strengthened at the mouth, and one end is prolonged and woven into the loop by which it is hung to the beam.

Like all the household implements of this curious people, it is exceedingly light; and it reflects no small credit on their intellectual capacity to have combined with extreme lightness such power and efficiency that European implements cannot supersede it.

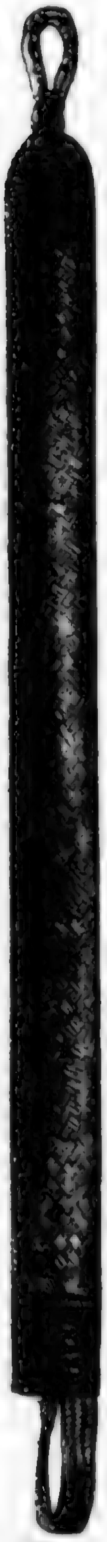


HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.—SEE PAGE 614.

The large engraving represents life among this curious race. The chief object is one of the houses made by the natives. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this house, if indeed it deserves such a name.

Six posts are driven into the ground, or, if the native can contrive to find a few trees whose trunks will answer the purpose, he merely cuts them at the proper height and leaves them still rooted in the ground. Upon them is laid a framework of five poles, usually bamboo, one being at each end, one along the sides, and the fifth connecting the two central posts. The roof is made with equal simplicity, and consists of a mere bamboo framework covered with dry palm leaves. This roof, although of such very slight materials, is amply sufficient for its chief use—namely, shading the inhabitants from the fierce sunbeams.

The chief article of furniture is the hammock, several of which are suspended to the framework. Some of these are occupied, and others are empty. Three kinds of hammock are made by the natives. The best, lightest, strongest, and most ornamental, is really a wonderful piece of work. The string of which it is composed is made from the "Miriti" palm. At the top of the tree the young leaves grow thicker in a conical shape, and covered with a peculiar envelope. This is stripped off, and the young leaves are then stripped of their soft substance, leaving nothing behind but a quantity of long fibres. When the fibres are dry they are separated, and made into strings by being rolled with the hand upon the thigh at the rate of about two or three hundred feet a day. The cord thus obtained is very slender, very light, and very strong, and as it takes a dye easily, is stained of various colors, red and yellow being the favorites.



CASSAVA PRESS.

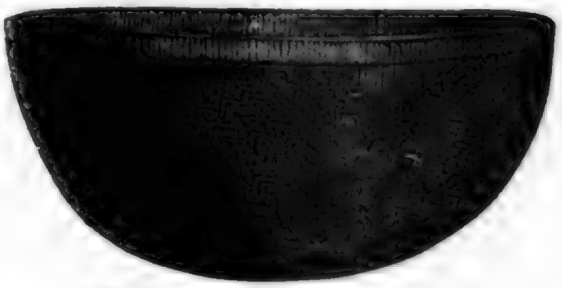
A rude kind of loom is made by fixing a couple of bamboos about twelve or fourteen feet apart from each other, and in a horizontal position. The string is passed over these bamboos, and is intertwined in a singularly ingenious manner, so as to form meshes without knots. This construction gives great elasticity to the fabric, which stretches in any direction with the greatest ease, and forms the most comfortable couch that can be conceived. When the hammock-maker wishes to produce a very handsome article, she not only dyes the string, but attaches brilliantly-colored parrot and macaw feathers along the edges. These hammocks are made more for sale than for use.

This hammock is seldom hung so high as those which are shown in the illustration, and is often but a few inches from the ground. Indeed, when resting on a journey or hunting expedition, the native seldom hangs his hammock at any height. Why this article of furniture is so useful is evident enough. The country is an essentially wet one, so that the traveler has often to walk for many hours nearly knee-deep in water. The native would therefore be unable to repose unless he possessed a means of keeping himself clear of the water, and unless that article was at once strong, light, and of such a shape as to be easily portable.

Hammock-making is performed entirely by the women, the dusky lords of creation thinking such labor to be below their dignity. They will lie in them when made, but will not condescend to any manufacture except that of weapons, nor to any labor except that of using them.

Now let us return to the illustration, and look at the natives who are grouped about it. There is a native just starting to hunt the peccary or capybara, and who is accordingly armed with his bow and arrows. He has been introduced in order to show the exceeding length of these weapons, the arrows being longer than the height of the user. The reason for this enormous length is, that as the capybara and peccary live chiefly among the underwood or the rank foliage which fringes the rivers, short arrows would be useless, because they would be deflected from their course by the stems and leaves.

The bow is of no great power, and is often even shorter than the arrow which it propels, the native trusting for success to the wourali poison in which the point is dipped, rather than to the depth of the wound which it makes. Over his shoulder is hung the peculiar basket, or "quake," and at his side is suspended the little bamboo quiver which holds the loose heads of the arrows.



BOWL INTO WHICH CASSAVA IS SCRAPED.

The woman on her knees is engaged in scraping the Cassava-root. In front of her is the wooden scraper, set with its obsidian blades, and just beyond it is the bowl into which the shavings are thrown.

Another scraper is shown in the left-hand corner of the engraving, in order to exhibit the diamond pattern in which the obsidian blades are inserted.

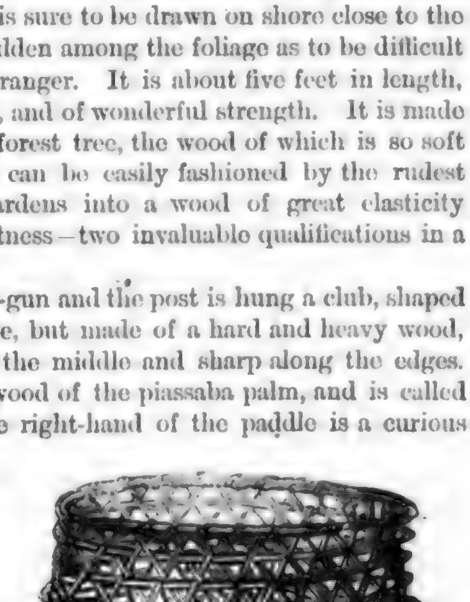
The Cassava press is seen suspended from the roof-pole, and seated on the end of the lever is a woman with her cradle slung on her forehead. Another press is hung on its left-hand. This press is stuffed full of the Cassava-root, but the operation of pressing has not yet been begun.

Below the press is seen the pot into which the liquid flows. It is made of black earthenware, very rudely formed, and very imperfectly baked. The little group of children are amusing themselves with a very strange plaything—namely, one of the gigantic spiders, which they were leading about like a dog, with a string tied round his body.

Suspended from the roof-poles are sundry articles, which are generally left hung in such spots because they can be easily taken down when wanted. The long, rod-like implement, is one of the blow-guns.

Immediately on the right of the blow-gun is a paddle, kept suspended so as to be ready when wanted by the owner of the canoe, which is sure to be drawn on shore close to the hut, but so much hidden among the foliage as to be difficult of discovery by a stranger. It is about five feet in length, very thin, very light, and of wonderful strength. It is made from the spur of a forest tree, the wood of which is so soft when fresh that it can be easily fashioned by the rudest tools, but which hardens into a wood of great elasticity combined with lightness—two invaluable qualifications in a paddle.

Between the blow-gun and the post is hung a club, shaped much like the paddle, but made of a hard and heavy wood, and being thick in the middle and sharp along the edges. It is made of the wood of the piassaba palm, and is called "macana." On the right-hand of the paddle is a curious club, shaped much like a dice-box, with a squared instead of a rounded outline. This club is notable for a strong loop of cotton cord which passes round its centre, and for the loose cords which depend on either side. The latter are for ornament alone, but the loop is doubly useful. In the first place,



QUAKE, OR LIGHT BASKET.

it is convenient for suspending the weapon to the arm or shoulder, and in the next place, it answers like the thong of a sling, and enables the owner to hurl it a great distance. As the wood is exceedingly heavy, and the aim is almost unerringly certain, this club is a far more formidable weapon than it appears to be at first sight.

Close to the opposite post of the same end of the house is hung one of the fans, which these natives are very fond of using. The fans are beautifully made of reeds, plaited in elegant and varied patterns, and are left suspended so that they can be easily reached from the hammocks. Six or seven of these fans are often hung to the beams of one house.

Nearly in the foreground is seen one of the ingenious water-flasks. This is made from a gourd, or calabash, and is furnished with a loop or string, by means of which it can be suspended. The stopper is neatly made by cutting off about an inch and a half of the neck, and fitting to it a piece of soft wood which acts as a cork, so that when the calabash is closed it seems to have no aperture at all.

Surrounding the hut are several of the most notable trees of the country. On the right-hand, and rather in the background, is the cotton-tree, with its stout branches and thick foliage. Scattered about are several of the palms, whose leaves are used in thatching the hut; and a specimen of the silk-grass plant is seen, with its straight, flower-crowned stem, and the circlet of long, pointed leaves surrounding its base.

THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.

Doré, in his illustrations, now so world-renowned, has not shown his genius more clearly than in his "Fables of La Fontaine." The French children learn them like nursery rhymes, and they are in every fibre of the artist's being, so that to illustrate them it is his pure genius developing itself.

"La Fontaine" has one charming fable to show the folly of improvidence. We translate it here, keeping, as far as possible, to the rhythm of the original, as well as to its charming simplicity of language.

THE KATY-DID AND THE ANT.

Katy-did sang her song
All Summer long,
But was wretched enough
At the Winter's first sough
Not a fly to be found,
Or a worm on the ground.
To Neighbor Ant she flies
With her famishing cries,
To implore her to lend
Grain her hunger to mend.
Till the new season. "See!
I will pay you," said she,
"'Pon my honor, 'fore the heat,
Loan and usury complete."
Lending's not Ant fashion. Indeed
'Tis a fault she's least given to.
"What did you all Summer through?"
Of the borrower she queried.
"To each comer night and day
I sang, if you please."
"Sang! That sets me at ease,
Well, now dance away."

Doré's illustration is the moral. Here is the strolling minstrel girl, with her thin Summer attire, gay and gaudy in its season, but sadly out of keeping now with the landscape that the snow artist has begun to lighten with little drifts of his white. She stands forlorn enough at the door of the industrious woman, whose busy fingers do not cease their toil, even to consider the petitioner and her wants. The children show wonder, interest, some compassion even, though La Fontaine, who did not love children, avers they are always cruel.

Your decent, hard-working, happy housewife looks stern and hard at the wanderer. The shame-faced admission of Katy-did seems to meet the biting humor of the Ant's final rejoinder; but withal, there is in the face what assures you that she will take a kindlier view of poor Katy-did, and relieve her while she chides her for her dangerous life.

LOVE IN A GLACIER.

IN an Alpine valley, one pleasant Summer evening, a couple might have been seen strolling through the pine forest.

Henri dwelt with his aged parents in a neighboring valley, in which Marie resided with her widowed mother. A small farm in a mountain gorge gave him daily occupation. It was a hard contest that in which he was engaged with stern nature. He had to raise bulwarks against the falling rocks, and substantial angular fortresses to resist the incursions of avalanches, otherwise his fields would often have been covered with the *débris* of the mountain. The produce of this highland farm was not likely to make him a wealthy man. But the courage, industry and tact necessary to hold his own from constant conflict, preserved him from the enervation of luxury.

Marie tended a few cows that rambled over the mountain pasture. If simple in manners and not refined in education, she was not without that sense of propriety which so often distinguishes the Continental peasant, and which confers a sort of gentleness and polish only to be procured by others in the cultivation of society. She had not been wholly neglected in school-lore, and had been an apt pupil in that grand seminary which nature had spread out there before her. Those needle-points that rose above the eternal Alpine snows, soaring towards the blue heavens, led her thoughts far onward and upward. Those cold glaciers that lay as a bed of death between the sterile mountains; those dread falls of rocks, that seemed cascades of destruction from the skies upon the blooming vales below—those yawning precipices, with their dark and fearful depths—all stirred her imagination and unfolded her nature.

On the evening of our story the young man had paid a visit to the cottage in the valley, and had then strolled forth through the forest with Marie, this Alpine flower.

It is not our business to pry into lover's secrets, nor attempt to tell the subjects of their conversation. Whatever it was, it may be granted that mathematics and logic formed no part of the conference. This much may be said, however; it was there and then agreed that on a certain day, not far removed, the worthy curé of the village should be asked to give his blessing on their union.

Henri had resolved to go home by a short route, over the neighboring mountain, though he would have to cross a glacier on the way. This rather hazardous journey appeared no great difficulty in the eyes of the bold peasant of the Alps, and the moon would give him light across the icy passage.

But lovers in all ages have failed to notice the march of time. Our young friends had so much to say, or what they had to say was so interesting—for repetitions of the story were not burdensome—that the evening twilight had long melted into the soft moonlight before the dreaded word farewell was thought of. When, however, Marie caught sight of the new moon rapidly sinking to rest, she urged the prompt departure of her lover. Yet even then he had something else to say, and she was so smilingly attentive that a further delay took place.

But the quick approach of darkness awakened the fears of the maiden, who urged upon her Henri the necessity of returning by the regular road, longer as it was, instead of tempting the dangers of the glacier. The young man, full of the excitement of happy love, laughed at her warning, and assured her that she was no fit wife for a mountaineer if she doubted his power to thread his way in darkness. He comforted her with the promise of his haste to reach the glacier, and his extreme care while passing.

"Be not afraid," said he; "I know every block of ice in the path, and my good alpenstock would steady my steps in the blackness of midnight."

But loving confidence half swept away her fears, and the parting kiss carried off the remainder. She watched his form brushing by the pine branches till the rocks concealed him, and then she turned with a smile of happiness to the cottage of her mother—that cottage so soon to be shared by another. Peaceful were her dreams that night.

The aiguilles of the Alps had not yet caught the rosy beams of the early morn, when a knock at the door of the châlet disturbed the slumberers.

"Who could it be at that unwonted hour?" was the cry of mother and daughter. A well-known voice, in broken accents, called for Henri. It was the father seeking the son. A shudder of horror passed through the frame of the girl.

Yet all was sadly true—Henri had not returned home. A search must be made. The neighbors gathered in haste to the summons. With the earliest dawn they set out upon their melancholy errand. Alas! this had not been the first time that they had searched for lost ones in their land of dangers.

Marie led them to the parting-place. She marked the track the young man had taken. With Indian sagacity his footfalls were followed till they led to the edge of the glacier. Here greater skill was requisite to mark the course. It was Summer, and the snow had disappeared from the lower part of the glacier. The hard ice leaves no track; but as, at the hour of parting, some little softness remained on the surface from the day's sun, Henri had left faint tracings on the glacier, which the subsequent night's chill had retained. The peasants noted these with jealous, painful care. Here the alpenstock had left the impression of its iron point. Suddenly the foremost of the group uttered a cry of dismay. All crowded near. He said nothing, but pointed with his finger.

Poor Marie sickened at the sight, and fell insensible. There was the trailing mark of the slipped alpenstock, and beside it was the sliding track of the young man's foot. Both terminated at the edge of a *crevasse*, or opening in the ice.

They strained their eyes downward, in vain attempts to penetrate that gloomy passage. They shouted, but caught no voice in return. He had fallen, and the depth was terrible.

"The rope!—the rope!"—was now the cry. Several volunteered that perilous descent in search of their friend. But here the horror came upon them, with all its fell, benumbing power. The aperture had so narrowed since the lost one had sunk, that there was not space for a human body now.

Words cannot picture the consternation of the party. One sought comfort in the thought that the poor fellow must have been killed by the fall. But another told how one had been in such a chamber as that from which he could not be extricated; and, after he had been mourned over for days as dead, he reappeared, a ghastly but a living man. Henri might be still alive. Still, as the ever slowly moving mass had pressed the walls of his prison so much closer together, no prospect appeared of rescue.

Marie revived to be made even more desolate and terror-stricken by the news of the closing chasm.

What a mournful group returned to the cottage!

Here the matter was fully discussed, and plans were successively proposed and rejected. Marie listened with deepest attention. When they found no way of relief, all turned eyes of tearful sympathy to the youthful betrothed one. But it was no time yet for her to mourn. She must think and act for her beloved, who was not yet beyond hope with her.

Having heard the story repeated of the man who, returning to his wife, after having been buried in the ice-chamber, she recurred to it, demanded particulars, and wondered how he had escaped. Then she learned that the poor fellow had found a passage through the glacier, and had issued from its mouth.

"And why?" said she, "might not Henri so return?"

She quailed again when told of the depth of the *crevasse*, and the certainty of his limbs being broken, if his life was not destroyed at once. How could he escape? Love now awakened her imagination with another project. If he could not get out, might not others go into the glacier in search! Sage heads were shaken at the suggestion. The terrors of the glaciers were well known to the peasants of the Alps. Chambers were seen plainly enough. Extended caves were believed to run beneath the surface. The very exit of rivers from those icy recesses proved the existence of subterranean passages.

But there was another point of view. The surface of a glacier was inconstant. A stone upon it was known to drift down the valley, slowly but certainly. The huge blocks of ice would rise from the surface and then fall shivering toward the valley. The very height of the glacier was changing at the banks. If these outward signs of movement existed, could they fail in affecting the parts below! If the glacier glided downward from the lofty peaks to the plains, though but at the rate of a few inches a day, would the caverns retain their form? As the prisons cracked and parted above, might not the icy walls below crumble and fall?

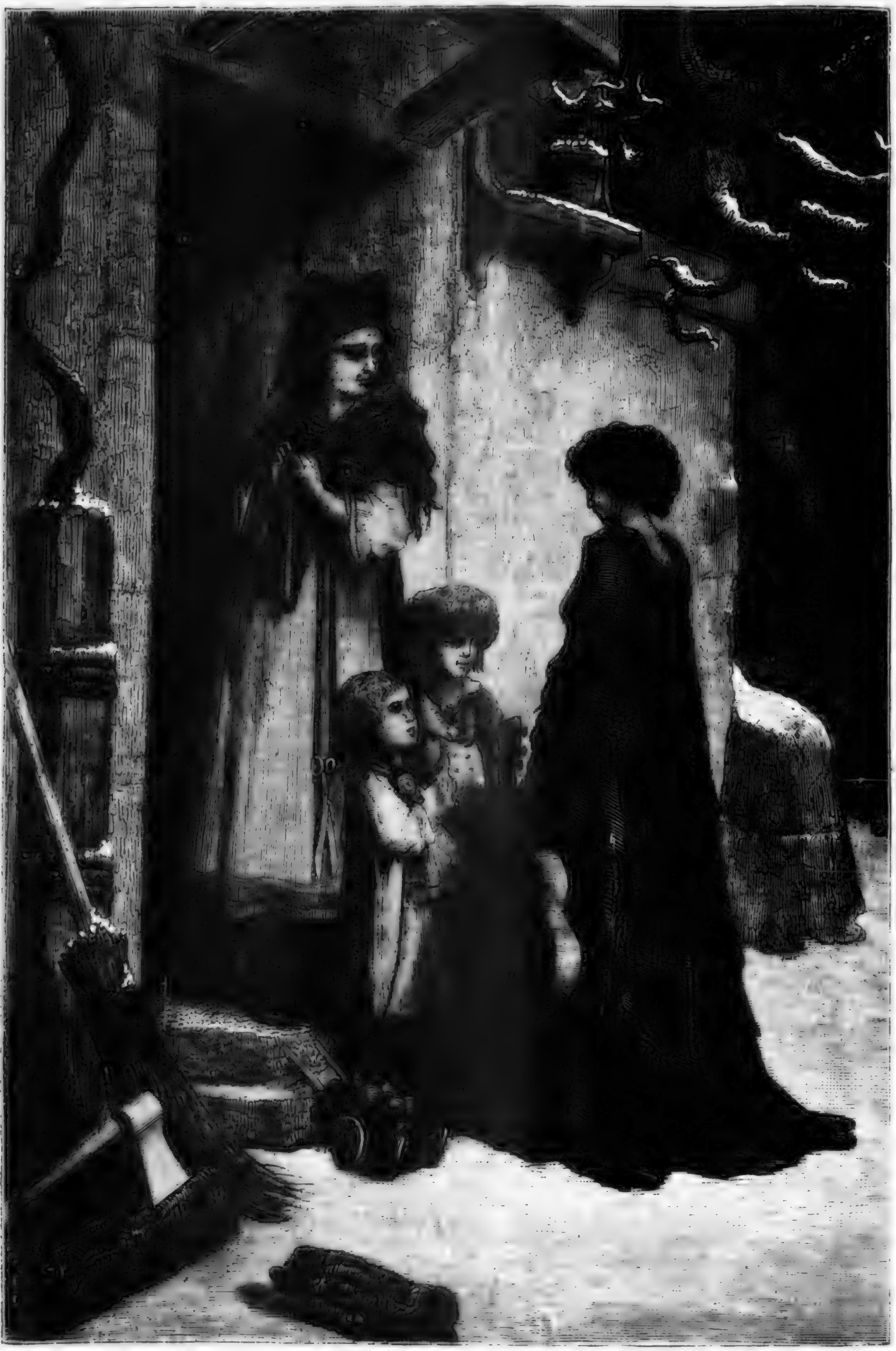
No—there was no hope! The passage of this hour would be solid ice the next. The glacier was inconstant. To enter it was certain destruction. A mass would fall to crush the intruder, or the unexpected closing of an opening would shut up the adventurer in a prison of death. Poor Henri must be left to his fate. They were sorry, but must bow to Providence. Resignation was the duty of those who dwelt in ever-present dangers. Not so our heroine, who was not quite prepared to resign her lover so quietly to his doom.

But what could she, a woman, do, when strong men yielded to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances? It was just because she was a woman that her spirits rose with the emergency. Love is stronger than ordinary energy of manhood. She must do something. She must do all it was possible for her to do.

The life of Henri was her life. To rescue him was to sustain her own being. What would life be to her without him? How could she dwell near the ice-cavern that had swallowed up her dearest treasure!

But what could she do! One course only lay before her. She would enter the treacherous cave that yawned over the valley. She would thread the gloomy passages of the glacier. She might thus reach him. She might then save him, or die with him. If unsuccessful, and the ice close her in its cold embrace, would she not share the shroud of her lover!

It was useless to speak of her intention. So mad a scheme would lead to her forcible detention. Leaving the company,

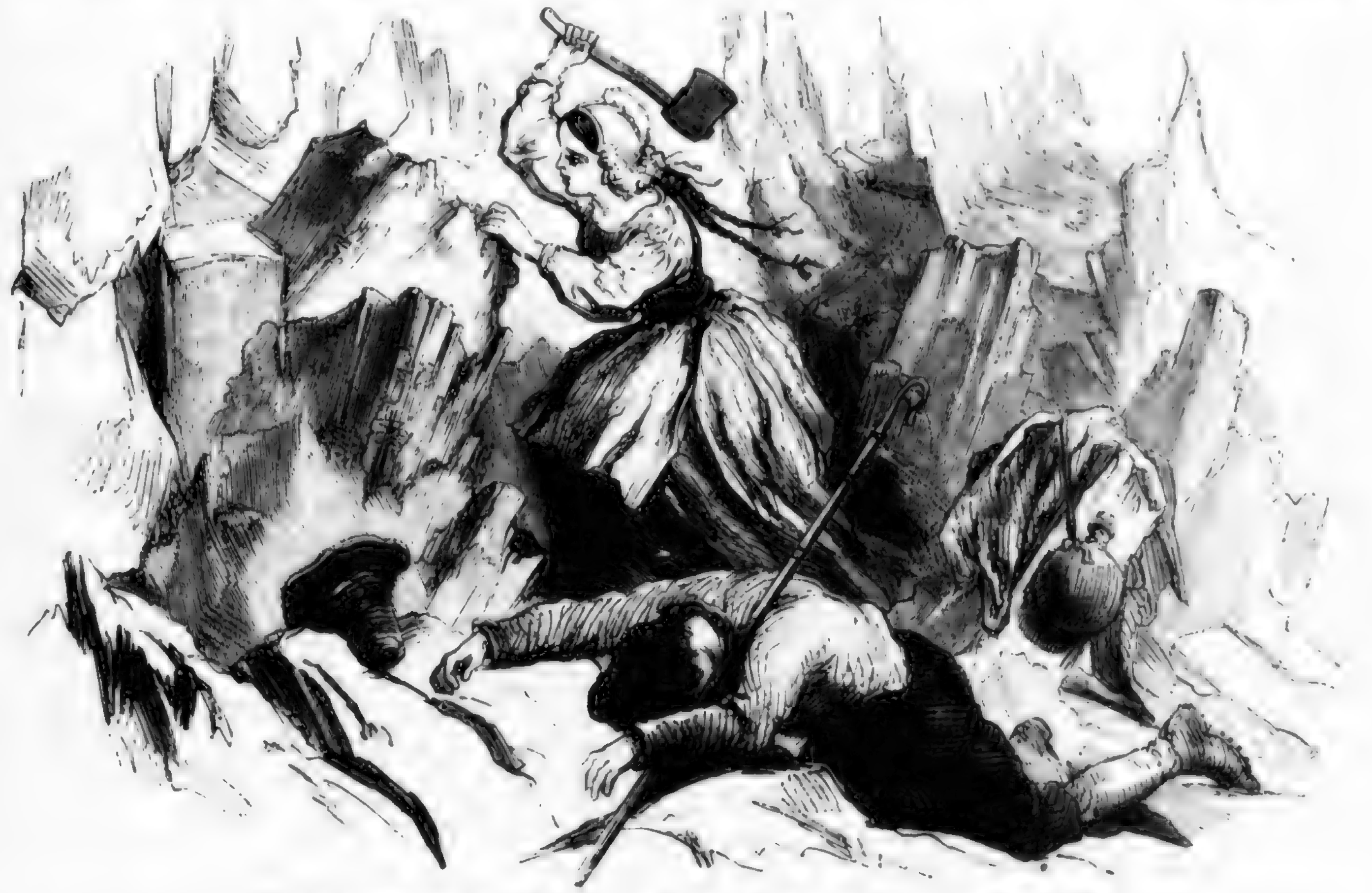


THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.—SEE PAGE 618.

without attracting notice, she gathered a few simple appliances which she regarded as necessary, and then rapidly stole off to the mouth of the glacier. As she first passed under that icy arch the chill struck her, and, for a moment, fear possessed her. The contest was brief, for the appeal of love was irresistible. Onward she crept in this frightful recess. The semi-translucent mass provided her with some light as she slowly made her way. It was no easy path indeed. The sharp edges lacerated her flesh. The cold white stream, that flowed through the glacier, fed from the snows above, and the partial melting of the ice-rock through which it ran, was no agreeable route for the maiden. Thoroughly wet, and miserably chilled, she had to struggle on.

But there were other trials. Now and then the passage was so small as not to admit her person, though she lay in the stream. She had prepared for this by bringing a small hatchet. With this she often had to cut her way, or widen a breach.

Had she been removed from a sense of peril, or unabsorbed by so deep a sorrow, there would have been much to interest and delight her mind. Beauties thronged on every side. As the light pierced through the ice, or descended the crevasses from above, it revealed gems of marvelous charms, and disclosed colors of gorgeous kinds. Fancy might people some chambers with genii of wondrous nature. Green and blue of various shades softened the brilliancy of the white. Occasionally, the roof rose, arching over her, and the stalactites were as pendent diamonds. Crystals of beauty thronged places as the fretwork of a Gothic cathedral.



LOVE IN A GLACIER.—MARIE RESCUING HENRI FROM HIS LIVING TOMB. SEE PAGE 618.

But poor Marie had no eye for Nature's loveliness, and no ears for her most seraphic harmonies, while her thoughts were concentrated upon the rescue of her betrothed. She heeded them not, but pressed onward.

There was no difficulty about the route. She had but to advance, for the mountains disclosed the glacier on either side. Fatigued to exhaustion, she halted not. A minute lost might endanger the life so dear to her. Anon she paused to call upon her lover; and "Henri!" echoed through those trembling chambers.

But she could not be wholly indifferent to her position. As the ice cracked above her, or as she saw the mass move about her, she could not but shudder and close her eyes. The vast river of ice was now moving more vigorously than usual. The pressure from the melting snows above made it groan, as if in agony. The expansion of the viscid substance, melted and recongealed, thrust forward and headlong this strange living monster of the Alps. No moment was safe for her, and all seemed combined for her destruction. It was, in very truth, a valley of the shadow of death.

At last, when well-nigh sinking with despair, and almost yielding to the torpor which intense cold brings upon the brain, she heard a low moan. At once her frame received a new impulse of energy. She rushed forward, overcoming all obstacles. In a few minutes she discovered the apparently lifeless body of Henri. Restoratives were applied, and his eyes opened upon his faithful girl. What a greeting of love in the ice-grave! No time was to be lost. Momentarily strengthened by the cordial to his lips, he told a hasty tale. He spoke of his fall—his consternation—his sudden agony. Unable to rise, and thrown forward by a shelving block, which partially broke his fall, he knew no hope of escape, unless an adventurous friend would suffer himself to be lowered by a rope to his assistance. He told not of his sufferings on her account—the mental anguish he endured at the thought of her distress.

In brief words, she referred to the closing of the chasm above, and of her passage up the caverns of the glacier, whither she was now prepared to lead him.

Alas! both of his legs were fractured.

It was no time for grief. The brave girl bound up his limbs with portions of her garments, entreated him to take some refreshment, and then arranged for departure.

The first agony of movement brought a deep groan from the young man. But he restrained himself immediately, and supporting himself on one arm, suffered Marie to drag him forward by the other. Frightful were his sufferings as he thus passed slowly along the narrow, tortuous passages, with his fractured limbs constantly striking against the rude ice-rock.

Marie's strength was renewed, and the vigorous powers of a mountain maiden were needed indeed. There were times when the space permitted her to carry him in her arms; but more often she could but draw him after her through the low tunnel. The same difficulties which she before encountered were now to be met under more embarrassing circumstances. The only advantage was the descent instead of the ascent.

All went on well for a time, though the progress was exceedingly slow, and the strength of both parties was rapidly ebbing forth. At length a loud cracking noise was heard, and, immediately afterward, a huge mass of ice fell forward near them, completely blocking up their path. The water, for a time stayed in its course, threatened their destruction, but it eventually formed for itself another opening.

In vain did the courageous girl deal blow after blow upon the barrier. No entrance could be gained. They were imprisoned, indeed, in a death-chamber. They resigned themselves to their end. They embraced in silence, and calmly waited their fate. They had at least the comfort of dying with each other.

But, with a sudden thought, Marie sprang up again. As all devolved upon her, she would make another effort. She resolved to try her ax on the side walls of their cell. A few strokes revealed an opening. The ax was again and again hurled forward, until a hole was made sufficient for their entrance. Then, with a look of gratitude to heaven, she once more raised her drooping lover, now rapidly sinking into the torpor of approaching dissolution.

It was not long before the dear girl found her lover senseless in her grasp. Vainly she called him, and entreated another word or glance. His eyes were closed, his body utterly powerless, and no sign of life remained except a feeble pulsation at the heart.

For a moment, and but for a moment, the intrepid maiden yielded to despair, and sank beside the corpse-like form. With a prayer upon her lips, she feebly essayed once more to resume her frightful journey. But the cold and fatigue now began to oppress her so strongly that her senses reeled, and her arm was insufficient to raise her lover. She collected her rambling thoughts; and, believing that she could not be far from the valley, she uttered a cry of distress.

Providentially, it was just at this time that the peasants, uneasy at her not returning to the room, and guessing her heroic resolution, went, hurriedly, to the cavernous mouth of the glacier. The cry was heard and answered. Shamed by the courage of the girl, two or three rushed forward up the ice-chamber.

They were but just in time. The brave Marie had sunk down into that dangerous lethargy, the forerunner of death. Both were carried off safely from the glacier, brought to the cottage, and restored to animation.

Surgical aid was promptly procured for Henri's fracture. His vigorous constitution soon rallied under careful treatment. As for Marie, her over-excited feelings occasioned a long and dangerous illness.

The heroism of this maiden of the Alps was not likely to diminish the attachment of the man she had saved. As soon as both were recovered, the acclamation of the valley called for their union to be made a public ceremony, and the day a holiday for the villagers. The curé offered up a thanksgiving for their deliverance, joined them in happy wedlock, and gave them a tearful blessing.

And long as love is known in the Alpine valleys will the tale be told of Marie, the heroine of fidelity, and of the well-tried Love in a Glacier.

THE YOUNG MAN WITH SISTERS.

The man who has sisters has a better opportunity of selecting a wife than the man who has none, but he is in nine cases out of ten more difficult to please. In daily contact with members of the other sex, who display all their little foibles before him, he is apt to judge his sisters' friends by the same standard wherewith he daily judges his sisters—not a very logical method of procedure, but, I think, not an unnatural one.

And, be it remembered, that if the young man's sisters are paragons of amiability and unimpeachable as to dress, he cannot help seeing them occasionally out of temper with somebody, and indifferently dressed when there are no strangers in the house. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and no sister is a heroine to her brother. He is very fond of her—most men are fond of their sisters—but he cannot help noticing divers little traits of character which he suspects his future brother-in-law will reap the benefit of when the first gloss of the honeymoon has worn off, and the young couple settle down to the everyday affairs of married life. If his sister is a beauty, all the more is he suspicious of the other sex.

He hears his friends go into raptures over the young lady, and he is in no way displeased that some one related to himself is a favorite in society; but he straightway makes up his mind that women are very deceptive. He knows all about it; he has been behind the scenes, and has seen the fair performer studying the droop of a ringlet, the fall of a skirt. Her art may have been concealed from the world with consummate skill, but he has not been deceived, for the very good reason that nobody has thought it worth her while to deceive him.

He thinks she will marry well—he hopes she will; and he wonders very much whether the chosen one of his own heart will, in the privacy of domestic life, manifest a taste for pickles and a tendency to suck peppermint lozenges. He hopes for the best, but secretly he believes the very worst. "The sex are all alike"—that is what men say, and what they pretend to think. Some of them know better, I hope; for how can all women be alike if all men are not? The fact is, as every one who has studied womankind with any attention knows, that women are not all alike—not alike in appearance, not alike in temper, not alike in tastes. Seldom have we known a woman averse from flattery, but there are beings of the very superior sex who will box your ears soundly if you venture to hint, in the most delicate manner possible, that they are not absolute frights.

I know a woman of showy appearance and considerable accomplishments, who avows openly that at thirty-one she is no longer a *young* lady. She is a marvel, and would be perfect if she had not a most abominable temper. Most men have a temper of their own, and they are apt to show it when there is very little occasion for the display; women also have a temper, which is kept very carefully in check before company and given full license to before brothers, sisters, *et hoc genus omne*. The brother with sisters knows this, and if he be engaged, trembles when he thinks that perhaps his Dulcinea has a temper which will be none the colder for having been nursed a long time.

In justification of the hesitation of the young man with sisters, I must remind the reader that he is thrown very much in the way of hearing bits of gossip which, perhaps, are never intended to reach his ears, and which by no means tend to exalt the character of his sisters' companions in his eyes. He does not listen of *malice prepense;* but he cannot help catching stray comments on the behavior and character of young ladies upon whom, perhaps, he has already cast the eyes of admiration, if not the glances of fathomless love. "Vain little creature, that Lizzie! Fancies the gentlemen admire her, and she hasn't a tress of real hair on her head !" "Julia is downright mercenary, and would marry her grandfather if it were lawful, and he had plenty of money; she told me so," and so on. Very difficult for the young gentleman to make up his mind regarding the question of matrimony, is it not? And yet, if he were to ask his sisters, who are in the main good-natured, whether Lizzie or Julia were as bad as she had been sketched, they would unhesitatingly say no, and declare that both young ladies were models of whatsoever is modest and virtuous, and of good report among men; whereat their brother would marvel greatly.

Every man knows that among the young of his sex a habit obtains of criticizing with more originality than politeness the personal appearance and mental qualities of the ladies who are honored with the acquaintance of the youthful speakers.

Generally the younger the man, the more outspoken he is. He will have no half measures—if he has been snubbed by Miss Smith he has it out of Miss Smith over his pipe among his and her acquaintances. She is plain, she is affected, she has a bad temper, she is conceited. If, on the other hand, he is smitten with the charms of Miss Smith, there is no word in the English vocabulary sufficient to express his admiration for the adorable creature. Samson in the toils of Delilah was not more infatuated with his enslaver than he is.

His good-natured friends, in their endeavor to moderate the love fever of their companion, cry down the object of his affection, and insinuate that she does not care one penny for him—that she is keeping a wealthy lover in the background—and that, after all, Miss Smith is not worth an honest man's heartache.

If Miss Smith could hear all that is said for and against her in the bachelor's smoking-room, I imagine she would be a wiser, if not a happier woman. Miss Smith's brother hears, of course, nothing disparaging to his sister; but he has before now heard Jones's sister and Brown's sister subjected to the fiery ordeal, and can pretty well guess how his own is likely to fare when subjected to the inevitable process. The knowledge does not inspire him with unbounded confidence in women.

He gives one or two of his friends credit for a little shrewdness in these matters, and when he hears a young lady styled stupid or conceited, or slovenly, or bad-mannered, or addicted to the use of fiction in the course of ordinary conversation, he pauses, he considers. All this may be only their fun—they may mean nothing against the young lady, who, peradventure, is as innocent of the vices attributed to her as Baron Grant says he is of bribing the city editors; but mud will stick if you only throw enough of it. He becomes melancholy, cynical; he eschews the society of young ladies, and addicts himself to the cultivation of a beard and the study of theology.

He sees his sisters married with a placid pity for the several bridegrooms; he makes neat speeches at the wedding breakfasts; he presents each of the brides on the appropriate occasion with a handsome token of his love and affection—and there his connection with the state of holy matrimony may be said very often to end.

If he is wealthy he makes a very good and useful bachelor uncle; but it is questionable whether, under any circumstances, he would be converted into an exemplary husband. He knows too much.

THE ROBBER CRAB.

There is a very remarkable burrowing crustacean, called the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*). This creature is of a strange, weird-like shape, difficult to explain, but easily to be comprehended by reference to the illustration. The reader can, however, form some notion of its general form, by removing a common hermit-crab from its residence, and laying it flat before him.

The robber-crab, however, does not live in a shell, and its abdomen is consequently defended by hard plates, instead of being soft and unprotected like that of the hermit-crab, to which it is closely allied.

The robber-crab inhabits the islands of the Indian Ocean, and is one of those crustacea which are able to exist for a long time without visiting the water, the gills being kept moist by means of a reservoir on each side of the cephalothorax, in which the organs of respiration lie. Only once in twenty-four hours does this remarkable crab visit the ocean, and in all probability enters the water for the purpose of receiving the supply which preserves the gills in working order.

It is a quick walker, though not gifted with such marvelous speed as that which is the property of the racer and other land crabs, and is rather awkward in its gait, impeded probably by the enormous claws. While walking, it presents a curious aspect, being lifted nearly a foot above the ground on its two central pair of legs, and if it be intercepted in its retreat, it brandishes its formidable weapons, clattering them loudly, and always keeping its face toward the enemy. Some writers aver that it is capable of climbing up the stems of the palm-trees, in order to get at the fruit, but this assertion seems to require very strong corroboration before it can be believed.

The food of the robber-crab is of a very peculiar nature, consisting chiefly, if not entirely, of the cocoa-nut.

Most of my readers have seen this enormous fruit as it appears when taken from the tree, surrounded with a thick, massy envelope of fibrous substance, which, when stripped from the nut itself, is employed for many useful purposes. How the creature is to feed on the kernel seems quite a mystery; and, *prima facie*, for a crab to extract the cocoa-nut from its envelope, to pierce the thick and stubborn shell, and to feed upon the enclosed kernel, seems an utterly impossible task. Indeed, had not the feat been watched by creditable witnesses, no one who was acquainted with the habits and powers of the crustacea would have credited such an assertion. Yet Mr. Darwin, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, and other observant men, have watched the habits of the creature, and all agree in their accounts.

According to Mr. Darwin, the crab seizes upon the fallen cocoa-nuts, and with its enormous pincers tears away the outer covering, reducing it to a mass of raveled threads. This substance is carried by the crabs into their holes, for the purpose of forming a bed whereupon they can rest when they change their shells, and the Malays are in the habit of robbing the burrows of these stored fibres, which are ready picked for them, and which they use as "junk," *i. e.* a rough kind of oakum, which is employed for calking the seams of vessels, and making mats, and similar purposes.

When the crab has freed the nut from the husk, it introduces the small end of a claw into one of the little holes which are found at the end of a cocoa-nut, and by turning the claw backward and forward, as if it were a brad-awl, the crab contrives to scoop out the soft substance of the nut.

According to Tyerman and Bennett, the robber-crab has another method of getting at the cocoa-nut, and displays an instinctive knowledge of political economy which is very remarkable:

"These animals live under the cocoa-nut trees, and subsist upon the fruit which they find upon the ground. With their powerful front claws they tear off the fibrous husk; afterward, inserting one of the sharp points of the same into a hole at the end of the nut, they beat it with violence against a stone until it cracks; the shell is then easily pulled to pieces, and the precious fruit within devoured at leisure. Sometimes, by widening the hole with one of their round, gimlet claws, or enlarging the breach with their forceps, they effect sufficient entrance to enable them to scoop out the kernel, without the trouble of breaking the unwieldy nut.

"These crabs burrow in the earth, under the roots of the trees that furnish them with provisions—prudently storing up in their holes large quantities of cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husk, at those times when the fruits are most abundant, against the recurring intervals when they are scarce.

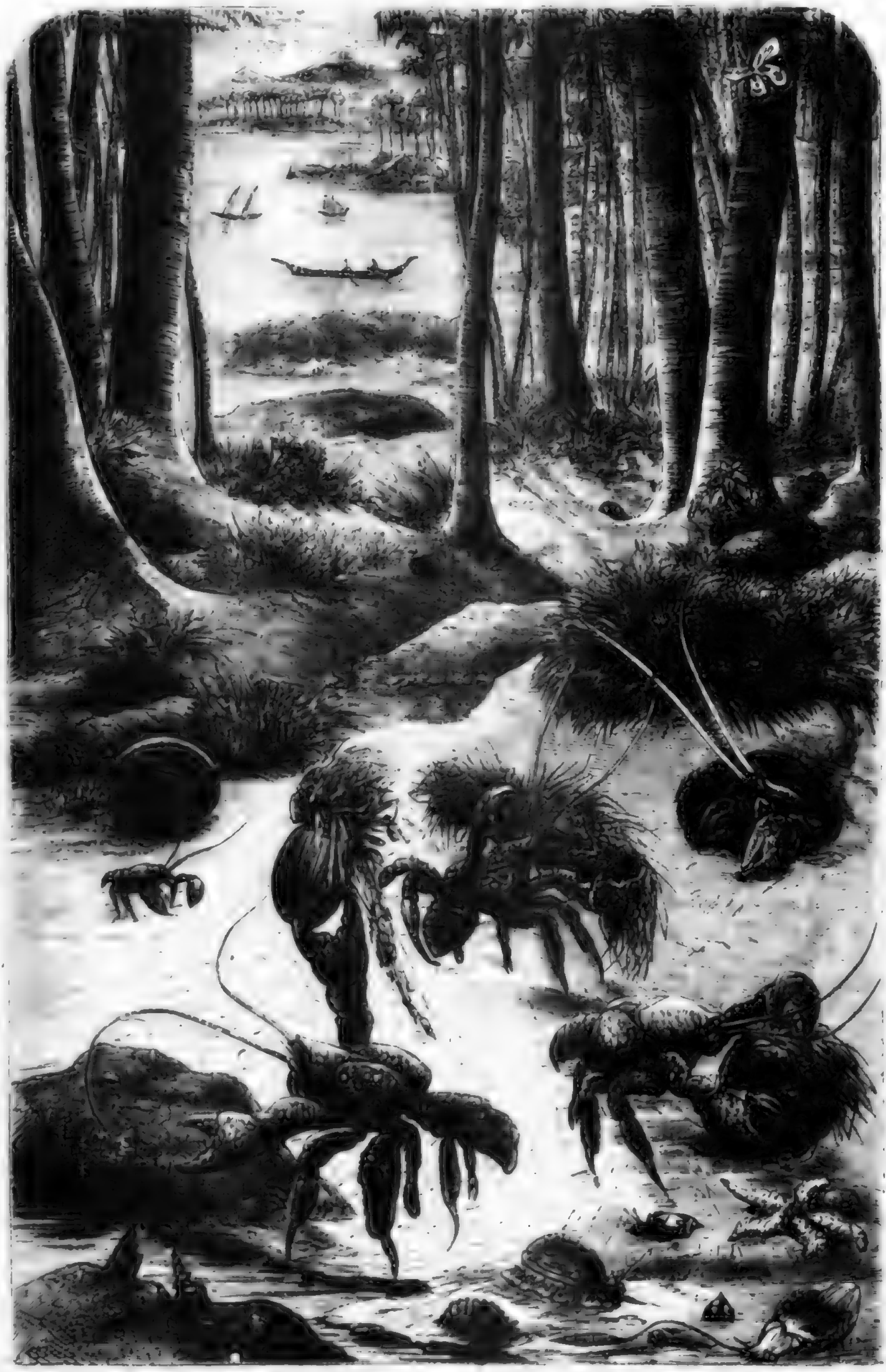
"We are informed that if the long and delicate antennæ of these robust creatures be touched with oil, they instantly die.

"They are not found on any of these islands, except the small coral ones, of which they are the principal occupants. The people here account them delicious food."

The palm-climbing habits of the robber-crab are mentioned by Mr. T. H. Hood, in his "Notes of a Cruise in H. M. S. Fawn, in the Western Pacific."

In the Samoan group of islands, the crab is called "Ou-ou," and is a favorite article of food. While the vessel remained off Samoa, Mr. Hood asked about these crabs; and though he did not see any of them performing so strange a feat, he shows that there are very good grounds for believing the possibility of such an action:

"I inquired of them about the habits of the Ou-ou, or great cocoa-nut eating crab, common here, and found the reports previously received from the natives corroborated.



THE ROBBER-CRAB.—SEE PAGE 623.

"Mr. Darwin mentions that, in the Seychelles and elsewhere, there is a species which is in the habit of husking the nuts on the ground, and then tapping one of the eyes with its great claw, in order to reach the kernel. Its congener here ascends the cocoa-nut trees, and having thrown the nuts down, husks them on the ground.

"This operation performed, he again ascends with the nuts, which he throws down, generally breaking them at the first attempt, but if not successful, repeating it till the object is attained.

"Before leaving, an Old Savage Island man, at the mission, brought in three or four immense Ou-ous, which evinced, in their efforts to escape, bursting coils of cocoa-nut sinnet, a strength sufficient to husk the toughest cocoa-nut. As to the method of obtaining the contents afterward, every native, both Samoans and Niuans confirms the account mentioned before.

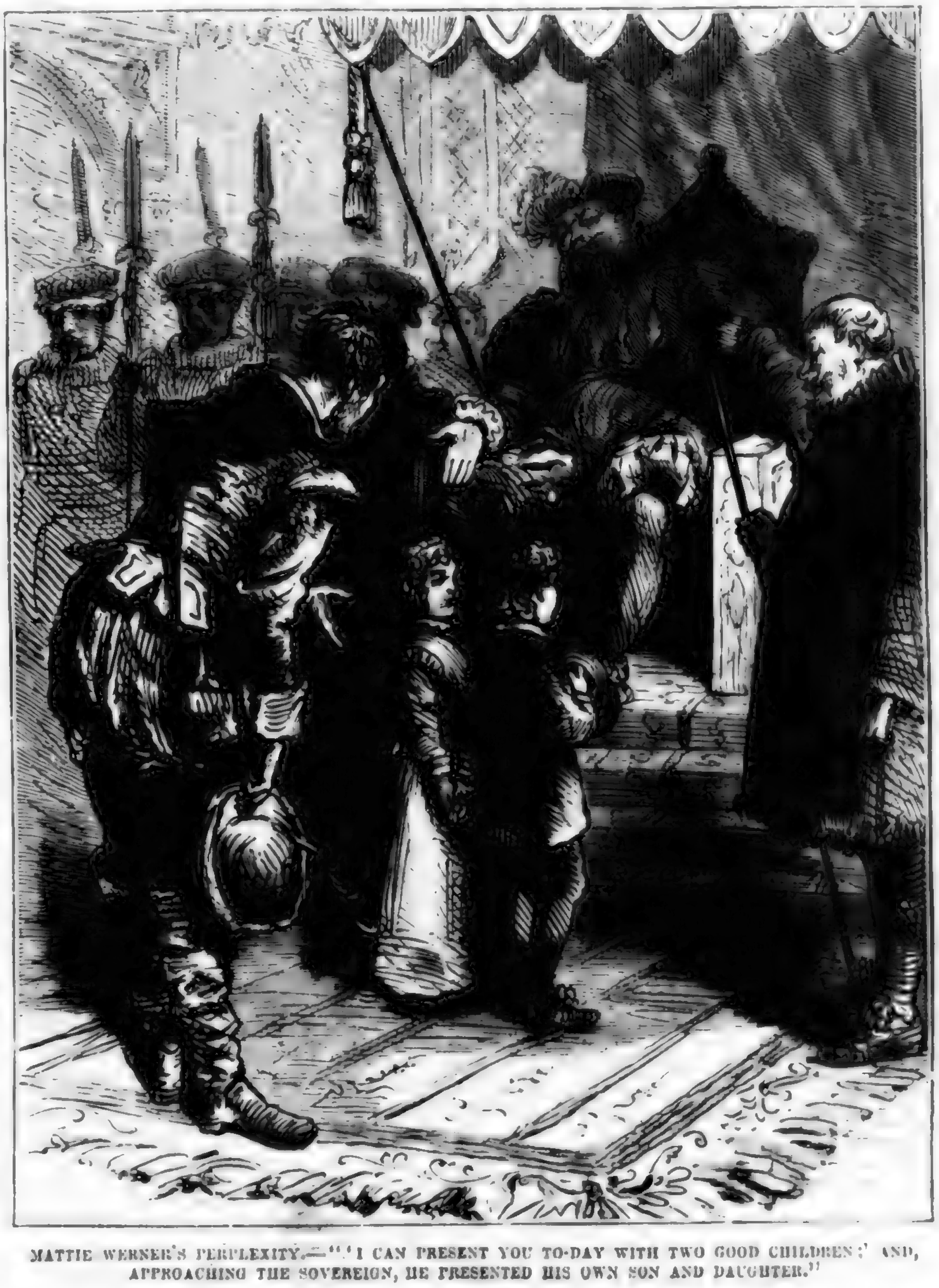
"The Niuans understand their habits best. The old man who brought them to-day dug them out of the holes, in which they remain many weeks torpid. The female differs from the male in having three flippers, well-furnished with strong borers, on the right side of the sac." When full-grown, this crab is more than two feet in length, and, as may be seen by the illustration, is stoutly made in proportion to its length. The color of the creature is very pale brown, with a decided tinge of yellow. We have a burrowing crab in this country, well-known to our young people, who call it the soldier-crab, and who delight to see its martial air as it walks along with its large claw raised erect.

MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.

A FAIRY STORY.

Mattie Werner was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbor, Wilhada, whose territory and subjects were far superior, both in quality and numbers, to his own.

Wilhada had two children, a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked :



MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.—"'I CAN PRESENT YOU TO-DAY WITH TWO GOOD CHILDREN;' AND, APPROACHING THE SOVEREIGN, HE PRESENTED HIS OWN SON AND DAUGHTER."

"Were I the father of two such young wretches, I would either kill them or myself, and that forthwith."

Royalty is always surrounded by spies—one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery—and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned, as soon as possible after its delivery.

"Um-me!" he murmured, fiercely. "So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don't propose to follow it, I'll make him eat his own words."

So he gathered his armies together, and, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshalled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was he overpowered and taken prisoner. After a few days' confinement, he was brought into Wilhada's presence, there to answer the charges entered against him.

"Now," thought Wilhada, "we will see what material my neighbor is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life;" so, with a very threatening scowl, he asked :

"Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly.

Wilhada's face relaxed for a moment; then, with the same severity, he asked :

"But why did you say so; none of us had ever injured you?"

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behavior had incensed me that day."

Wilhada pondered a moment. That his children were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his offspring. After a little deliberation he said, however :

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die! My children's inferiority must be proven!" Mattie was a bachelor himself, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Wilhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he traveled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds, conditions, and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Walhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, *I, myself*, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Willhada had not ordered him to procure a *perfect* child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch. So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Willhada, with dignity, "has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with *two* good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign *his own son and daughter*, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course, Willhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbors ever after.

NOVELIST'S LAW.

A RECENT English writer expresses his wish for the appointment of a barrister as a standing counsel to the writers of fiction, whom the latter should consult on all occasions when they think of introducing a legal scene, or asserting a legal doctrine.

The idea is not a bad one; but until it is carried out, we should advise an intending romancer who has a taste for law to select some remarkable trial of our own or past times, and after thoroughly mastering its details, to dish them up in his story with only such simple alterations of names and dates as may be absolutely necessary. This may restrain the inspirations of his genius, but it will certainly contribute to the stability of his reputation, for the errors into which our best novelists fall are monstrous, when they venture on ground so unfamiliar and uncongenial as the mazes of the law.

In "Great Expectations," Mr. Dickens, whose early legal experience has often stood him in good stead, puts the convict, Abel Magwitch, on trial for his life, for escaping from custody, while Pipp and his friends pass without a word of accusation for the statutable felony of assisting the fugitive. In "Orley Farm," where the legal incidents are in general very correctly given, the author jeopardizes the reputation of Mr. Justice Stavely by making him speak of libel and slander as convertible terms, and by representing that learned functionary as uncertain whether language charging an indictable offence would suffice to sustain an action. In "The Woman in White," Mr. Wilkie Collins allows a purchaser's solicitor to stand by while Sir Perceval Glyde attempts to extort his wife's signature to a deed under circumstances which would have rendered the entire transaction impeachable for fraud; and in "Recommended to Mercy," the government sends down the attorney-general to the assizes to prosecute Lady Thornleigh for bigamy, without ascertaining that her first husband was alive at the time she married her second. Miss Braddon, the founder of the new school of sensation fiction, in which bigamy is the leading incident, avoids such mistakes by saying as little as she can help about law; but her reticence involves her in other difficulties which are scarcely less perplexing.

Aurora Floyd's marriage with James Conyers, we are told, took place in France. If so, how was it performed? Such a marriage would not be permitted at the English embassy. Did the contracting parties claim a French domicile? If so, how did they comply with the requirements of the French law as to parental consent? But perhaps it is hardly fair to put these questions, for unless they can be satisfactorily answered, the marriage was clearly illegal, and that would destroy all the interest of the story. This excuse, however, does not avail for the frequent references in "Lady Audley's Secret" to "the sly old benchers" who chuckle over Robert Audley's pretensions as a barrister, as if they had a personal interest in his neglect of his profession, and as if there were anything strange in a man's eating his terms without any idea of practicing. We thought everybody knew that not one in four of those who are called to the Bar take that degree with any intention to becoming working lawyers. We may pardon Miss Braddon for being unaware that they are not "rising barristers," but "solemn benchers," who shrug their shoulders under rustling *silk* gowns; but she ought not to peril her reputation by making these same "solemn benchers" and the *dilettanti* barristers boon companions at bachelor supper parties.

It is worthy of remark that our lady novelists especially delight in the introduction of the legal element, and that, by an inversion of the proverb, our angels rush in where men fear to tread.

Mrs. Gaskell perhaps has furnished the most startling novelty of this kind, in her "Dark Night's Work," after Dixon, the gardener, has been condemned to death by Justice Corbet, the former lover of Ellinor Wilkins. Determined to save the old man, Ellinor calls upon the judge, details circumstantially the manner of Dunster's murder, her own and Dixon's share in concealing the body, and leaves the judge's house with the assurance that Dixon shall be pardoned, and her confession kept secret. Ellinor marries a clergyman; Dixon spends the rest of his days in respectability and honor, and everybody lives as happily as can be desired. Yet we seem to have read in a book called "Blackstone's Commentaries": "So strict is the law where a felony is actually complete, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or receive one another. If the parent assists the child, or *the child the parent*, the master the servant, or *the servant the master*, the persons so assisting become accessories *ex post facto*."

Perhaps Mrs. Gaskell thinks this very hard. It may occasionally be so, but the welfare of society must prevail over the feelings of individuals. And a novelist, tender of her reputation, should avoid an error so gross as that into which Mrs. Gaskell has fallen, by making Justice Corbet a party to the escape of two accessories, after the fact, to a brutal murder. Surely the shock to ordinary notions of judicial duty, and the lofty traditions of judicial practice, is too violent to be excused even by the necessities of the novel.

Probably because the Law of Wills and of Inheritance is among the greatest difficulties of experienced lawyers, that particular branch is greatly affected by writers of fiction, with what results may be easily imagined.

Mr. Anthony Trollope makes Mary Scratcherd's illegitimate daughter succeed to the large fortune her uncle has bequeathed to his sister's eldest child, happily ignorant of the legal principle by which a bastard, as *nullius filius*, can take under a devise only by express words, or by *necessary* implication, to say nothing of the probability that a devise so expressed would be held to apply to the eldest male child, to the exclusion of the female. And in "No Name," Mr. Wilkie Collins passes unnoticed the fact, that as Mrs. Vanstone survived her husband, half his personality would belong to her as of right; and if she died intestate, would go to her next of kin. Probably some legal friend informed the author that a legally executed will is not void because it has a secret trust attached to it, though no one could compel the execution of the trust itself, for, after giving his readers to understand that the will would be void if only the trust were known, he allows the story to end without the promised dénouement.

Until we read "Recommended to Mercy," we had not heard of an entailed estate conditional on the heirs professing the Catholic faith, "which, in the event of no blood relation of mother-church appearing to claim it, would go from the family to swell the possessions of an already richly-endowed monastic institution;" and even now, we are puzzled to reconcile it with the effect usually given to a certain act of parliament called the Statute of Mortmain.

We doubt whether some of Mrs. Norton's conditions in restraint of Treherne's marriage in "Lost and Saved" would not be disregarded by the Lord Chancellor; but we are quite sure that a will which ordered that "if he remained unmarried, or married in opposition to its requirements, the property was to accumulate till another generation gave another chance of marriage," would not stand good, especially as the accumulation was to continue from generation to generation, till some one was found to effectuate the deceased earl's intentions as to the devolution of the property. The numerous provisoes upon provisoes are all open to the objection of tending towards a perpetuity, and are therefore void within the Thellusson Act. An actual heir in Treherne's position might be excused for calling the will a farrago of nonsense, but he need not threaten to get an act of parliament to set it aside; any conveyancing barrister of very moderate experience would have shown him a more certain and quite as effectual a way. A resort by the parties interested to a similar authority would have quite spoiled the interest of "Verner's Pride," Mrs. Wood's last novel, where a codicil, which completely alters the disposition of the property, executed by the testator very shortly before his death, is, at the proper time, nowhere to be found. In the sequel, it comes out that it had been stolen by Mr. Verner's medical attendant, who had his own reasons for the crime; but the possibility of proving the contents of such a will by secondary evidence—of which there is abundance—does not seem to have occurred to the author. The result is a good story, turning on the wholly improbable inability of the lawful owner to obtain sound legal advice on a matter of vital importance.

Our American writers of fiction, as a rule, follow the English novelists on the matter of wills and laws of descent, as well as in regard to marriages. As each of our States has followed its own devices on these various points, there is a wonderful variety, but our writers go on in blissful ignorance of what may be the actual law of the place where they live.

While noticing these many errors arising from the confusion of novelists' minds on legal matters, we have often wondered that the excellent suggestions referred to have been allowed to remain for several years unapplied, a circumstance the more extraordinary, as our novelists are fond of introducing barristers into their works; indeed, there are few novels published now-a-days in which one or two of the characters are not gentlemen of the long robe. We would therefore suggest to our writers of fiction a trifling alteration in their plans.

Let them make an ideal barrister the hero of their story, if they please, but let an actual practitioner revise those portions in which it is attempted to lay down legal doctrines; and before they cause a complex story to depend upon the construction of a doubtful document, let them ascertain that the point raised will stand the test of an examination at chambers. Finally, if they are desirous of maintaining their character as truth-like chroniclers, it would be as well to make the success of barristerial heroes—when such are introduced—more gradual, as durable reputations are seldom built upon successes achieved *per saltum* during the first year of a professional career.

SCHOOL FOR LADIES.

An excellent school of learning for women exists in Berlin. It is not exactly a charitable institution, although designed for the benefit of the poorer classes. The building is large, containing lodging-rooms for forty girls, kitchen, school-rooms, work-room, and a bazaar. In the school-rooms the girls are taught French and English, writing, book-keeping, geography, and arithmetic—in short, whatever will fit them for situations in any banking or commercial or mercantile establishment. They also learn type-setting and telegraphing. All sorts of useful needlework is taught in the work department, even to millinery. The bazaar is devoted to the sale of fancy articles, and orders for work are there received. The kitchen department is an important part of the establishment. It is under the charge of a matron, and the chief labor in it is done by girls who come there to perform its duties. They usually pay a trifle for tuition. Not only are meals served for the girls who lodge in the house, but any lady may go there and have breakfast, dinner, or supper. Many girls, on entering the establishment, first learn cookery in the kitchen; then they go upstairs and learn dressmaking and arithmetic. Betrothed maidens go there to obtain good domestic educations, that they may not estrange a husband's good heart by ruining his digestion. The institution is a good one, but not self-supporting as yet.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

Twenty years ago the secret of tanning the alligator hide was imparted to a partner of a Boston boot and shoe house by an old Canadian. The business of collecting and tanning the skins was at once commenced, and now from 17,000 to 20,000 are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg.

In the foreign trade, however, the French are formidable rivals, owing to their superior methods of tanning.

The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of the business. Owing to their indiscriminate and injudicious slaughter, however, the animals became thinned out. The Florida swamps and marshes are now the harvest-fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, is the great depôt.

The animals are killed in great numbers by the passengers of river steamboats, though there are hunters who make a regular business of their capture. The alligators often attain the length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a fierce old age.

The skin of the belly and sides, the only portion fit for use, are packed in a strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up.

So far, the leather has been mostly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, for which it is especially adapted, and, by reason of the pleasing variegation of its surface, makes a most excellent and becoming protection for the foot.

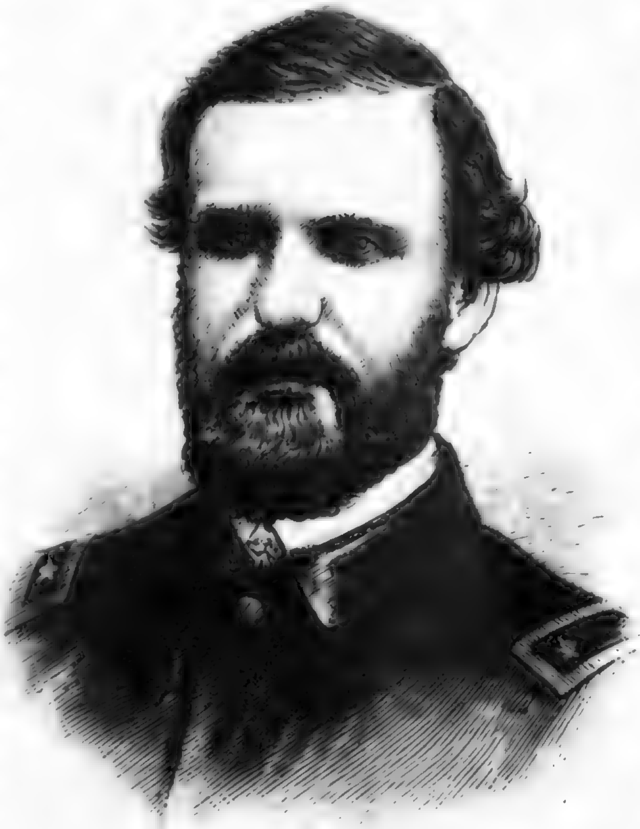
Handsome slippers are also made, both of the blacked and unblacked skin, as well as shopping-bags, portemonnaies, cigar-cases, and small leather goods of all kinds.

THE CLEARING OF THE HELL GATE OBSTRUCTIONS.

Hell Gate received its name from the very earliest Dutch visitors to Manhattan Island, who found the rocks and whirlpools at that point a source of such danger to navigation as to make all attempts to sail through like a very plunge into the infernal regions.

It was not until the War of the Revolution that the obstructions in the channels assumed any great importance, because previous to that time the tonnage of trading vessels along the New England coast was very small. The exigencies of the struggle gave an impetus to ship-building at nearly every one of the Sound ports, so that in a few years after the Declaration of Independence the records show that Hell Gate became a familiar name in the mouths of seamen, and that its terrors for the navigator grew in proportion as the tonnage of vessels was increased, and with the extension of the commerce of New York.

During these days adventurous American sloops-of-war would venture very close to the English lines at New York in the hope of picking up a prize from among the merchantmen that supplied the city and garrison with provisions and munitions of war. The Americans would generally slip into the East River from the Sound by the channel now guarded by Fort Schuyler and Fort Willett's Point. The daring captain and crew, keenly alive to their danger, were generally familiar with the intricate windings of the channels and the location of every pointed rock and treacherous reef, and relied, in the event of pursuit by the British ships, on the chances of the latter striking on some of the obstructions and coming to grief.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF ENGINEERS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

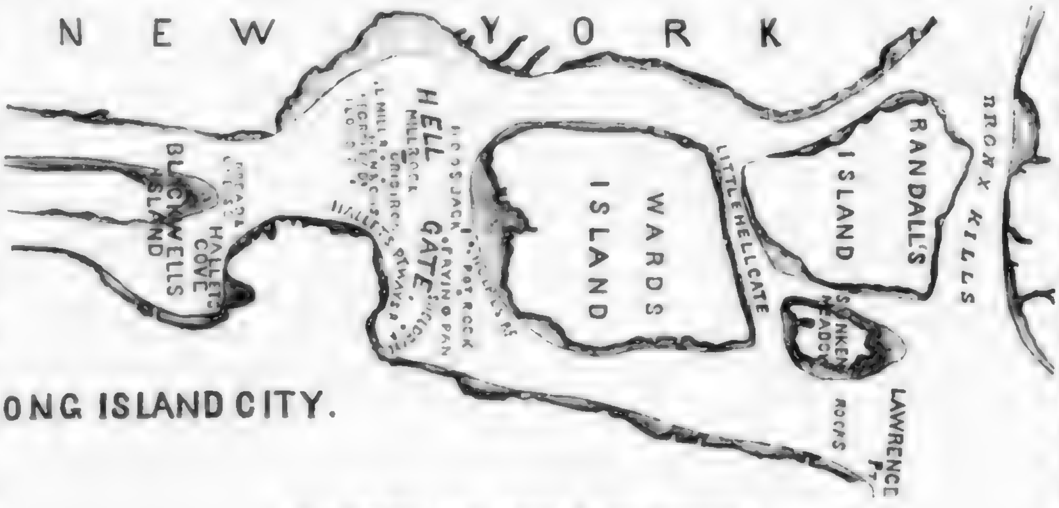
The famous novelist, Fenimore Cooper, describes such a chase in the most graphic manner in his story, "The Water Witch"; how the English ship followed closely in the wake of the flying Yankee, but did not care to cripple him, as he gave by his movements the only clue by which the pursuer could tread the labyrinth of the rocks and escape destruction. Trying to escape the Gridiron, the fated vessel might come on the Frying Pan, or lucky enough to miss that rock, would be almost certain to tumble over the Pot Rock. Getting on the Hog's Back at Hell Gate is by no means a proof of a successful career; and the sailors whose ship would strike on Holmes's Reef would be likely never to see their own homes again.

The naming of the different rocks was evidently done in a spirit of grim humor. The least inviting of them, even to a seaworn and hungry mariner, is called the Bread and Cheese, while such harmless fowls as the Hen and Chickens furnish names for a group of rocks big enough to sink the *Great Eastern* if she fouled them.

In point of hardness the Negro Head Rocks will compare favorably with the skulls of our colored fellow-citizens, if Dame Rumor does justice to their density and capacity for hard knocks. The Great and Little Mill Rocks are calculated to grind a vessel to powder should she drift between them and get caught on their rugged ledges, while like sentinels guarding a causeway Way's Reef, Shelldrake Rock, and the recently-demolished Hallett's Point Reef were aligned in battle array.

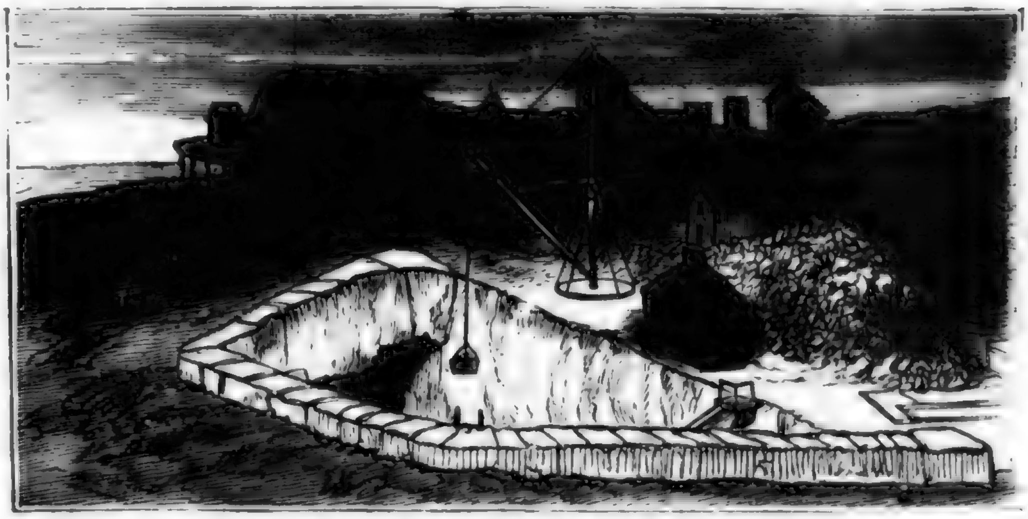
Branching from the area known as Hell Gate proper, are channels leading in three directions. One of these connects with the mouth of the Harlem River, which lies westward of the group of islands and between them and the city of New York. Another leads directly to the Sound, while the third, divided into two by Blackwell's Island, leads to the Bay of New York, which it enters at Governor's Island. All three unite at Hell Gate, and are dependent on the clearing of that passage for their navigable value as parts of a system of water communication.

Owing to the blockade of the channel at Hell Gate the islands have been devoted to public institutions, which are admirable in their way, but unproductive to the welfare of the city commercially, and should, therefore, not occupy so much valuable space that was intended by nature for other purposes.



MAP OF HELL GATE, WITH ITS OBSTRUCTIONS.

While New York has become the metropolis of the continent the settlements along the Long Island shore, such as Astoria and Flushing, and on the Westchester side, as well, have made no progress comparatively



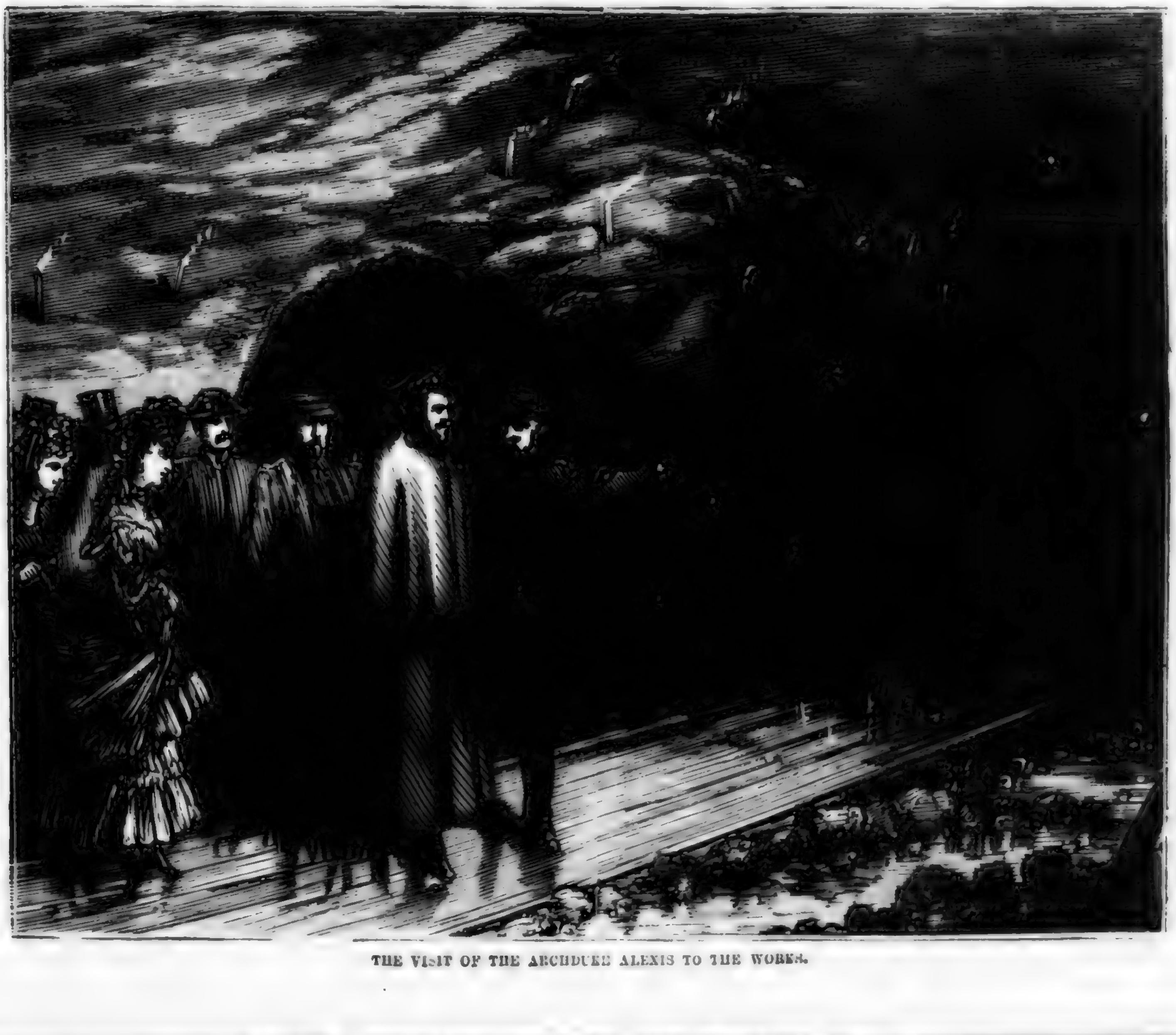
THE COFFER-DAM AND SHAFT AT HALLETT'S POINT.

although they are almost as old as New York. The local effect, therefore, must be immense when the chief dangers of Hell Gate are removed. A new field will be opened for the extension of our commercial and manufacturing business which cannot fail to add to the prosperity of both. Frequent attempts have been made to remove the obstructing rocks and diminish the dangers, but the hardness of the stone, and the difficulty of working under the water, made the relief obtained slight compared to the expense incurred.

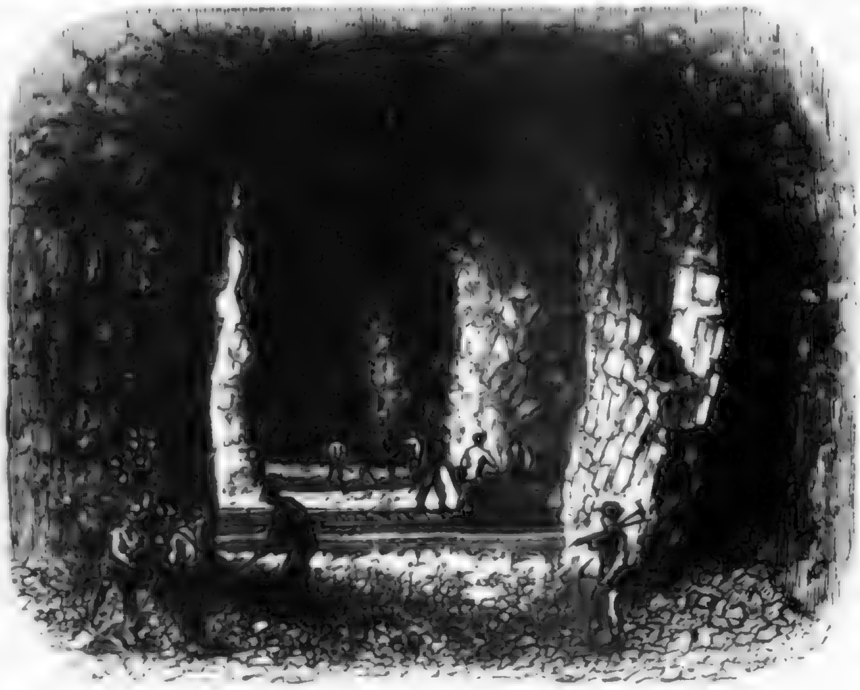
In the years 1851 and 1852 Mr. Maillefer succeeded, by the use of gunpowder, in surface-blasting under water, in removing large portions of several of the obstructions to the navigation of the East River at Hell Gate; Pot Rock, the Frying Pan, and Way's Reef were very considerably reduced. Ten feet of Pot Rock required 34,231 lbs. of powder in 284 charges. On the other two rocks 28,000 lbs. were expended. The more recent introduction of nitro-glycerine and its compounds gives more satisfactory results. Surface-blasting has, however, been abandoned, except for the removal of superficial or unimportant masses of rock. Where the rock is firm, smooth, undisintegrated, there is no way except to mine into the rock and form a series of galleries which can be honeycombed and filled with explosive charges.

The successful removal of Blossom Rock, in the harbor of San Francisco, under this system, was the first extensive work of the kind in America. It induced the United States Government to adopt it in the general system of harbor improvements, and apply it to the removal of the obstacles which proved so injurious to New York commerce, and rendered the water front on the East River of little value to the city.

A comprehensive plan of improvement was projected in the Summer of 1866, when Major-General John Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of



THE VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE ALEXIS TO THE WORKS.



VIEW IN THE CONCENTRIC GALLERIES.

examining the obstructions and making estimates of the work necessary. He submitted three plans, all based on the removal of Hallett's Reef.

Some experimental work with a rotating diamond drill was done on smaller rocks by Mr. G. F. Shelbourne, but the system was not followed up.

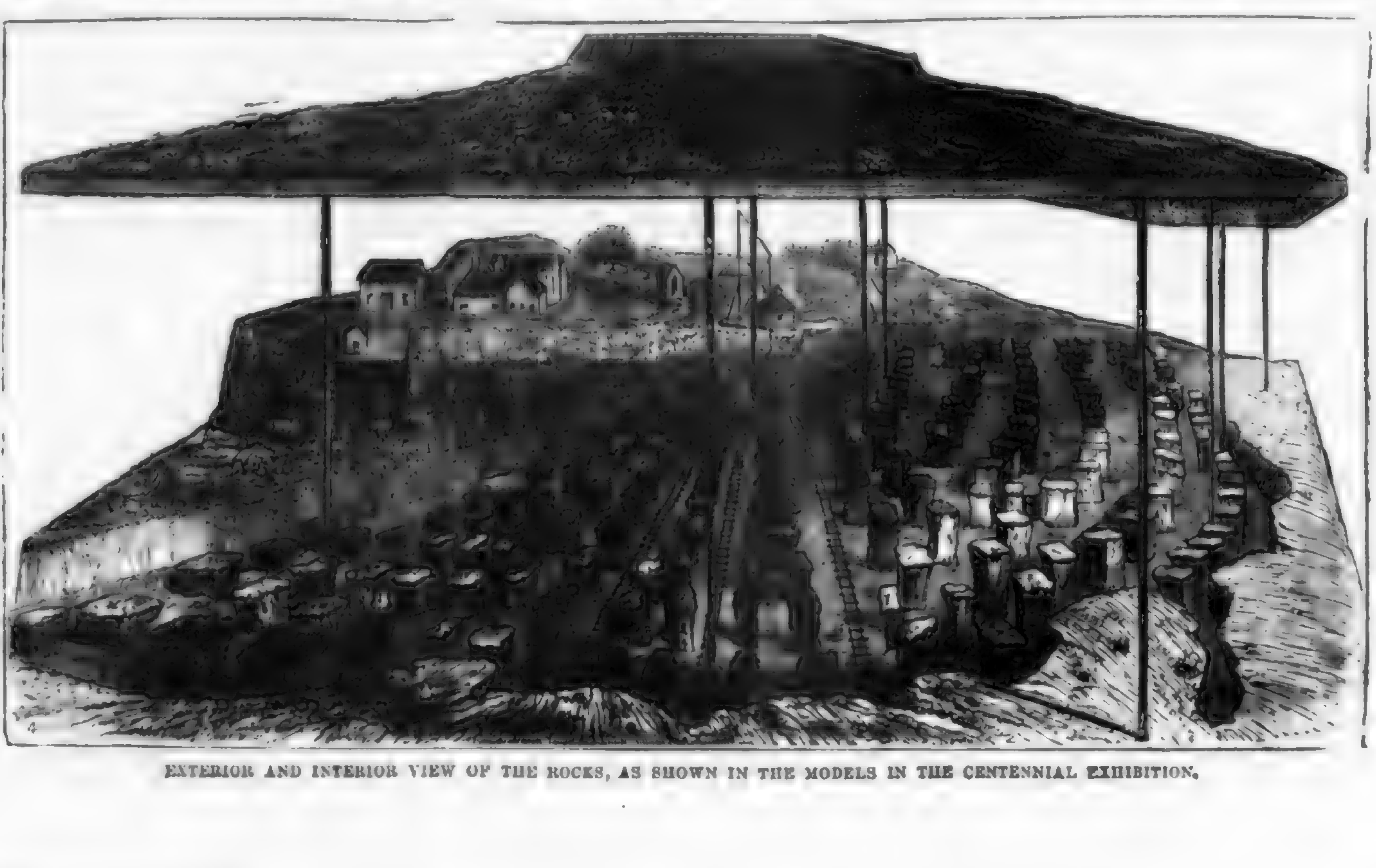
In the Spring of 1869 Congress made a first appropriation of $175,000, and General Newton began his operations.

The reef lay immediately off Hallett's Point—was, in fact, a submarine portion of it. It was much in the shape of a semi-ellipse: the base running almost in a straight line from east to west, and the apex pointing nearly due north. The area of the reef was about three acres; two and three-quarters of which it was proposed to undermine.

The work was commenced on July, 1869. A coffer-dam in the form of an irregular pentagon, whose greatest diameter was 140 ft., was erected on the shore, and a shaft of 105 by 95 ft. in diameter was sunk to a depth of 32 ft. below mean low water. From this shaft ten diverging tunnels were run, and these, when pushed far enough, were connected by concentric galleries. The main tunnels varied in length from 185 ft. to 300 ft. in length—the average length being 270 ft. The width of the tunnels was about 14 ft., and their height varied from 22 ft. at the opening to 7 ft. at the end. The floor of the mine fell gradually, the roof of the excavation more rapidly—following the bed of the river above, and kept up a general average of 10 ft. of solid rock below the water. Cross galleries, of about the same height and width as the tunnels, traversed the mine at intervals of 30 ft. leaving the roof supported by enormous columns of solid rock. These columns, however, were cut through by secondary tunnels and galleries, increasing the number of rock piers supporting the roof to 173, of about 10 ft. in thickness, and giving an aggregate length of tunnels and galleries of 7,425 ft.—4,857 ft. of tunnels, and 2,568 ft. of galleries.

In order to create this net-work of tunnels and galleries, it was necessary to blast out and remove no less than 47,461 cubic yards of rock. This part of the work was finished in June, 1875, and after that time the pillars were drilled in all directions preparatory to the insertion of the cartridges for the grand and final blast. The pillars and the outside walls of the mine were arranged in what are termed battery groups; that is, for connection with the electric battery which was to fire the blast. There were 184 of these groups, each group being drilled for twenty charges, making 3,680 charges in all. But two, and generally three, cartridges were charged into the same hole, according to circumstances and the judgment of the foreman who had charge of the mining department.

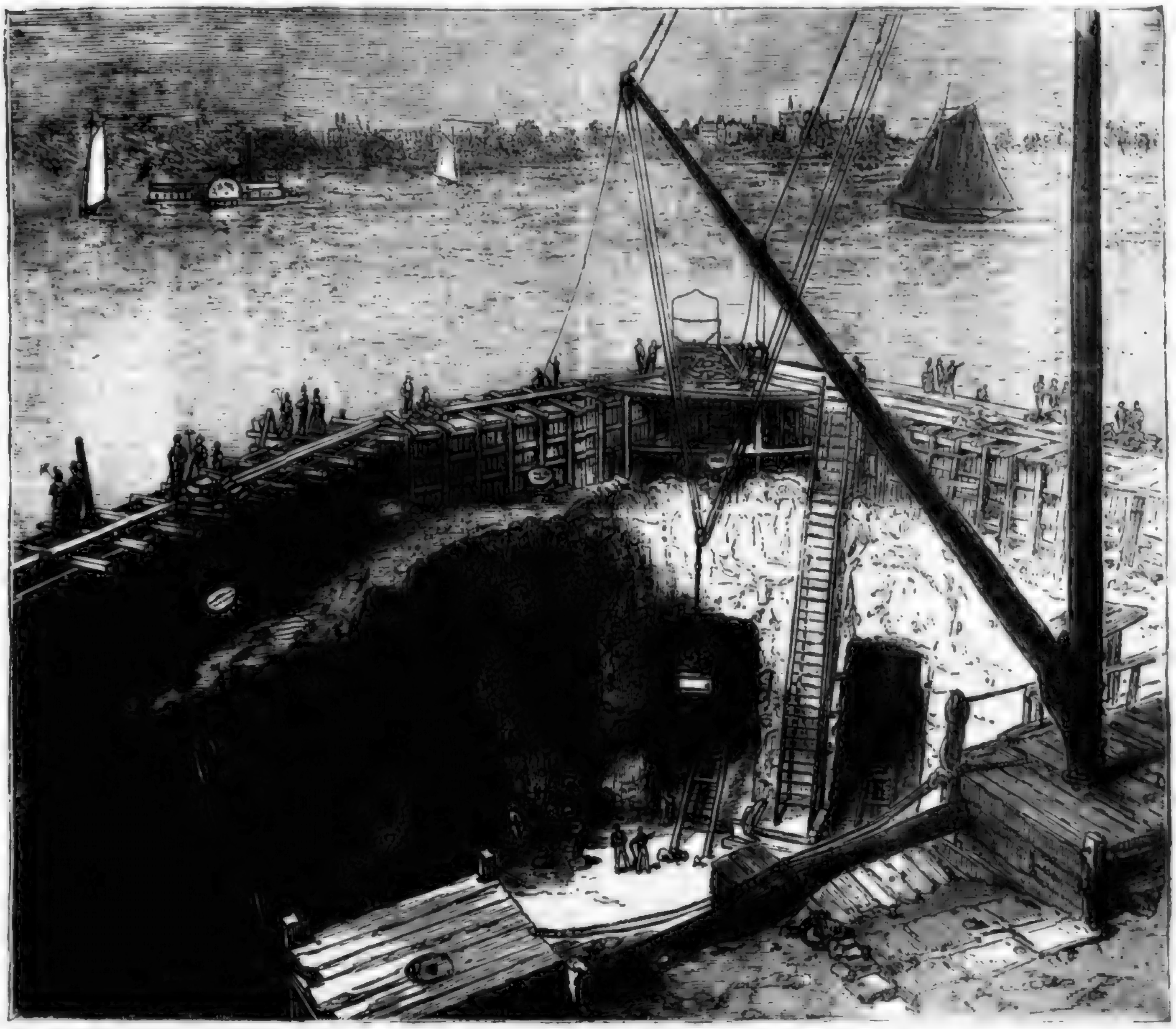
The varying hardness of the gneiss formation of the reef has led to the employment of three kinds of explosives in charging for the blast—dynamite, rend-rock, and vulcan-powder; the first for the harder, and the two latter for the softer, rocks. All these three explosives have nitro-glycerine as a compound part, though they differ much in appearance. Dynamite has the appearance of a fine quality of brown sugar; the others resemble a thick, black paste. Dynamite,



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROCKS, AS SHOWN IN THE MODELS IN THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

or giant powder as it is often called, is now recognized as not only the most powerful, but as the safest, of known giant explosives. It is a compound of pulverized silex, silicious ashes, or, more generally, infusorial earth, saturated with three times its weight of nitro-glycerine—that is, twenty-five per cent. of infusorial earth and seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine. The 3,680 charges comprised:

	Pounds.
Dynamite in tin cartridges	24,812
Dynamite in paper cartridges	1,164
Dynamite in primers	2,925
Total number pounds dynamite	28,901
Rendrock in cartridges	9,061½
Vulcan powder in cartridges	14,214
Total charge in mine	52,206½



COFFER-DAM AND ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUES CUT IN THE ROCK.

Total number of cartridges	13,596
Total number of brass primers	3,680
Total number of holes with primers	3,645
Number of iron pipes with primers	35
Number of holes charged and not primed	782
Total of holes and pipes	4,462
Number of feet of connecting wire	100,000
Number of feet of leading wire	120,000
Number of cells in firing battery, consisting of 12 batteries of 40 cells, 4 of 43 cells, and 7 of 44 cells each	960

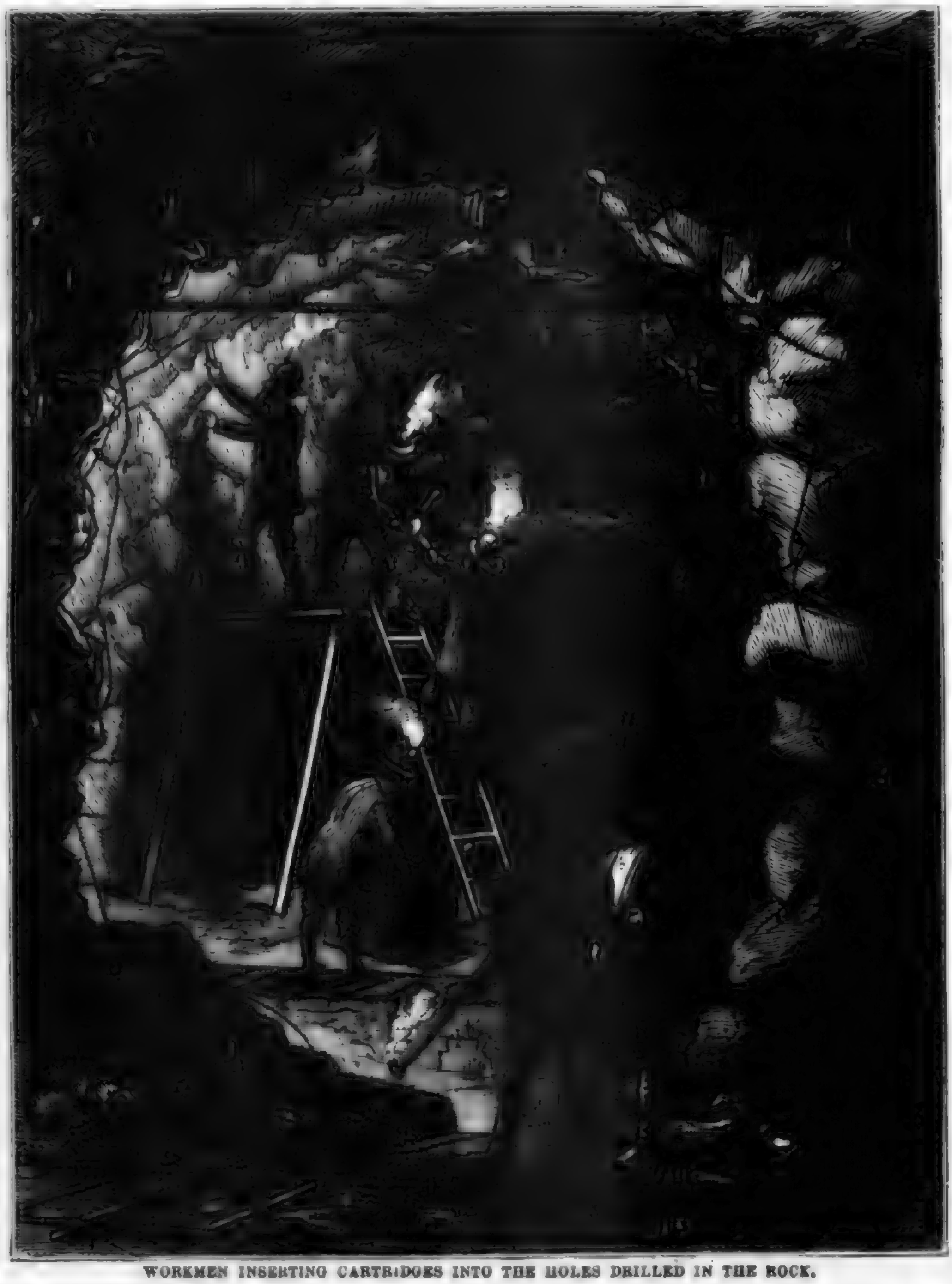
	Yards.
Distance of firing point from shaft	650

The interior of the works during the last few days previous to the explosion presented a picturesque sight.

Descending into the cavern, at first the tunnels were high and of a good width. From the pillars projected jagged masses of rock down which the water from the river leaked in a constant stream. As one advanced further, the darkness became so dense as to seem palpable, the tunnels, accommodating themselves to the dip of the reef above, became steeper and steeper in their descent, until the frightened visitor imagined he was going perpendicularly down into the black gulf, in the gloom of which he could see now in the distance a tiny, star-like gleam of light where the men were toiling.

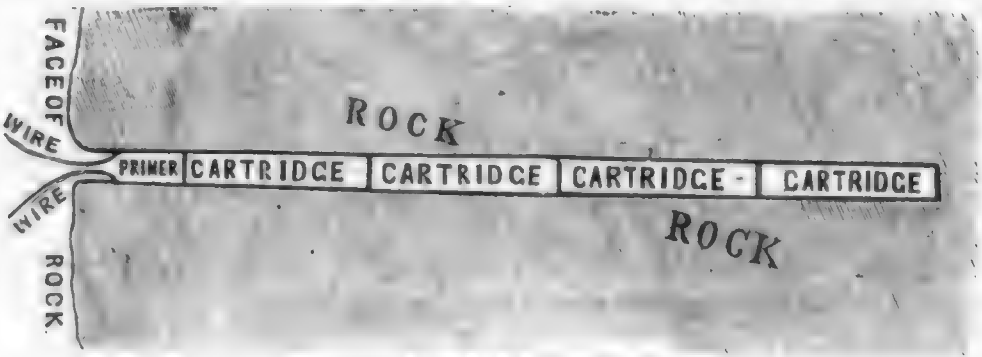
The foot slipped constantly in a deposit of mud at the bottom of the tunnel, and plash! It was a pool of water up to the knee! The extended hands touched on either side the walls of the rapidly narrowing tunnel, cold and slimy, and the head struck the jagged masses of stone that projected from the roof, which became lower and lower as one advanced into the gloomy deep. Jets of water, invisible in the darkness, fell through the crevices above, and made their presence known by drenching one to the skin. Suddenly a sound like the distant roar of artillery broke the deathlike silence and reverberated through the hollow deep. The workmen were driving a plug back into a hole through which the water shot forty feet when the wooden stopper was removed.

Twinkling in the heavy atmosphere, and refracted by the



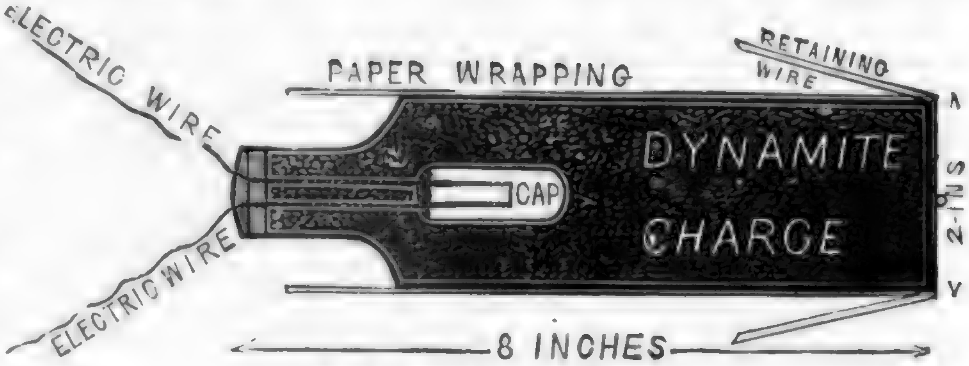
WORKMEN INSERTING CARTRIDGES INTO THE HOLES DRILLED IN THE ROCK.

falling spray between the lights, the men seemed miles away down in the bowels of the earth. The air was heavy with vapor and thick with the smoke of the lamps, which, finding no escape, rolled in a dun cloud along the roof, so that one breathed with difficulty. In another minute the lights which seemed so far away were close at hand, and their gleam turned the spray from the dripping roof into diamonds, and caused the trickling walls to glitter in russet and silver, striped where oxide of iron occurred with brilliant bands of carmine, while they threw the forms of the miners in grotesque shadows upon the pool below. Now a sullen roar indicated the passage overhead of some massive steamer whose revolving paddles caused the thirty-four feet of superincumbent water to tremble throughout its entire depth.

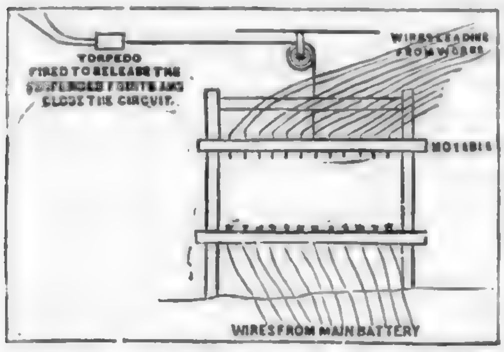


CARTRIDGE USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.

Far within the numerous holes perforated in the rocky sides of the heading, which either elbow touched, the ends of the deadly cartridges gleamed faintly as the lights were borne to and fro. The men, standing knee-deep in water and drenched to the skin, were about to fill a hole. One brawny fellow, whose livid, though massy jaw implied that the wholesome sun never falls where he toils, seized a long pole and thrust its entire length into the orifice. Withdrawing it, he named the size of cartridge required, and, his assistant selecting the one from a boxful close at hand, it was thrust into the hole endwise and quickly pushed into its place at the inner extremity. Another, filled with a less powerful compound, followed the first, and so on until the shining end of the last cartridge showed that the hole was filled almost up to the face of the rock. Then a pine plug was inserted, bearing the number of the hole, and the workmen plashed through the water to the next. A more weird and impressive scene can hardly be imagined, and its effect upon the visitor was rendered not less intense by the realization of the terrible force compressed around him, which was so soon to crumble the



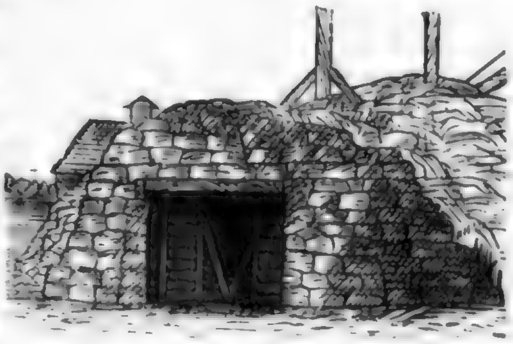
PRIMER USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.



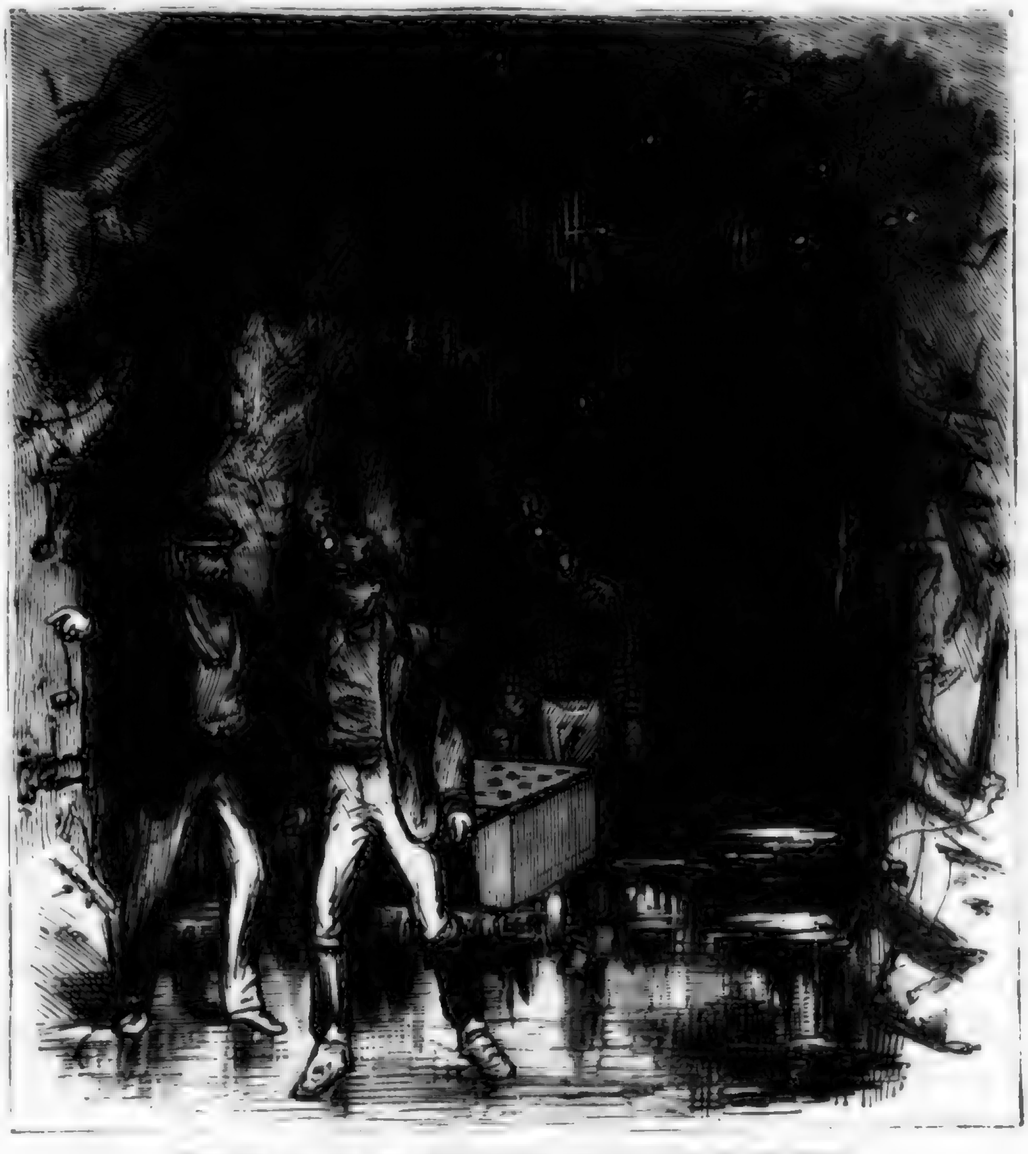
THE ELECTRIC BATTERY USED TO DISCHARGE THE MINE.

solid rock, which had withstood the storms of thousands of years, into fragments, and which might by the turn of a careless workman's hands launch him and all those about him into eternity so quickly that they would not know that it had come.

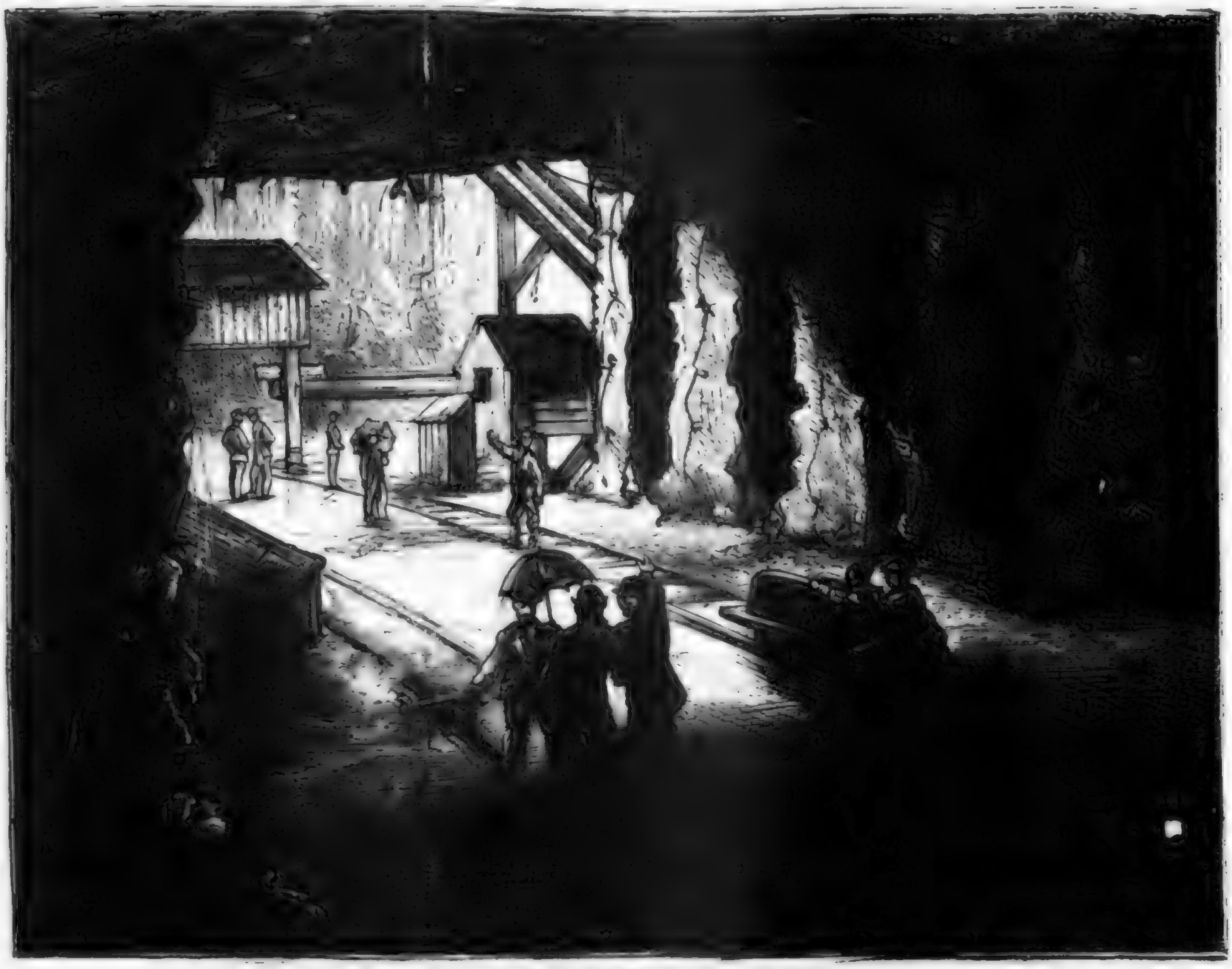
The battery or series of piles used at Hell Gate works is known as the zinc carbon battery, with a single liquid. The only thing that remained to be done when the battery was in operation was to connect its positive and negative ends by means of conducting wires, and at the point of connection the electric fluid recomposed into its original state. Suppose the ends of the conducting wires do not actually touch, but are placed very near each other, a spark is seen to leap from one point to the other with a snapping noise. It was this spark that fired the great mine at Hallett's Point. It being necessary to explode each cartridge at the same moment, or very nearly so, the wire leading the positive current of electricity from the battery would have to pass successively into each hole and be arranged in the primers; that is, a small space would be left between the ends of the conducting wires in each primer so that the spark would be emitted in the exploding cap filled with fulminate of mercury, which was surrounded by the dynamite charge. This would entail an immense length of wire, and much confusion in leading it to each hole in succession. The engineers, therefore, divided the holes to be fired into a series of groups, each of which was connected with a separate battery, but all delivered their electricity at the same moment, thus rendering the explosion simultaneous. Until the ends of the wires touched were connected by other conducting bodies the exploding spark would not pass. But the instant the circuit was closed the obedient agent flew on its mission quicker than thought itself. Owing to the number of groups to be fired, it became necessary to lead all the positive and negative wires to one place, where their respective circuits could be closed. To effect this, it was necessary to arrange the ends of the wires on an apparatus by which it would be easy to close the circuits with certainty, and at the same moment. The diagram given shows the principle on which this was done, and the plan is deserving of great admiration on account of its ingenuity and practicability. The positive wires, after passing from the batteries to their respective groups of holes, were returned to a frame and attached to a suspended board, which hung immediately over a fixed surface, on which was arranged a number of cups filled with mercury attached to the negative wires leading back to the negative poles of the batteries. Now, all that was necessary to complete all the circuits at once was that the board holding the ends of the positive wires should drop so that the projecting ends of the wires would pass into the mercury of the corresponding cup. In order that this might occur, the suspended board was dependent for its elevation over the cups on a line passing over a pulley, to which was attached a small torpedo, which was fired by a small supplementary battery. The moment the torpedo exploded, the suspending line was cut, and the board with the wire points dropped down on the cups, closing all the circuits at the same moment. The operator thus only fired the mine indirectly, for he only exploded the small torpedo that sus-



THE BOMBPROOF.



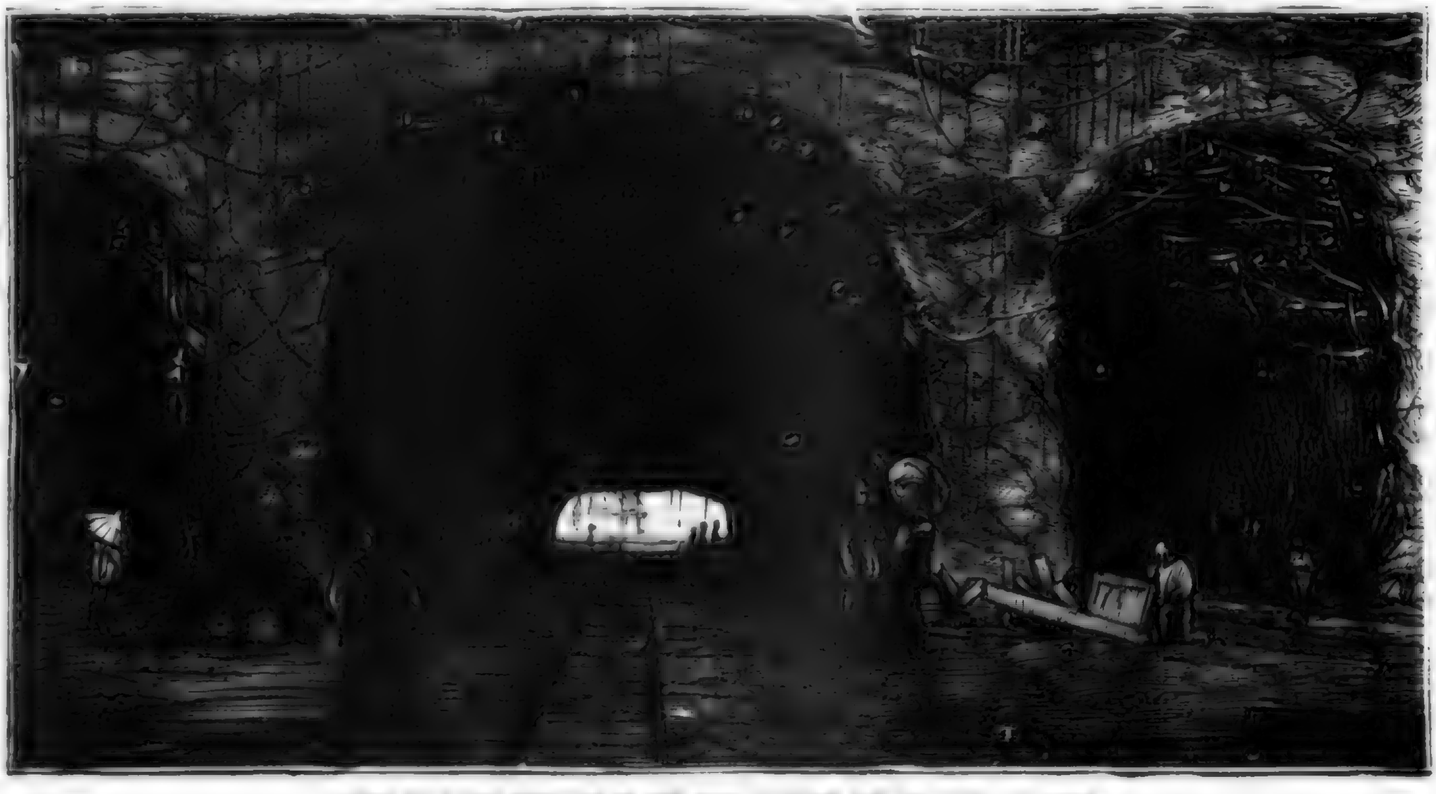
WORKMEN LEAVING THE SCENE BEFORE THE FLOODING OF THE MINE.



GENERAL NEWTON'S LAST INSPECTION OF THE MINE.

tained the wires that fired the main blast. To each group of holes, then, and along its special wire, flashed the electric messenger that caused the great reef, with its cavernous chambers and massive columns of rock, to tremble like the temple of the Philistines, when the mighty Samson shook it into ruins.

The work of inserting the primers was not completed until nearly one o'clock Saturday morning, September 23d. The men worked above and below ground by the light of miners' lamps attached to their hats, and by torches. Weird in the extreme was the scene presented by 104 of these figures flitting to and fro in the intense darkness of a starless night.



VIEW NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE, SHOWING THE CHARGES AND WIRES.

The pumps having been removed, the water from the river as it leaked through the roof accumulated in pools upon the floor of the tunnels, so that the men were knee-deep in a short time. When the last primer was inserted the leading wires were carried out of each tunnel into the open shaft. Thence they were carried to the level of the ground above by passing the reels on which they were coiled from hand to hand up the steep ladder that led to the surface. The wire, as it unwound, was stretched in a pine wood trough leading to the level of the ground above, and thence to the battery-house. When all had been led out of the mine, Bernard Boyle, the foreman, was ordered to turn on the water in the siphon.

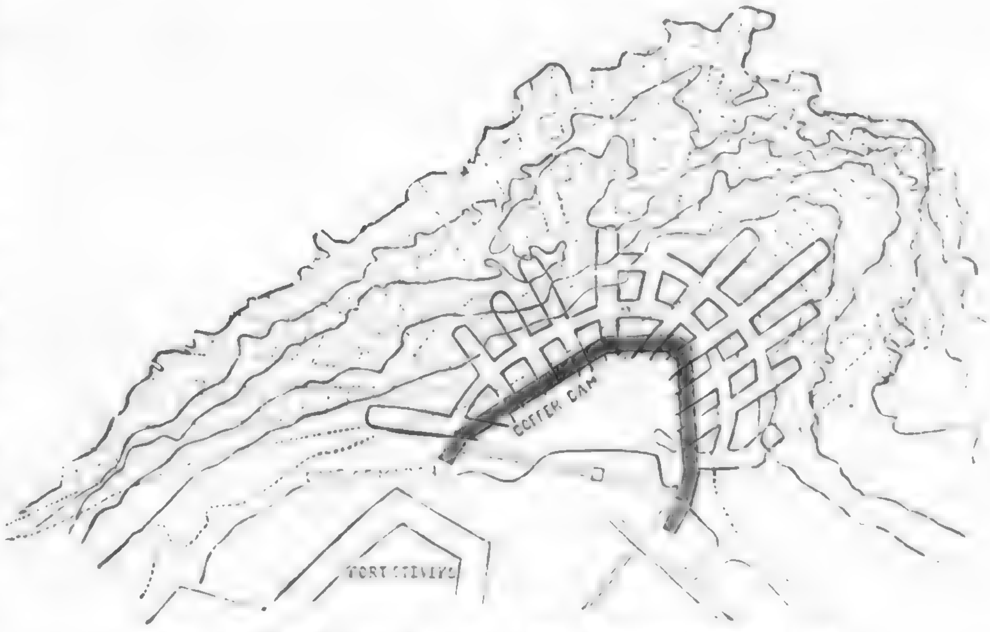
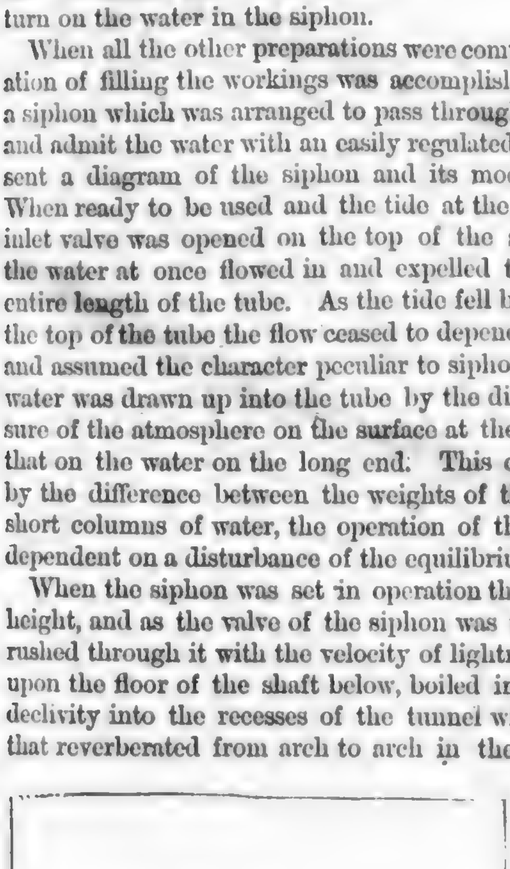


DIAGRAM OF THE AVENUES AND GALLERIES EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK.

When all the other preparations were completed, the operation of filling the workings was accomplished by means of a siphon which was arranged to pass through the coffer-dam and admit the water with an easily regulated flow. We present a diagram of the siphon and its mode of operation. When ready to be used and the tide at the full height the inlet valve was opened on the top of the siphon on which the water at once flowed in and expelled the air from the entire length of the tube. As the tide fell below the level of the top of the tube the flow ceased to depend on gravitation, and assumed the character peculiar to siphonic action. The water was drawn up into the tube by the difference of pressure of the atmosphere on the surface at the short end from that on the water on the long end. This can be expressed by the difference between the weights of the long and the short columns of water, the operation of the siphon being dependent on a disturbance of the equilibrium of pressure.

When the siphon was set in operation the tide was at its height, and as the valve of the siphon was turned the water rushed through it with the velocity of lightning, and, falling upon the floor of the shaft below, boiled in foam down the declivity into the recesses of the tunnel with a sullen roar that reverberated from arch to arch in the deep cavern as if there were a thousand wild beasts drowning in the flood below. The hollow deep roared as if in pain; the workmen assembled around the pit and replied with a shout of exultation.



THE SIPHON FOR FLOODING THE MINE.

The day was theirs; all dangers of the horrible cave with its 52,000 lbs. of deadly explosive had been safely overcome, and they exulted in their triumph. Three cheers were given for General Newton, Captain Mercur, for Barney Boyle, and for Mr. Streidinger, and a final shout was sent up in aspiration for a successful blast. Brief speeches were made by Captain Mercur and by Mr. Streidinger, in response, and the men dispersed after partaking of some refreshments provided for them. Dispatches were sent to Washington declaring the work completed. The water rose 16¼ inches in the excavation during the first hour, and by the following afternoon the whole mine was flooded.

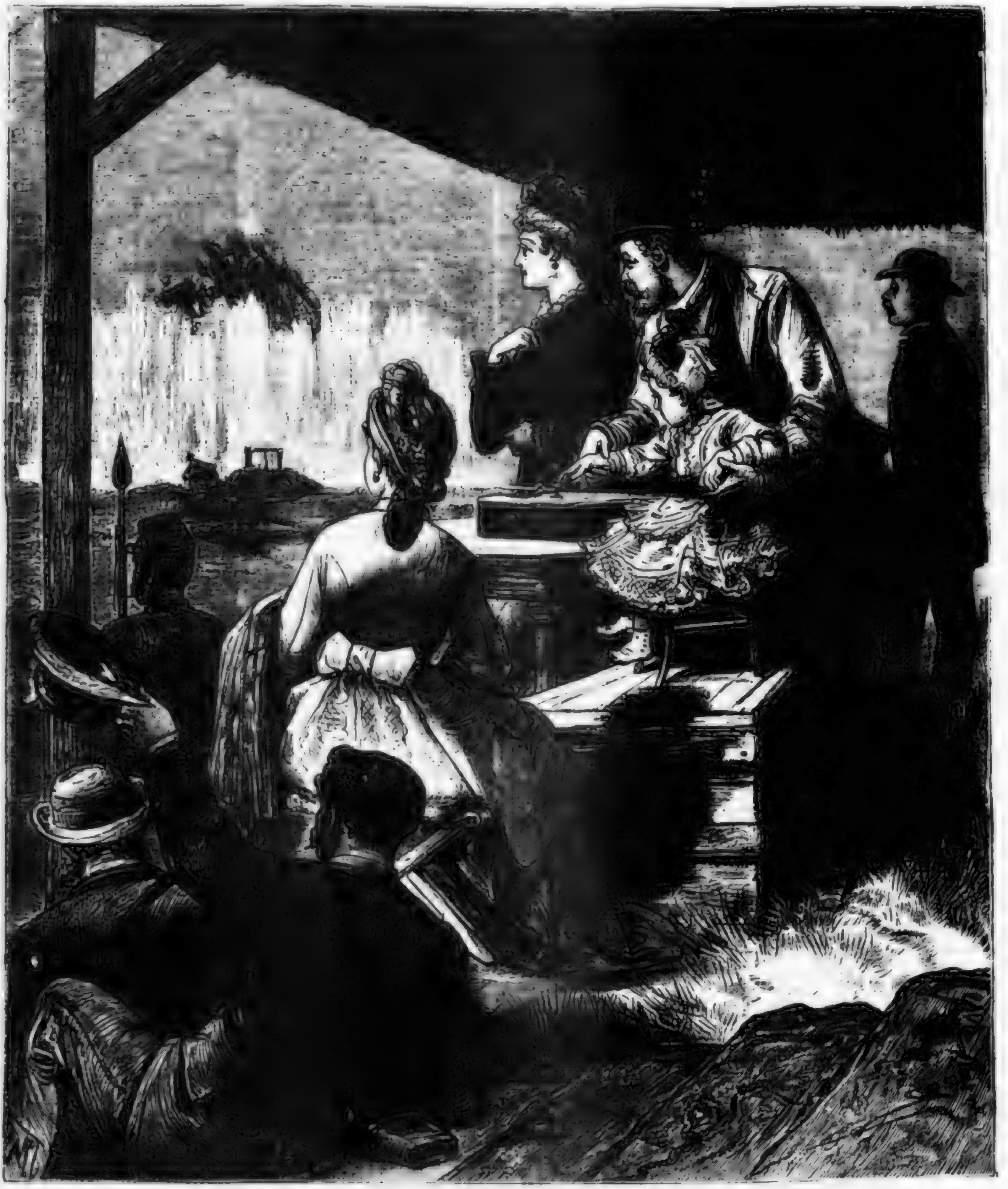
Sunday, September 24th, at 2:50 P. M., was fixed for the explosion, unavoidable delays having compelled a postponement, but the dangers, after the charging was complete, requiring prompt action.

At 2:40 the tug-boat *Star* landed at the dock Mrs. General Newton, and her nurse carrying the baby, all under escort of Lieutenant Willard.

The boom of the second gun came across the water, giving warning that but ten minutes remained to complete the work. General Newton and his assistant were seen to descend from the bombproof toward the launch—evidence that the last task, that of connecting the wires, had been accomplished. As the launch left the side of the dam and steamed toward the "firing-point," word was passed that the last man had abandoned the mine, and that everything was ready for the climax. When within a few feet of the shanty, General Newton sprang to the gangway and thence to the shore. Going into the hut, he first unlocked and adjusted the instrument. Then lifting the blue-eyed baby to the table, he said, "Do you know what you are going to do, Mary?"

Boom! broke the report of the third signal-gun upon the air. The moment had arrived. Every member of the little group held his breath as Lieutenant Willard, running out upon the pier, waved a handkerchief for the last signal to Colonel Abbott, and then sprang back inside the hut. The chubby fist of the baby-girl was stretched toward the key amid a silence like that of death. An instant of terrible suspense—two—three; the child had withdrawn her arm in fright at the general hush and looked inquiringly at her father.

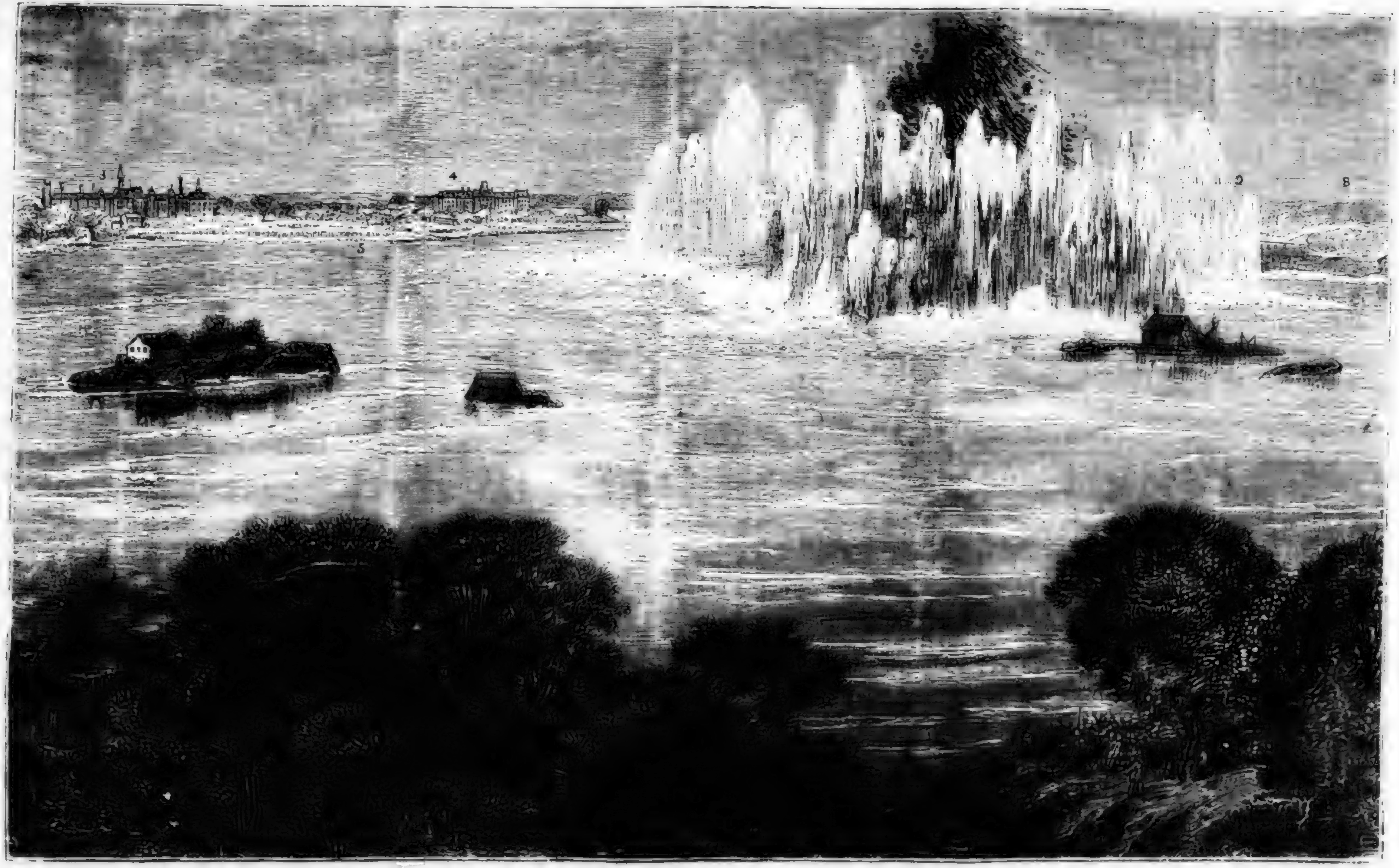
"Now, Mary!" he said, and, seizing the tiny hand, he drew it toward the key. Click! and the mine had exploded, the earth quivered an instant, while a grand crown of water, boiling white at the crest, rose majestically from the mine, while a thunder-clap smote the air. Another convulsion, with jets rising here and there out of the crest—the black mud at the bottom showing now, with masses of rock and timber struggling amid the chaos. Then a second report, duller than the first, rumbled along the water. The next second, and the mass had tumbled foaming to its place, sending a wave circling into the river; and the greatest work of engineering skill had been successfully accomplished.



THE MINE FIRED BY LITTLE MARY NEWTON.

The result justified all General Newton's forecast. The shock was not felt sensibly at any great distance, and no damage was done to any property either on Long Island or in New York. But the effect on the rock was all that had been desired. The rocky roof and supports were broken into small fragments, and the water, even while these remained heaped on the bottom of the river, was so deep as to allow vessels to ride safely there. The great obstacle was thoroughly and cleanly removed, and Newton's channel became a blessing to vessels.

The work of removing the remains of the rock was at once begun, and the patient engineer commenced his labors at Flood Rock and other obstructions, the removal of which will give New York a safe and shorter route to Europe by fifty miles, though some think that the benefit will be confined chiefly to the coasting trade. Meanwhile the removing of the exploded rock and clearing of the bottom of the channel are going rapidly on. Even now, with the bottom covered with irregular heaps of stone, the new channel has greatly diminished the dangerous eddies, and gives pilots passing Hallett's Point over 200 feet more room.



1 Mill Rock. 2. Little Mill Rock. 3. Lunatic Asylum 4. Inebriate Asylum 5. Ward's Island 6. Government Scow. 7. Flood Rock. 8. Hallett's Point. 9. Bounty's Cove.

HALLETT'S REEF, HELL GATE, BLOWN UP, SEPTEMBER 24, 1876, BY GENERAL NEWTON, U. S. A.

AUTOMATIC GAS APPARATUS.

WHENEVER a waste product makes its appearance in the course of scientific research, immediately many investigators attack it, and decline to leave it alone until some use for it is discovered. Such was the fate of the gasoline, or inflammable ether, that had to be distilled off from petroleum to avoid the danger from explosions in the lamps of innocent consumers. This gasoline was for a long time a drug on the market, and, being very cheap, it was frequently iniquitously used to extend kerosene, thereby rendering that liquid highly explosive. Happily, some one found a way of using it in the manufacture of gas. To make a good illuminating gas without fuel and without distillation was a great boon for the country where there are no gas companies.

By blowing atmospheric air through gasoline it takes up enough of the inflammable vapor to become illuminating, and a very simple contrivance, wound up like a clock, is all that is necessary to complete the operation. The tubing for conveying the gas, the jets, and burners are the same as are commonly in use in cities.

A barrel of gasoline will suffice to carburet several thousand feet of air, and the cost by the thousand cubic feet is much less than the same amount of light could be secured in any other way. In countries where petroleum is abundant, the air-gas is likely to find great favor wherever it is understood.

CENTRIFUGAL FILTERS.

THERE have been few inventions of late years which have attracted more notice than the centrifugal filters employed in various industries. In the form employed for filtering liquids—the sides of the cylinders are made of fine wire guaze and the liquid to be filtered is poured into the interior. The cylinder is thus made to revolve with great rapidity, and by the action of centrifugal force the contents of the inner vessel are soon thrown out.

In the case of sugar, the outer jacket of water is omitted, and the moisture is removed from the sugar in a few moments.

The same apparatus is now also employed for drying clothes. The linen from the wash is put into the cylinder, and by rapid revolution all moisture is expelled. The water is actually thrown out of the clothes by centrifugal force. The same principle is also employed for the separation of liquids of different densities. Experience has shown that it is necessary to have this form of drying machines made very strong. Several have been known to explode in sugar-houses, causing not a little damage.

SELF-REGISTERING RAIN-GAUGE.

THE usual apparatus for measuring the amount of rain consists of a graduated vessel into which the rain either falls or is subsequently poured for measurement. Sometimes the measure runs over in the night or is neglected, and the observation on the quantity is erroneous.

M. Mangon has obviated all difficulty by the insertion of a self-registering apparatus, so constructed that not only the amount of rain is recorded, but the time is also accurately noted.

A piece of paper is made to revolve between two cylinders, and a pencil attached to a plunger makes a diagram of the amount of rain in a permanent form. As the paper is moved by clock-work, the hour of the heaviest and of the lightest rain is noted, as well as the quantity. It is not unlike an instrument invented for a like purpose by Mr. Daniel Draper, of the Central Park Observatory, New York.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

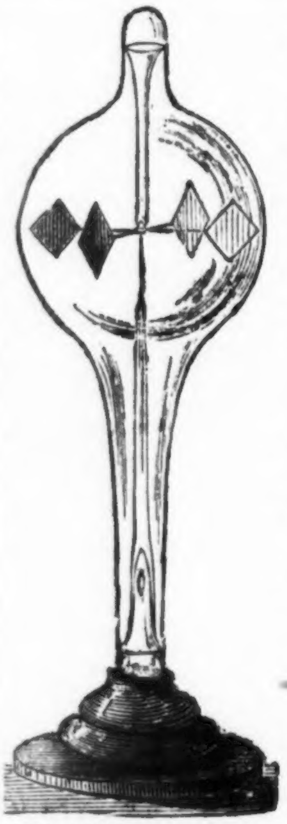
ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—A sort of artificial ivory, which can be carved or molded, is prepared in Berlin, by mixing phosphate of lime entimately with gutta-percha.

DEPTH OF THE PACIFIC.—Professor Wyville Thomson reports that between Hawaii and Tahiti the depth of the Pacific ranged between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms, with one exception of 1,525 fathoms, and has a mean of 2,600. The bottom is mainly red clay, and the fauna is very meagre.

OZONE FOR DISINFECTING.—A convenient mixture for evolving ozone can be made by taking equal parts of binoxide of manganese, permanganate of potash, and oxalic acid. When this mixture of the dry substances is projected into water, ozone is quickly generated. For a room of moderate size, two spoonfuls of this powder, placed in a dish and occasionally diluted with water, would be sufficient. The ozone disinfects the surrounding air without producing coughing.

NOVEL MODE OF CHURCH-WARMING.—The Cathedral at Baden-Baden is warmed in Winter by the water from the hot mineral springs in the immediate neighborhood. In the Summer, these springs are visited by invalids in search of health; in Winter the water from them is led by copper piping beneath the flooring of the cathedral, and distributed as in ordinary systems of hot-water warming. A constant temperature of about 76 deg. Fah. is thus kept up without expense. The piping was put in last Summer.

PRINTERS' INK FROM GAS-WELLS.—A burning well at Cumberland, Ohio, is utilized in the manufacture of lamp-black by allowing the gas to burn against soap-stone plates, on which the carbon is deposited in the form of soot. By a neat mechanical arrangement, the soot is scraped off and deposited in large tin boxes about three feet long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot and a half deep, Scrapers are passed along the soap-stone plates every twenty minutes, and the boxes are filled on their fourth passage. A fine black carbon is thus procured.



CROOKES'S RADIOMETER.

CROOKE'S RADIOMETER.—Very much has appeared in the scientific journals in reference to the supposed mechanical action of light. In order to show this action, Dr. Crookes, of London, has invented an instrument shown in the cut which he calls a radiometer. Pith-balls are suspended on a needle-point, so as to encounter the least possible friction, and they are mounted in a receiver from which the air is nearly exhausted. One side of the pith is blackened and the other left in its natural condition. If a ray of light be allowed to impinge upon the blackened pith, a sort of repulsion takes place, and the vane begins to revolve with great rapidity and considerable force. Dr. Crookes is disposed to call this the mechanical action of light, while other physicists take the ground that the absorption of heat by the blackened surface occasions expansion, and that it is the mechanical action of heat, and not light, that causes the instrument to revolve. In the meantime the doctors disagree, and we must wait further experiments.

THE KEELY MOTOR.—The *Scientific American* loses no opportunity to proclaim the true character of the Keely motor. It turns out to be the perpetual motion in disguise. Water is vaporized mechanically, without the aid of heat, and the expense of fuel is thus saved. This water, after it has performed its allotted work upon the engine, is recondensed into its former state, and again becoming vaporized, starts anew upon its mission of mighty power. Five gallons of water is sufficient for an engine of 100-horse power, and this amount once supplied, there is no further expense beyond the wear and tear of machinery. Such is the extraordinary claim of the Keely motor, in which only believers in the perpetual motion will put any faith, and they, of course, are ready to believe anything.

MEMOIR OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL.—After the death of her illustrious brother, Sir William Herschel, in 1822, Caroline Herschel returned to her native town of Hanover, Germany. She was already seventy-two years of age, and, considering her days as numbered, she wished to go home to die. But she was spared many years (1822 to 1848), and while she lived kept up an active correspondence with her nephew, Sir John F. W. Herschel and other astronomers of the world. This correspondence, which has now been published, affords an interesting picture of the pure scientific world in which she moved. If she had remained in England we should not have had these letters, and this is the compensation for the loss of the more active scientific life she would have had if she had remained in England. It is a most interesting biography.

A New Test for Boracic Acid.—Mr. M. W. Iles, assistant in the qualitative laboratory of the School of Mines of Columbia College, while making some researches in nickel and cobalt, was led, on the suggestion of Professor Joy, to try the action of glycerine in modifying the ordinary results obtained with these metals. Mr. Iles was surprised to find that when nickel and cobalt on a borax bead were dipped in glycerine and gently heated, a fine green color made its appearance. As this color could hardly be supposed to come from such non-volatile metals as nickel and cobalt, the experiment was repeated with borax and glycerine alone, when the same phenomenon made its appearance, and the conclusion was arrived at that the color must have come from the boracic acid. As soon as this important reaction was discovered, Mr. Iles at once proceeded to test its efficacy with minerals known to contain small quantities of boracic acid, and always with the most satisfactory results. Datholite, finely pulverized and previously partially decomposed by sulphuric acid, readily yielded the green color on a bead with glycerine—also tourmaline and boro-natro-calcite. The test was applied to a series of borates, always with the same success; and in some instances where the presence of boracic acid was not revealed by the ordinary methods, it was at once discovered by the new test. When a borax bead, previously dipped in glycerine, is burned in a Bunsen burner before the slit of a spectroscope, the characteristic four green bands of the boron spectrum are at once brought out in all their perfection. The presence of copper and barium salts are found not to mask the action of glycerine on borax. A comparison of the new test with the results to be obtained with Turner's test; with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and with turmeric paper, showed incontestably that glycerine applied in the manner previously described affords a more delicate reaction than any method hitherto discovered by chemists. The simplicity of it, the cheapness of the material, and the ease with which it can be applied, are greatly in its favor. It is an important contribution to the flame reactions of Professor Bunsen, and will be highty prized wherever it is known.

Photogalvanography.—Joseph Leipold proposes the following method of taking an electrotype directly from a photographic print: A plate of white glass is coated as even as possible with a mixture of 15 grs. of gum (Cox gelatin?) dissolved in 3 ozs. of water, 2 grs of bichrome dissolved in 1½ grs. of water, 1 gr. of silver nitrate dissolved in 1½ oz. of water, and ½ gr. potassium iodide dissolved in 1 oz. of water; add a little glacial acetic acid to the mixture. The sensitive plate should be dried at 36 deg. C. for some hours, and then exposed to the air in a dark room The plate is exposed in the printing frame 3 to 5 hours in diffused light. Develop with 15 parts water mixed with 1 part alcohol. A cast is taken with a mixture of 425 parts spermacetti, 200 parts stearic acid, 170 white wax, 70 asphalt, and 70 graphite. The cast is brushed with a soft hair pencil to remove irregularities, and then dusted over with finely powdered graphite, and an electrotype taken in the usual way.

Powerful Antiseptic from Salicylic Acid and Borax.—Salicylic acid combined with boracic acid as an antiseptic is more powerful than when used alone. If 6.9 parts salicylic acid are dissolved by boiling in 100 parts water; 2 89 parts bi-carbonate of soda added, and after the effervescence has ceased, 3.58 parts boracic, stirred in, a solution is obtained which causes no precipitate. Such a proportion possesses antiseptic properties in the highest degree, and can be largely diluted for most purposes. Soda can be dispensed with by taking 1.5 parts salicylic acid, 3.6 boracic acid, and 100 parts water. As this is not a poisonous mixture, its use can be advantageously extended to the preservation of many articles of diet, as well as to stop the fermentation of cider and milk.

The Paris Exhibition of 1878.—The commission having in charge this important enterprise have issued proposals for the buildings, and have agreed upon a system of classification. They have divided all of the products and objects to be shown into twenty groups. 1. Fine Arts; 2. Education; 3. Mining; 4. Chemistry; 5. Leather and Furs; 6. Textile Products; 7. Clothing; 8. Pottery; 9. Furniture; 10. Jewelry; 11. Instruments of Precision; 12. Photography; 13. Engineering; 14. War and Marine; 15. Sanitary; 16. Food; 17. Machines; 18. Agriculture; 19. Horticulture; 20. Inventions for the Improvement of Mankind.

Soda Lakes.—Mr. Pontey, geologist of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, describes two soda lakes in Wyoming Territory, the largest of which covers about 200 acres. The other covers about 3½ acres, and during the greater part of the year it is a concrete mass of carbonate of soda crystals. The soda is nearly all carbonate, and in quality it is said to be fully equal to the imported article. Already companies have been organized for the working of this new source of soda.

The Making of Doctors.—Germany, with a population of 42,000,000, last year graduated 660 physicians, rejecting 180 applicants. In the same time the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, graduated 3,000 physicians, and remorselessly turned them loose upon the community. In this country the supply is likely soon to exceed the demand.

Mining in Algiers.—About one-fifth of the total mining product of France is obtained from Algiers. The Aures Mountains teem with mineral wealth, which has yet to be developed. The French Consul visited them last year, and reports not a single European to be found there.

Destruction of Property by Insects.—Dr. C. V. Riley, of St. Louis, estimates the loss of property in the United States caused by insects at $100,000,000 per annum. The chief depredators are the cotton worm, the locust, the phylloxera, the moth, and silk parasite.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Men of Mark.—Branded felons.

Short of Change.—The man with but one shirt.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

The chief use of an old bachelor is to count one in the census.

Another St. Patrick is wanted in Ireland, as a snake has been discovered in County Wicklow.

Con. from Connaught—Av ye plaze, sorr, when ought a monk to sit by a fire? Shure, when he's cowl'd.

Pity the weakness of the proud young man who boasted that he was the teacher of a Sunday-school class of young ladies, every one of whom wore six-buttoned kid gloves. Also pity the young ladies.

Not a Doubt of It.—"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she'd give all her slaves for one master."

"**Aunt Julia**," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love-letter?"—"Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

"**I don't** see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

The Tender Mercies of Woman.—*Husband:* "My dear, why are you making such an elaborate toilet? Now that you are married you need not dress to please the men." *Wife:* "I don't dress to please the men, my dear, but to worry other women."

A little boy said at the breakfast-table, "Pa, I want some milk." "Is that the way to ask for anything?" inquired the aggrieved parent. The child hung his head. "How have you been told to ask?" was the next inquiry. "Pa," said the young extenuator, in a subdued voice, "it makes my throat sore to say 'Please.'"

Not Particular to a Hundred or Two.—Old people are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poorhouse in Scotland, who, on being asked how old she was, exclaimed, with evident feeling, "I dinna ken, but I'm a thousan' at ony rate."

Of a Kidney.—*Bill:* "Well, Jacob, I never could understand how you got off that 'ere tatur stealin'. The case were as clear as a bell agin you." *Jacob:* "I doan't think as I should 'a got off, not even 'ere, Bill; but doan't 'ee see, every one o' them same jurymen had 'ad some o' them same taturs!"

A lawyer meeting a client who, being under indictment for grand larceny, was about to run away, said, "Don't be hasty; I'll get a stay of proceedings for you." "But I don't want my proceedings to be stayed," replied the client; "I want to proceed out of the country as soon as possible."

A Connecticut peddler, calling upon an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him any road that no peddler had ever traveled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, that no peddler has traveled" (the peddler's countenance brightened); "and that's the road to heaven."

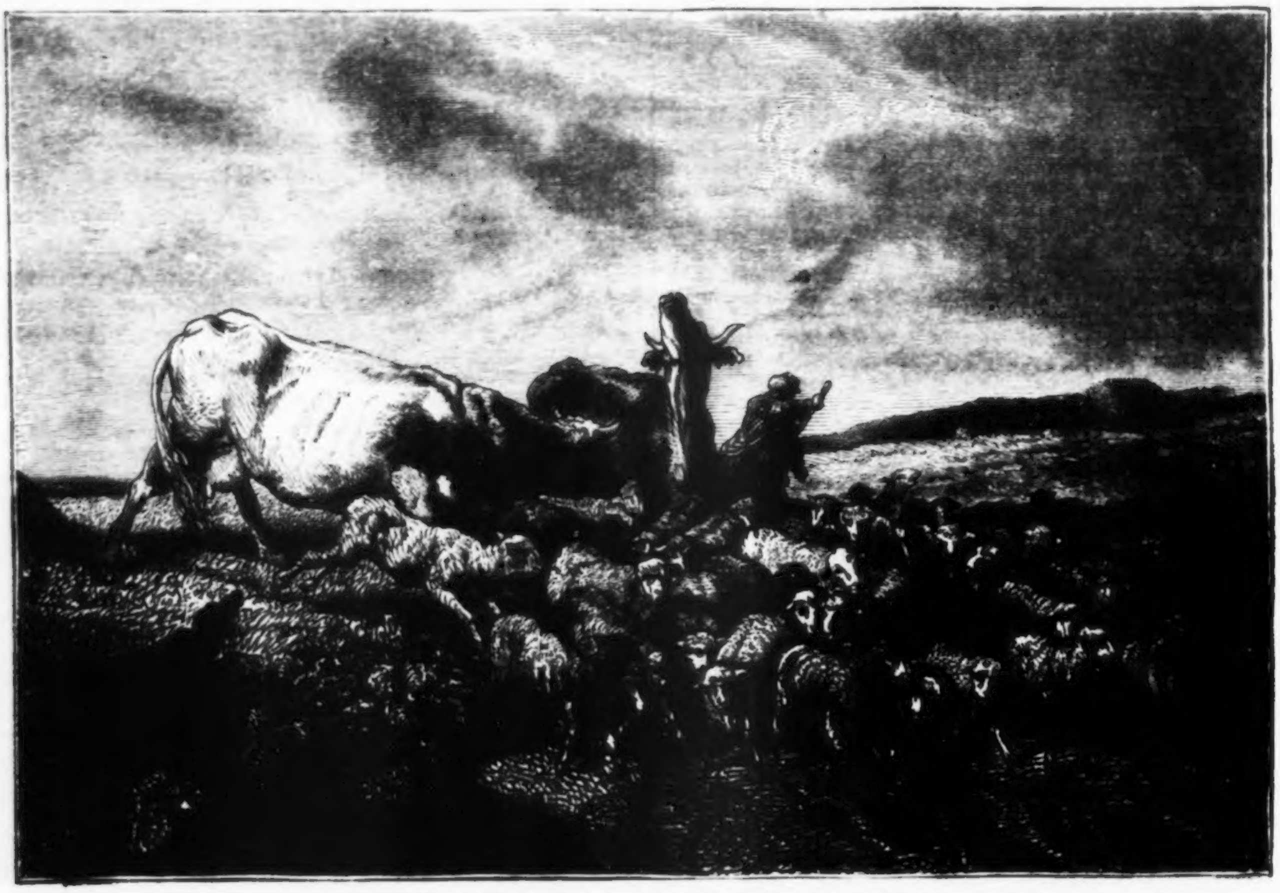
An Angler's Patience.—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?"—"Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

"**How is** one to get rid of poor relations?" asked a New York millionaire of a friend. "I declare," he continued, "if they're not just like my fits of the gout; the oftener they come the longer they stay." "Well, then," responded the friend, "you should resort to the same means of getting rid of them—thin diet!"

Hardly Complimentary to Aunty.—A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-checked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

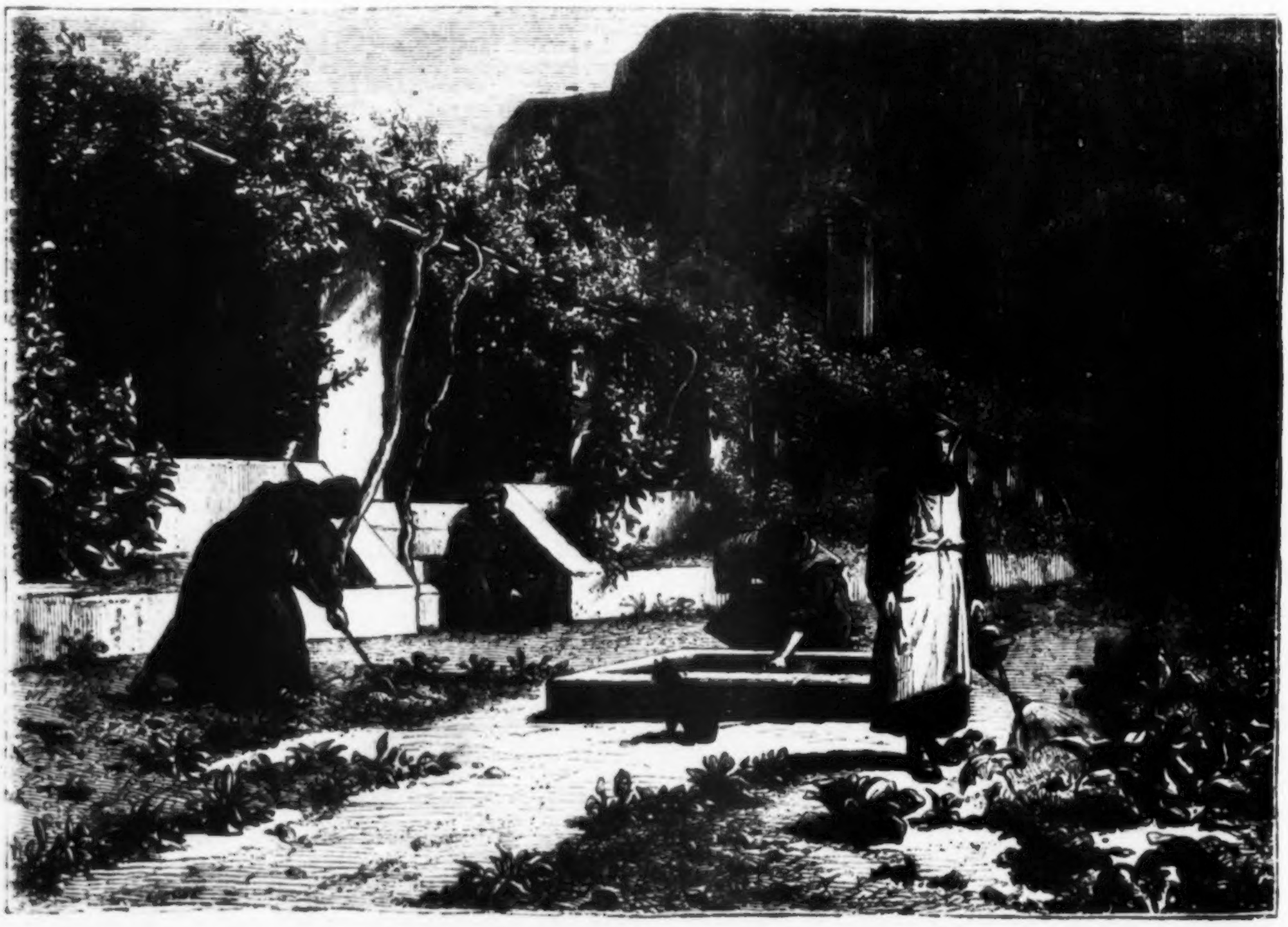
An Irish Discussion.—A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain railroad observed one morning that the face of a member of his gang was disfigured with bruises and plasters. "Hallo, Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doin'?"—"Not varey much, sorr," answered Jimmy. "I was jist down at Bill Mulligan's last night, sorr, an' him an' me had a bit av a discooshen wid sticks!"

Viewing it Differently.—An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as anyhow he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leatherstocking, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."



LANDSCAPE AND ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY TROYON.

Trifles Make Perfection.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed: "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."



THE CONVENT GARDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CURZON.